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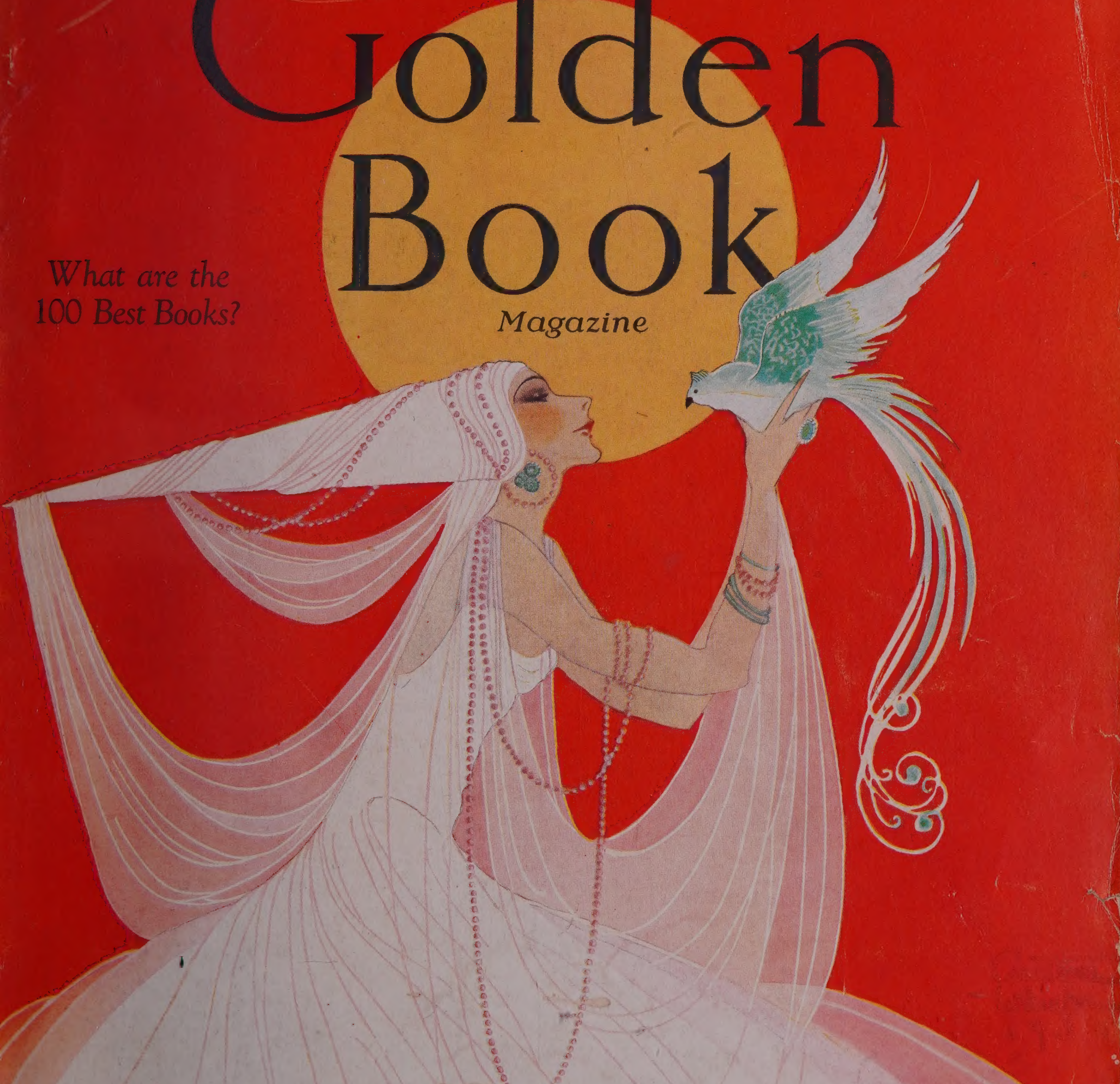

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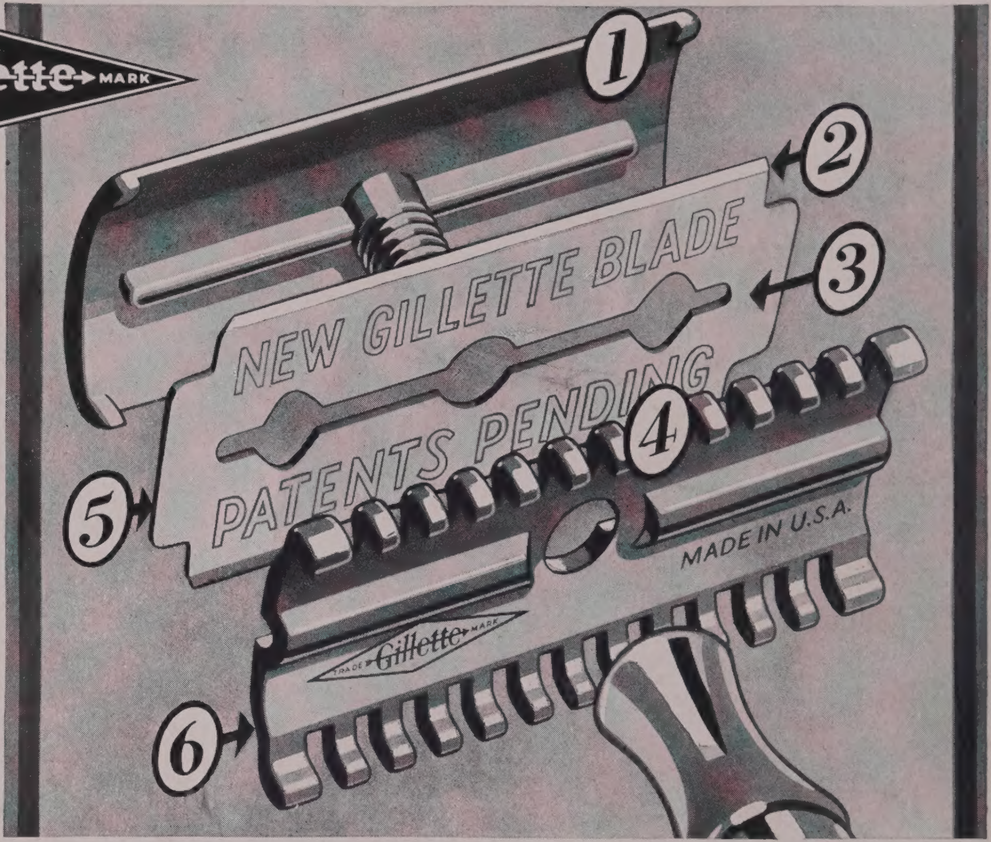

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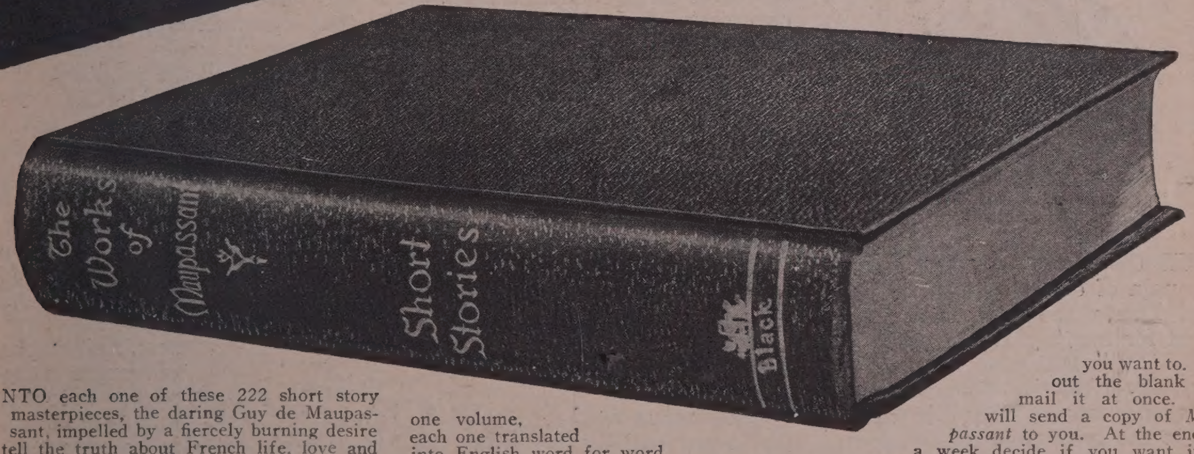

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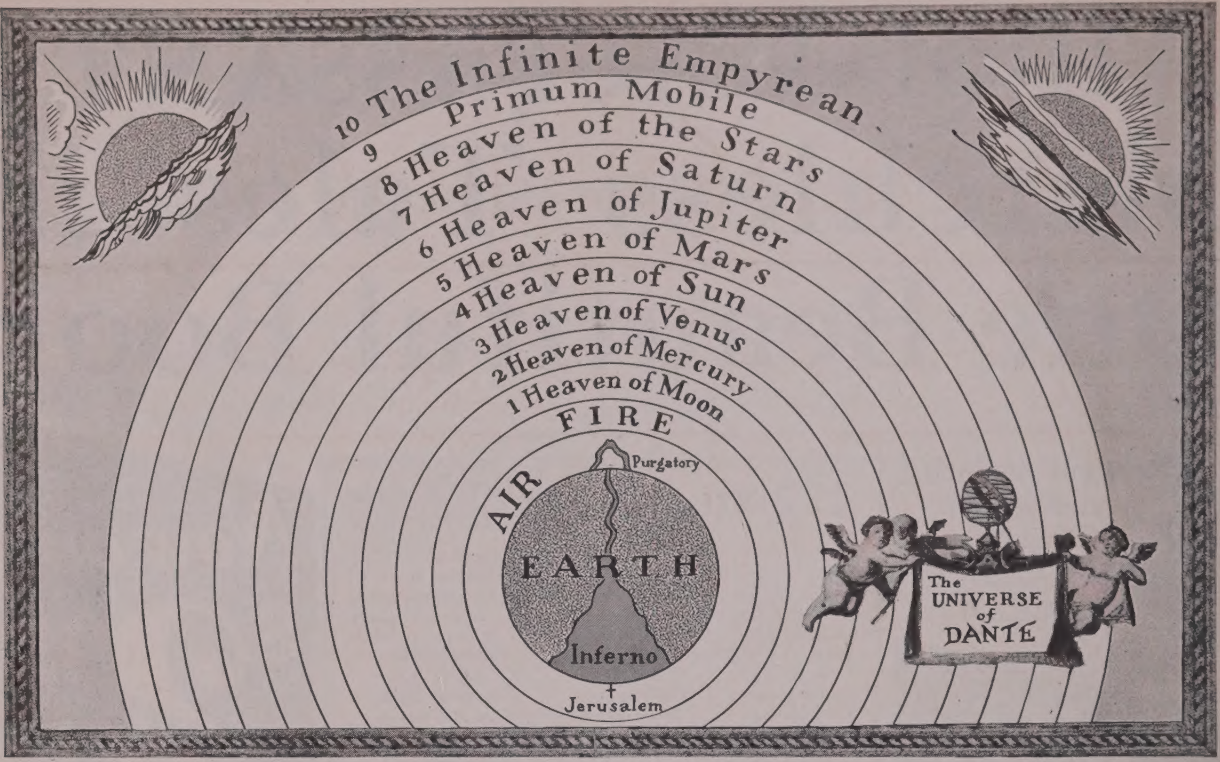
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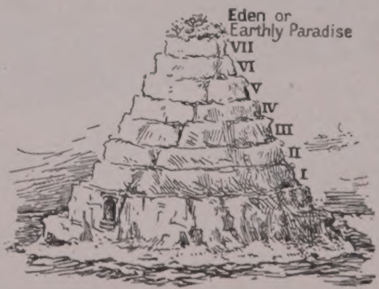
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THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

"There are two things which matter in life," says Edgar Wallace. "One is health; your own health and the health of those you love; and the other is faith. There are few mornings in my life that I have not wakened to thank God I am alive, and to dash instantly at the nearest newspaper and discover what the world has been doing while I wasn't watching. All these wonderful events, from the King opening Parliament to Mrs. Jones being charged with having been drunk and disorderly, have a message for me which may take years to interpret, but eventually is solidified into one golden speck of usable knowledge. Money doesn't really matter at all. At the worst, you can always do something discreditable and get money."

Edgar Wallace is one of the most amazing figures in the world today. He is perhaps more talked about than any man in London. It is not unusual for him to have five plays, written and produced by himself, in London at one time and his sales of books have amounted to 5,000,000 copies a year. And not only in England, but on the continent and in America, the latest thriller by Mr. Wallace is snatched with avid interest from news-stands and bookstores. As prolific as Dumas, as fascinating as Poe, he is a hard worker, often rising at four in the morning and keeping busy every minute till midnight. He writes a column of advice on racing in one London paper where his tips are followed by thousands; and he writes a column of dramatic criticism for another paper.

Today Edgar Wallace is a large, broad-built man, with shrewd, sleepy yet watchful blue eyes, assured, easy, pleasant, smiling, rich. Yet twenty years ago he was an awkward, half-illiterate cockney soldier in South Africa, collecting subject-matter for his delightful stories of Commissioner Sanders, but far from putting them into permanent literary form. Hugh Walpole says of him now, "We have at the moment in England only two universally known men of letters. One of them is, of course, George Bernard Shaw. The other is Edgar Wallace."

◆

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. As a boy he came to England, studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, and then at Temple Bar. He was talented in art and went to Paris to study there. His forte in art as in literature was in caricature, and some of his drawings in *Punch* and in his own books give us today a delightfully clear picture of the life of the nineteenth century in England. His ability to see through and reproduce the foibles of the men and women with whom he came in contact in his art and writings have won him a unique place in our hearts. He is, of course, best known for his *Vanity Fair, Henry Esmond,* and *Pendennis,* though some of his choicest bits of writing appear in the short sketches such as the one reprinted here. "Our Street" was the second of Thackeray's Christmas booklets, and was probably issued late in 1847. Printed as it was in an attractive binding and with his own lively sketches illustrating the book, it had immediate success. Thackeray writes shortly after its publication:

"There's no use denying the matter or blinking it, now I am become a sort of great man in my way—all but at the top of the tree, indeed there, if the truth were known, and having a great fight up there with Dickens. I get such a deal of praise wherever I go, that it is rather wearisome to hear. I don't think my head is a bit turned, please God, for I have always got my own opinion, and when men and newspapers say '"Our Street" is the finest, etc.,' I know a devilish deal better, and don't disguise the truth either. This London world is full of good-natured Tom Fools, and directly one begins to cry Oh, all the rest say Prodigious. . . ."

◆

Mr. Stockton dictated his stories to a stenographer. His favorite spot for this in summer was a grove of large fir trees near the house. Here, in the warm weather, he would lie in a hammock. His secretary would be near, with her writing materials, and a book of her choosing. The book was for her own reading while Mr. Stockton was thinking. It annoyed him to know he was being waited for. He would think out pages of incidents and scenes and even whole conversations, before he began to dictate. . . . In cold weather he had the secretary and an easy chair in the study—a room he had built according to his own fancy. A fire of blazing logs added a glow to his fancies.

So Mrs. Stockton described her husband at his work. Francis R. Stockton was born in Philadelphia in 1834 and trained to be a wood engraver. While practising his engraving, he wrote several fairy tales and juvenile stories which were accepted by magazines so that he came to be sufficiently well known as a writer to obtain a place on the staff of a weekly New York paper as assistant in the juvenile department. Later he became editor of *St. Nicholas Magazine,* and it was not till he was thirty-eight that he began writing for grown-ups. *Rudder Grange* was his first book for adults, and it won immediate success, so much so that he wrote two sequels to satisfy his readers.

Perhaps Mr. Stockton's greatest contribution is in the field of the humorous short story. Magazines were not so anxious for humorous stories in those days, and Frank Stockton at first had a hard time marketing what later proved to be some of his best stories. He

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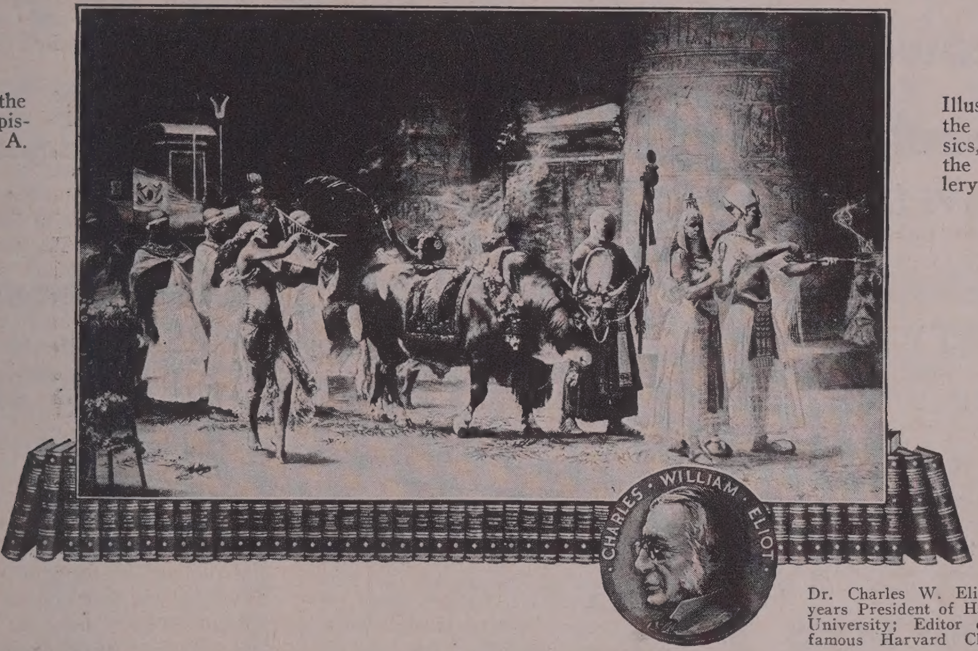

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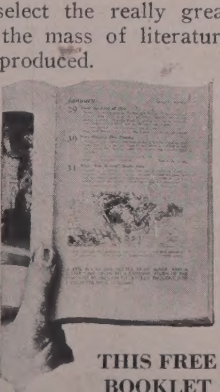

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contributed to *Puck,* the comic weekly published by H. C. Bunner, until finally other magazines opened their doors to him and other editors besought him to write those friendly fun-poking tales which came so naturally to him.

* * *

Carl Carmer, author of "New Days for the Theater" in this issue, is to write a monthly article for us henceforth on the drama. We have long wanted to give our readers an opportunity to keep up with the best in the theater through our pages, and we are particularly glad to have secured Mr. Carmer, associate editor of *Theatre Arts Monthly,* and author of many articles on the drama, for the job.

Though a native of western New York with an A.B. from Hamilton College and an M.A. from Harvard, Mr. Carmer has been most closely associated with the South. He writes us of his own career:

> After teaching at Syracuse University and the University of Rochester, I became a private of Infantry in the National Army and held every intervening position between that and First Lieutenant of Field Artillery during the Great War. I saw no service abroad, my greatest risk having been that of being scalped by Indians in a sham battle in Oklahoma. I taught at Hamilton College for a short time after the war, then went to the University of Alabama. . . . Here I began my studies of folk-lore of the deep South and my verses and articles appeared in *The American Mercury, The Literary Digest, The Yale Review,* etc. One of my first poems, "Baptizin'," was included in Moult's *Best Poems of 1927.*
>
> I resigned from the University of Alabama (being sick to death of it) in 1927, to accept a job as columnist and reporter for the New Orleans *Morning Tribune.* . . . I soon gave up trying to make a living in New Orleans and came to New York, where I was appointed Assistant Editor of *Vanity Fair.* . . . I left it after several months to become Associate Editor of *Theatre Arts Monthly.*
>
> My book of grotesque tales in verse, *Deep South,* has just been published by Farrar and Rinehart. . . .
>
> This is my story and I will stick to it.

Ambrose Bierce has been called "the greatest satirist of modern times." He made a great many enemies through his biting and pointed comments. He did not fear to say what he thought of people and events and he could express his opinions in terse, almost epigrammatic style.

He was a handsome, fearless youngster in the days of the Civil War, when at the age of twenty-two he was made Chief of Scouts. His judgment, his knowledge of topography, and his mathematical logic made him invaluable in the daring work that he had to do. The gripping story in this issue came out of his war experiences and catches Mr. Bierce in a sympathetic mood. It was such experiences, however, as he depicts in "The Horseman in the Sky," which embittered him and provided him with a grim and cynical philosophy.

At the close of the war he returned to his home in Indiana, but becoming restless he turned his face westward and went to San Francisco as an employee in the mint. This occupation did not satisfy him long, and he turned himself to writing and soon became a force in the editorial life of California. He edited the *Argonaut* and the *Wasp* and was a constant contributor to the *Overland Monthly* and the San Francisco *Examiner.* He gained much publicity, though it was distasteful to him. A man of his force and originality of necessity attracted a great deal of attention. He managed however, to shroud his death in absolute mystery. He disappeared into Mexico in 1914 and nobody knows the exact location or circumstances of the death of one of the giants of American literature.

* * *

We regret that, through an error in the last issue of the Golden Book, Mr. Garnett the noted English authority on Dumas, who has translated for us the *Flight to Varennes,* was called by the name of his illustrious ancestor, Richard S. Garnett, instead of by his own almost equally famous name of Robert S. Garnett.

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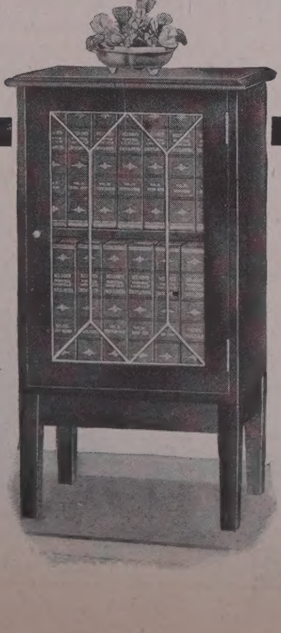

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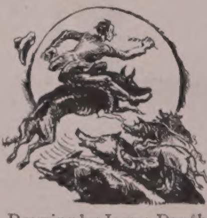
Authors and Books

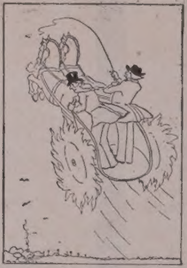
THINGS ARE LOOKING UP. . . . Here we were, morose about the whole publishing business only a month ago. . . . And now there is a fine crop of books we are cherishing. . . .

TAKE CLAIRE SPENCER'S *Gallows Orchard.* . . . A month ago there was no Claire Spencer, so far as we were concerned, and from now on we shall watch for everything she writes as we do for Sylvia Townsend Warner, James Stephens, Miss Cather, Mr. Wilder or Virginia Woolf. . . . This is a first novel, and quite possibly one that will live for a long time. . . . It is profoundly original, as Emily Dickinson's poetry is original, fresh as though there were no other novels in the world, and yet it is finished art. . . . It has the simple and tragic perfection of *Ethan Frome,* with a wilder, romantic strain that breathes a relationship to the Brontës. . . . These are big things to say about a slim little book in a sinister black and silver jacket, but go and meet Effie Gallows for yourself. . . . Effie is possessed of far too much courage and vitality and impatience to exist calmly in a world full of cluttered conventions contrived for the weak. . . . And naturally, she made the good townspeople of Durkie, Scotland, nervous. . . . They defend themselves against her magnificent difference with superstitious cruelty, natural and overwhelming, and the story is that of the losing battle fought against it by Effie and the three men who had the vision to love her. . . . An odd book, a sad book, a perfect book, published by Cape and Smith. . . .



Drawing by James Daugherty for Carl Carmer's *Deep South.*

WE HAD SORT OF hoped that Miss Ferber would abandon crinolines and drooping, desperate, black moustaches, and cities growing up over night, in her next novel, and go back to the sturdy strain of *The Girls* and *So Big.* But *Cimmaron* (Doubleday Doran) is more of a romantic chronicle than ever—and not hard to take at that. . . . It is the story of Oklahoma, raw and slap-dash and chromo-colored, and somehow fascinating and vivid. . . . Yancey and Sabra Cravat are among the first settlers of the new Oklahoma country. Incredible Yancey, who epitomizes the young boy's idea of the wild-west hero with long black locks, light step, infallible aim—and is only redeemed by Miss Ferber in the second half of the book, into a futile misfit figure in the security and progress of modern rotarian life. . . . And Sabra, half pioneer woman, half Victorian prude, whom we do not blame Yancey for leaving, splendid as we feel she is meant to be. . . . There are no other real characters in the book, but the sweep of civilization is real—the picture of the main street that ends abruptly in prairie at either end, with its Ice Cream and Oyster Parlor; of the first pineapple and marshmallow salad in Osage; of the early, hysterical days after oil was struck; of the Indian millionaires sitting in blanketed immobility in marble palaces. . . . It is a swift-moving and spectacular performance, to stamp Oklahoma indelibly and affectionately on your memory, and to be forgotten as a novel.



Elijah and the Fiery Chariot from *Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys,* by Roark Bradford.

YOUNG MEN RIDING ON PIGS along the horizon against a yellow moon . . . mermaids crooning to themselves and ghosts riding through the night . . . baptizin's knee-deep . . . shotguns and moonlight, love and hate, this is the stuff of Carl Carmer's little book of poems, *Deep South* (Farrar and Rinehart). . . . These are as authentically of Alabama as Robert Frost is of New England or John V. A. Weaver of Brooklyn. . . . They are curious, delightful tales of sleepy, simple, and imaginative folk; and they are real and original poetry. . . .

IN *A Voyage to Purilia,* Mr. Elmer Rice, inadequately disguised as Gulliver, recounts his adventures in the strange world of motion pictures. . . . With a friend, Mr. Rice journeys to the planet Purilia in his airplane, arrives among its pink clouds and sicky-sweet atmosphere, and almost before you know it has met Pansy, sweet thing, prototype of the largest class of beings on Purilia: virgins surrounded with an aura of purity and modish loveliness. . . . Already the Presence who acts as an unseen guide throughout the trip has told us that it is the lovely hour of twilight when the sun sinks behind the western hills, and our hero has seen against the horizon a herd of cows making their way slowly in single file, sharply silhouetted against the sky. . . . To Pansy's vine-covered cottage they go, where they meet her sweet old mother (Class 2 of Purilians) clad, of course, in black silk with a touch of lace at the throat, yearning over her long lost son's photograph. . . . From here on, events become spectacular. . . . Pansy is a girl with a remarkable faculty for getting into fixes, and Mr. Rice rushes all over a landscape filled with precipices on the edges of which beautiful young men (nature's noblemen: Class 3) and desperate villains (Class 4) battle furiously; he crosses streams in which maidens are being swept along; sees trains rounding curves at terrific rate . . . and when he is momentarily joined again to his Pansy, her face swells and distends with emotion until it blots out the whole world, then shrinks to its normal proportions once more. . . . There is much good satire here, but occasionally Mr. Rice's rapier of wit is a coal shovel, and his devastating revelations sickeningly obvious. . . . It makes an entertaining story, but not at all worthy of the distinguished author of *Street Scene.* . . .

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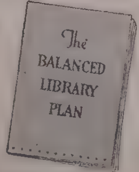

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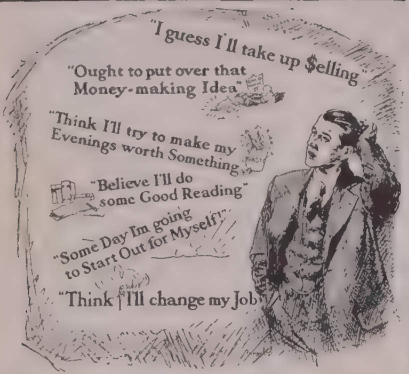
"I guess I'll take up $elling"
"Ought to put over that Money-making Idea"
"Think I'll try to make my Evenings worth Something"
"Believe I'll do some Good Reading"
"Some Day I'm going to Start Out for Myself"
"Think I'll change my Job"

YOU know this man as well as you know YOURSELF. His mind nibbles at EVERYTHING and masters NOTHING. He always takes up the EASIEST thing first, puts it down when it gets HARD, and starts something else. JUMPS from ONE THING TO ANOTHER all the time!

There are thousands of these PEOPLE WITH GRASSHOPPER MINDS in the world and they do the world's MOST TIRESOME TASKS—get but a PITTANCE for their work.

If—YOU have a "Grasshopper mind" you know that this is TRUE—and WHY. Even the BLAZING SUN can't burn a hole in a little piece of TISSUE PAPER unless its rays are concentrated ON ONE SPOT!

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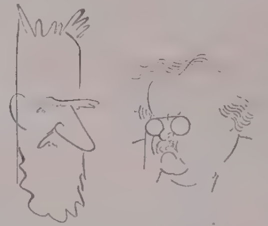
Roark Bradford's latest, *Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys* (Harper). . . . Here is a delightful sequel to *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun* that bears much the same relationship to it and to Marc Connelly's play *The Green Pastures* that the slap-stick comedy of the Noah miracle plays did to the serious rest of the cycle. . . . Here are the Negro versions of the stories of Saul and David, Daniel, Elijah, Jonah, Ruth, "good-looking Esther," Jezebel, the Prodigal Son, and many others. . . . Through them all walks "the Lawd," chiding his chillun, praising, directing, passing miracles. . . . These stories are never irreverent, because they are so truly the product of the simple, zestful Negro imagination playing with these Old Testament favorites of all children all over the world. . . . Perhaps if we quote you the beginning of the Parable of the Prodigal Son we need say no more: "Well, they was a man and he had a projeckin' son. And efn dat boy wa'n't projeckin' wid one thing hit was two. . . . 'I swear, Lawd,' says de man, 'I don't see what I'm gonter do wid dat boy. He's a pyore burden. Looky yonder at him now! You, Chester! You quit twistin' dat ca'f's tail and come in this house!' . . . 'Dat boy's all right,' say de Lawd. 'He just got a little er de old Harry in him. I wouldn't give a whoop for a boy which ain't lively.' , , , 'Maybe you wouldn't, Lawd,' say de man. 'But, you don't got to put up wid him all day long. All you got to do is jest burden him awhile on Sunday. But wid me hits ev'y day and Sunday too. You, Chester! You quit dat and commere! I bet I'm gonter cane you good!' . . . 'Dat boy,' say de Lawd, 'ain't bad. I been watchin' him all de time.' . . . 'What you been watchin' him for, Lawd?' say de man. . . . 'I been kind er figgerin',' say de Lawd, 'dat I might make me a parable outer him some er dese days.' . . . 'Naw, Lawd, say de man. 'He won't do for no parable. He too bad. I bet you got him mixed up wid his twin brother, Ro-chester. Ro-chester he'd make a mighty nice parable for you. He don't never git in no devilment," . . . And we are not cheating either. . . . Almost any passage in the book is as nice as this. . . .



G. B. S. and G. K. C. as Eva Herrmann sees them, in Hesketh Pearson's *Ventilations*.

A CHAMELEON CREATURE was Byron, playing a thousand parts with equal facility, always with a true Byronic gesture—thirty-six years of splendid heroics with death bringing down the curtain on the last one, Byron was headline material always. . . . His poetry still ranks with the most beautiful in English, and his reputation for general cussedness has endured for more than a century. . . . Here is a subject ready-turned to André Maurois' hand, and in Maurois' latest intimate biography, *Byron* (Appleton), he does lovely justice to it. . . . Byron's childhood, his early successes in poetry and in love, his faculty for outraging society, are rapidly and lightly sketched. . . . We love our hero but—he *did* carve his name on trees and tombstones—even on the Parthenon. . . .

HESKETH PEARSON has written an idol-smashing biography of biography. . . . In *Ventilations* (Lippincott) he tells biographers old and new what he thinks of them, and how they can be better boys. . . . And he knows what he is talking about. . . . He has sound ideas on how far truth and evasion should go, on the use of imagination and interpretation, the place of the author's personality; panoramic biography, creative biography, taste in biography. . . . Here are excellent critical papers on the works of such as Boswell, Strachey, Ludwig, and Maurois. . . . He illustrates his points with anecdotes of the great from his own experience, brightening his pages with such dialogues as this between G. B. Shaw and G. K. Chesterton, which he says he took down verbatim:

"G. B. S.—You are evading the point.

"G. K. C.—Points are made to evade. Consider the history of the rapier.

"G. B. S.—There is no getting at you. You are as bad as Dr. Johnson. When your pistol misses fire, which it usually does, you knock your opponent down with the butt end. Why will you never come to grips?

"G. K. C.—The art of argument lies in the ingenuity with which one can hide and seek simultaneously." . . .

And on and on. . . .

THE WONDER TALE of an African bushman has just been published by Alfred Knopf, who vouches for it as a sincere and authentic autobiography. . . . *LoBagola, The Story of an African Savage* is a veritable Alice in Wonderland story of escape from death by wild beasts and torture by savages; of the strange journey of a naked savage boy of nine to Glasgow, of his adoption in a wealthy Scotch family; of his return to his savage home at the age of thirteen; of his six wives, his many subsequent trips from the savage bush country to civilization and back. . . . Upon LoBagola's simple, savage mind has been placed a veneer of a civilization which he does not understand and which has made him a man without a country, unwanted in the lands of the white man, and an outcast from his native bush. . . . His stories of savage customs and his folk tales have made him a place at various times as lecturer in English and American Universities, and they are fascinating material indeed. . . . This is an autobiography which you will want to read. . . .

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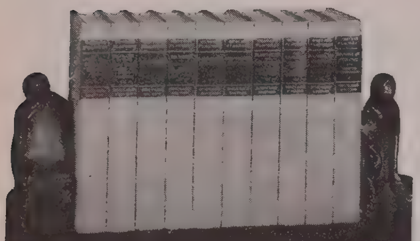

"With him there is no gauze, no veils. It is nature in all her nudity, in all her crudity," said the Crown attorney in the Criminal Prosecution of Flaubert.

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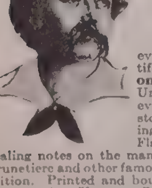

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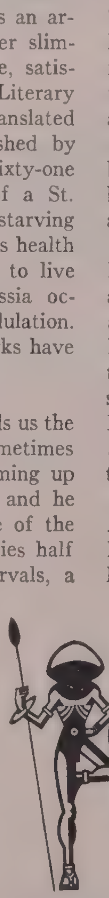
MAXIM GORKI is one of the few authors writing today who are already numbered among the classics, and *Bystander*, his new novel, is a literary landmark of the year. . . . *Bystander* goes back to the rich traditions of Tolstoi, Gogol, Dostoievsky. . . . It moves with the same stupendous, clumsy yet accurate tread, its canvas is only less broad and brilliantly filled in; his characters only less profoundly revealed. . . . Gorki is the most beloved figure in Soviet Russia today, but he has chosen a pre-Revolutionary setting, a pre-Revolutionary mood for this story which he calls his lifework, his ultimate test. . . . It is the story of Clim, product of the nineteenth century, who is learning how to live, experimenting with his surroundings, people, flesh, mind and emotions, and deciding on the part he should play always a little late. . . . It is an arresting book to read among other slimmer, swifter volumes: ponderable, satisfactory art. . . . The novel is the Literary Guild choice for April, and is translated by Bernard Guerney and published by Cape and Smith. . . . Gorki at sixty-one has the kindly, furrowed face of a St. Bernard dog. . . . He has been a starving outcast and a national idol. . . . His health now makes it necessary for him to live in Italy, but he returns to Russia occasionally, to find ever-growing adulation. . . . Two million copies of his works have sold there in three years. . . .

SELMA ROBINSON of the Guild sends us the following portrait of him. . . . "Sometimes at sundown you will see him coming up the hill between the olive trees, and he is puffing a cigarette through one of the holders, of which he always carries half a dozen, and he coughs at intervals, a deep cough from the chest. . . . He walks slowly, noiselessly, in Congressional boots such as old men wear. He has a round skull-cap of Bokhara weaving on the back of his head, and over his shoulder he carries a sharpened hoe. . . . He is sixty-one years old, yet every afternoon he insists on working in the garden, because he likes to feel contact with the soil. And he shrugs impatiently when his daughter-in-law, Timosha, brings him a glass of orange-juice as if he were an invalid or runs down with a sweater to guard him against the sudden cool of evening that may be dangerous for a man whose lungs and bronchial tubes are none too sound. . . . He goes upstairs to his study, which is sleeping-room and work-room combined. The narrow iron bedstead, behind a screen in one corner, is obscure in the paneled shadows. There is a lamp on the long work-table, always meticulously neat, and a bundle of colored pencils in a cup of carved white jade, and a number of the straight penholders with steel points that he uses in his writing.

"Presently the bell that hangs outside the house is rung for dinner; it sounds like a fire-gong. Gorki stretches himself like a tall cat, washes his hands at the bowl behind the screen, and goes in to dinner cheerfully and promptly because he hates irregularity at meal-times." . . .

THE BEAUTIFUL MATA HARI, dancer and protagonist of a strange love cult, mistress of princes, ambassadors and generals, was a dazzling and romantic figure long before the War. . . . And when in 1917 she was shot as spy H-21 in the service of Germany, the mysterious, hinted-at story stirred the imagination of the world. . . . She has been made the heroine of several novels; now Harper publishes *Mata Hari, Courtesan and Spy*, the full and authentic story told by Major Thomas Coulson of the British Intelligence Service. . . . From its solemn, matter-of-fact pages, which never lose their slightly disapproving tone, the amber-tinted, clever, outrageous figure of Mata Hari rises: an opportunist with beautiful arms and eyes and indestructible poise, this little Dutch girl who posed as a Javanese, who introduced herself to Paris as high priestess of a fabricated love-cult, who became "queen of spies" and sent thousands of men to their death and finally paid with her own life. . . . Major Coulson does even greater justice to the business of spying in general. His stories of the German spy system and the French and English methods of detection are quite worth the book's price in themselves. . . .

AS A KINDLY and amused visitor to a kindergarten might tell the story of the little world he saw there, Dr. J. H. Driberg, anthropologist, has told the story of the Didinga in his *People of the Small Arrow* (Brewer and Warren). . . . The Didinga are an East African tribe about whom very little is known. Dr. Driberg himself was the first to solve their grammar, and we suspect, has here written their saga for them. . . . Here are stories that embody their daily life, their customs of marriage, birth and death, their ideas on witchcraft and education, their folk-lore. . . . Pearl Binder has illustrated the book with simple, vital drawings that interpret most suitably the ritualized yet vigorous life of this interesting section of primitive human society. . . .



Drawing by Pearl Binder for Driberg's *People of the Small Arrow.*

FERENC IMREY was a professor of art in Budapest when the War broke out. . . . In *Through Blood and Ice* (Dutton) he tells in a series of swift and ghastly scenes, his experiences from 1914 to 1920, as soldier, prisoner of war and fugitive. . . . The long arm of mobilization plucked the young Hungarian, hating all things military, from school and dropped him into the front line of the Austrian army facing the invading Russians. . . . Here were plains packed solid with row upon row of cavalry dead through the heedless stupidity of a general; a wood into which infantry poured all one night, never to emerge, because of one officer's mistake. . . . In the great Austrian retreat Imrey fell with a dozen wounds and lay unattended for days; then Russian hospitals and finally Siberia, as a prisoner of war. . . . Here he lived for five years under Tsarists, Bolshevists and White Russians. . . . He worked, escaped, schemed, wandered, was imprisoned, condemned, escaped again and finally reached Japan. . . . The book is like the changing scenes of a delirium. It is a series of pictures—incredible, horrible, detached. Imrey is not a story-teller, he is an artist who transcribes pictures that were photographed on his sensitive brain. . . .

MURIEL HARRIS' *The Seventh Gate* is a little disappointing. . . . It is a $5000 English prize novel, chosen by Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton and Sheila Kaye-Smith, and as such it should be something pretty wonderful. . . . It is merely interesting and good. . . . Its detail is brilliant, but the whole does not ring with the clear, true note of first-class creative effort. . . . The main plot and the main character are—for all the marvelously clear-cut and credible supporting cast—wobbly. . . . It is a story of character transformation. . . . Catherine Troon is fired by an article in a scientific journal and a fortuitous bump on the head to rise out of the dust gray ashes of old-maidhood a flaming phœnix, with a lovely voice and a nameless attraction for men. . . . Believe it if you will; Miss Harris herself is apparently not sure that she can make you do so. . . . But the home-life of Dr. Risaleur, author of the wand-waving article; Miss Troon's sister and mother; the house-party of the Teacher's Guild; try doubt that there are so! . . .

A KING'S FAVORITE in the days of the Stuarts when that was a phrase to conjure with—handsome, young; a child-woman with a beautiful face and a wicked heart; a guilty intrigue; a scandalous divorce, witchcraft; plotting; murder; a final hideous punishment when the man and woman who had defied all laws in order to fulfil a guilty love are doomed to bear one another company in prison, although their love has turned to hate. . . . No, this is not the synopsis of a newly-discovered Dumas novel, nor yet of a super-movie. . . . It is the straight history of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and of Lady Essex, and it is told in a much fictionized biography by Philip Gibbs called *The King's Favorite* and published by Lippincott. . . . We don't know how accurate the biography is historically, although we would suspect Mr. Gibbs of sound scholarship. . . . But what tabloid headlines this affair would have made. . . .

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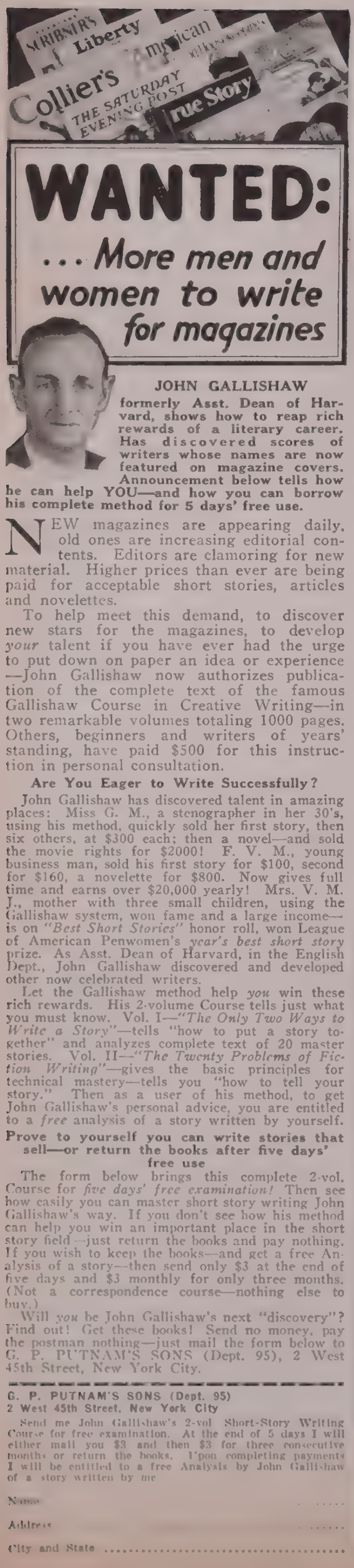

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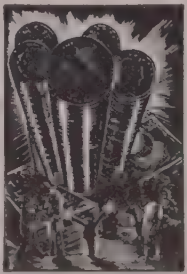
FOR THIRTY YEARS Ettore Schmitz, solid, ruddy proprietor of a ship-paint factory in Trieste, had been writing novels under the name of Italo Svevo. . . . Then James Joyce arrived, met Svevo, read his novels, and began to say as loudly as he could that here was the most important man writing in Italy. . . . After *Ulysses* was published in 1922, more of the world listened to Joyce's praises of Svevo, and finally Italy herself recognized this child of hers who had gone unheard because he wrote with none of the more usual Italian operatic to-do. . . . Svevo died in 1928, and his last novel, completed just before his death in an automobile accident, now reaches us in a translation by Beryl de Zoete, published by Harcourt, Brace. . . . *The Hoax* is a heart-breaking little story of only 165 pages, about a practical joke played on a provincial literary man. . . . With Don Quixote-like restraint it trembles between farce and tragedy. . . . It more than hints at being the autobiography of a sincere artist who could laugh at his own thirty years of bitter waiting, and in spite of its foreignness, it is indisputably fine. . . .

ANYONE WHO LIKES to be told (1) that we are the slaves of the machine or (2) that we are not, had better read Mr. Silas Bent's *Machine-Made Man* (Farrar and Rinehart). . . . Here is an entertaining and instructive volume. . . . Mr. Bent, one of the best reporters of our journalistic day, thinks in headlines; his facts impinge clearly on our minds, and are as vivid as parakeets. . . . Very eager, very earnest about what the machine has done to modern man, he pictures in the volume at least what it has done *for* modern man. . . . Mechanization may have its faults, says he, but—then he swoops through the history of food, shelter, commerce, transportation, communication, money, farming, politics, foreign affairs, education, labor, entertainment. . . . He finds the skyscraper vastly superior to the Bedouin's tent and does not stop (how can he in 327 pages?) to inquire into the disadvantages of commuting from home to office; he prefers a cutaway to a tiger skin; delicatessen stores to breadfruit and snake-steaks; recipes over the radio to guttural grunts inaudible a few yards off. . . . Now and then he views with alarm, but on the whole, he points to progress and no mention is made of the price. . . . Read this not as social criticism, but as a readable and clear survey of the changes in these various departments of man's life. . . . H. Glintenkamp has done a woodcut for each chapter on which he has spent much interpretive imagination and skill. . . .


Money. Woodcut by H. Glintenkamp for Silas Bent's *Machine-Made Man*.

IT MAY CHEER the New York playgoer to know that theater tickets came as high as $225 back in 1850. . . . Edward T. Perine, in *Here's to Broadway* (Putnam) a kaleidoscopic history of the stage and its people, tells us that one Genin the hatter paid $225 for a seat at Jenny Lind's New York opening. . . . It may also be recorded that Mr. Genin got his name in all the headlines the next morning, and overnight Genin's hats were famous, and selling at double their price. . . . Such is the reward of a true love of the arts. . . .

CAN A WIFE be too beautiful, too efficient, too anxious to further her husband's best interests? Helen Hull thinks so in *The Asking Price* (Coward-McCann). . . . And agree with her or not, you are pretty sure to admit that here is a woman who can write superb novels. . . . Not that we don't believe Audrey Gilbert was as deadening as a well-meaning, charming woman can be. . . . But we couldn't help wondering if Oliver, her husband, would ever have done anything anyhow. . . . We suspect that the fine poetic color of his soul would inevitably have faded in the wash of everyday living. . . . And the fact that we are arguing about it as though we knew them both is some indication of the sort of novel it is. . . . Audrey is the goddess of all conventional, comfortable, smooth-running marriages. . . . She offers clean shirts in place of romance, she goes on paying bills while her husband points out the chasms of his soul, and you can't blame her. . . . But there will be few married people who do not wince a little in the bright light she turns on what passes, in intelligent middle-class society, for happy marriage; or who will not at least recognize friends and neighbors. . . .

THE LARRUPING CAREER of Mad Anthony Wayne is a favorite of biographers. . . . In John Hyde Preston's *A Gentleman Rebel* (Farrar and Rinehart) it is told in extra vivid and original language. . . . The book lacks the polished balance of Thomas Boyd's, reviewed in our November issue, but it has a fresh enthusiasm that is arresting, if at times too self-consciously picturesque. . . . The battles are particularly well described; here Mr. Preston's fancy for coining words and his lusty metaphors are happily combined with a sense for things military. . . . This is an entertaining biography that leaves you with the feeling that you would like to read Mr. Preston's next book. . . .

JOHN ERSKINE'S following, ever expecting the unexpected, is not likely to be disappointed in his new novel *Uncle Sam: In the Eyes of His Family* (Bobbs-Merrill). . . . The author sets out to crystallize the American spirit in an engaging narrative, and succeeds. . . . His story of a man named Sam is a biography of our national temperament, the private life of the

United States. . . . It is brilliant irony and a good story. . . . The author, so he says, has been mulling over the American character for years, and he has taken eighteen months to write down its qualities, prejudices and inhibitions in a novel. . . . Needless to say, it is bright and witty. . . .

Peter B. Kyne's latest no-doubt best-seller is the love story of a psychopath and a psychiatrist, and Mr. Kyne's great achievement is that he makes his story 100 per cent. red-blooded American just the same. . . . His lovely heroine has a dual personality: one of her is nice, and the other the police are after. . . . The keen-eyed young doctor recognizes the trouble and battles both the girl's Mr. Hyde-ism and the police with psychotherapy. . . . The title is *Golden Dawn;* the publisher Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. . . .

Other novels we enjoyed are Ben Ames Williams' *Touchstone* (Dutton) in which the author propounds the difficult question: How would you feel if you suddenly found out that one of your twin sons wasn't yours, but you didn't know which one? . . . E. M. Delafield's *Turn Back the Leaves* (Harper) as light and brilliant as her stories invariably are, and this time treading the precarious road offered by the difficulties of a Catholic in a non-Catholic country. . . . *Exile* (Knopf), by Warwick Deeping, less important than any of Mr. Deeping's as a novel, and delightful as a story of a young and charming English girl's adventures with love and expatriates in an Italian town. . . . *Cressida: No Mystery* (Knopf), by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, a 100 per cent. English country-house triangle story. . . .

In *Portrait of a Chinese Lady,* Lady Hosie, the author, has caught the eager, stumbling tempo of modern China hurrying after progress. . . . She translates this spirit of change into words by contrasting her memories of the China in which she was brought up with the new China to which she here returns as a visitor, and by retailing to us her many talks with teachers, rickshawmen, beggars, bandits, generals, concubines, merchants and princes. . . . Her book is partly a character study of Mrs. Sung, the young and lovely Chinese woman in whom the old aristocracy meets the modern woman. . . . It is partly a travelogue: we see Shanghai, the Yangtze, Hangchow, Wenchow, Peitaiho, Manchuria. . . . But primarily it talks about Change; about the prejudices that are peeling away with incredible speed. This is a China radically different from the accepted idea—a China shattering old idols and setting new ones in their places, going after education and scientific advance and marriage reform a bit feverishly, a bit pathetically, certainly in a way to arouse sympathy and a desire to help. . . . It is a Morrow book, well-written, and readable. . . .

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ANOTHER OF A TALENTED FAMILY breaks into print with one of Dutton's pet books for April. . . . The imagination conjures up scenes in the Green household, with Julian darkly contemplating the plot for his next sinister novel, while Sister Anne plays practical jokes on him. . . . Focusing on Anne's book, *The Selbys*, we confess to a certain amount of tittering in the reading of it. . . . The characters are crazy and lovable, and the plot has a *Charlie's Aunt* swing which should prove irresistible to the cinema industry. . . . Barbara Winship, vacant-brained young thing from Savannah, is shipped to Paris to live with the Selbys. . . . She complicates their pleasant life tremendously, but they presently get her married off to a young Frenchman of great charm and too much family. . . . The story rounds out to a comfortable sense of everybody living happily ever after, and the whole is good clean fun. . . .

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"The tall masts quiver'd as they lay afloat
The temples and the people and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife thro' my slender throat
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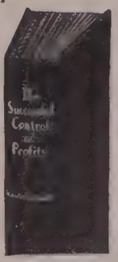

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CIMARRON, by Edna Ferber. Doubleday-Doran. $2.50. The adventures of dashing, shooting Yancey Cravat and his sturdy-hearted Sabra, whose lives are intimately woven with the first settling and growing-up of the incredible State of Oklahoma.

THE BYSTANDER, by Maxim Gorki. Cape and Smith. $3. Gorki's first novel in many years and the one which he considers his own ultimate test. It belongs to the pre-Revolution traditions of the best Russian novels. The Literary Guild Book for April.

OL' KING DAVID AN' THE PHILISTINE BOYS, by Roark Bradford. Harpers. $2.50. The companion volume to *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun* carries on the same simple Bible narrative as the Negro mind pictures it. Here is David with his mouth harp; Ruth; good-looking Esther; Elijah and the Meat Barrel; Jonah; the Good Samaritan; the Prodigal Son and others, all delicious.

DANDELION DAYS, by Henry Williamson. Dutton. $2.50. The middle volume of the trilogy ending with *The Pathway.* This deals with the adolescence of Willie Maddison.

HUNTSMAN IN THE SKY, by Granville Toogood. Brewer and Warren. $2.50. A leisurely first novel, set around and about Philadelphia. Good.

EXILE, by Warwick Deeping. Knopf. $2.50. A charming young English girl meets love in an Italian town.

THE HOAX, by Italo Svevo. Harcourt, Brace. Translated from the Italian by Beryl de Zoete. $2. This comedy of a practical joke played on a provincial author hovers very near tragedy. A perfectly finished little book by a modern Italian writer most highly thought of by European men of letters.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE, by Meyer Levin. John Day. $2. The author of *Reporter* tells a love story of modern Chicago, with true romance beneath a hard-boiled exterior.

THE WINDS OF GOBI, by Robert Hyde. Brewer and Warren. $1.75. A collection of tales that read like translations from some wise and witty Chinese gentleman, but are Mr. Hyde's own.

KINDNESS IN A CORNER, by T. F. Powys. Viking. $2.50. The tempting of the Saint Anthony of a modern Dorset village, done with the prose artistry and the delectable humor of his *Mr. Weston's Good Wine.*

THE STRENGTH OF LOVERS, by Hugo Wast. Longmans. $2.50. The leading South American author writes a love story of the Spanish conquistadores.

THE SEVENTH GATE, by Muriel Harris. Harper. $2.50. The $5,000 English prize novel is a love story full of tangents. Miss Troon, who recreates herself through faith in an idea, and Risaleur, the brilliant failure, are heroine and hero against a background of the author's uncanny observation of everyday things.

Biography

BYRON, by André Maurois. Appleton. $5. Maurois can make almost any subject fascinating, and no biographer can make Byron dull. Maurois on Byron is a dazzling combination, if you like this kind of light, swift, imaginative biography at all.

MATA HARI, by Major Thomas Coulson. Harpers. $2.50. The most famous cour-

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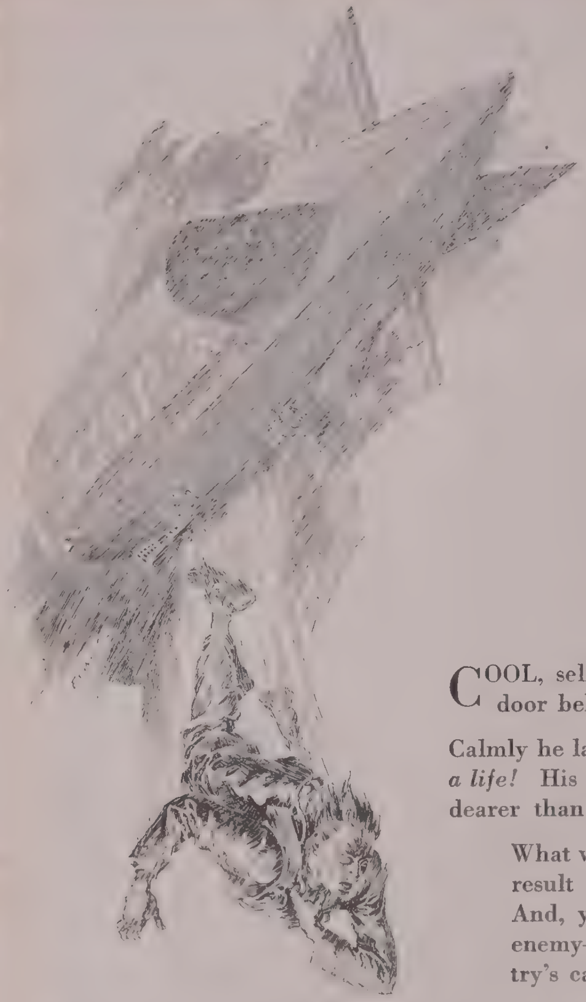

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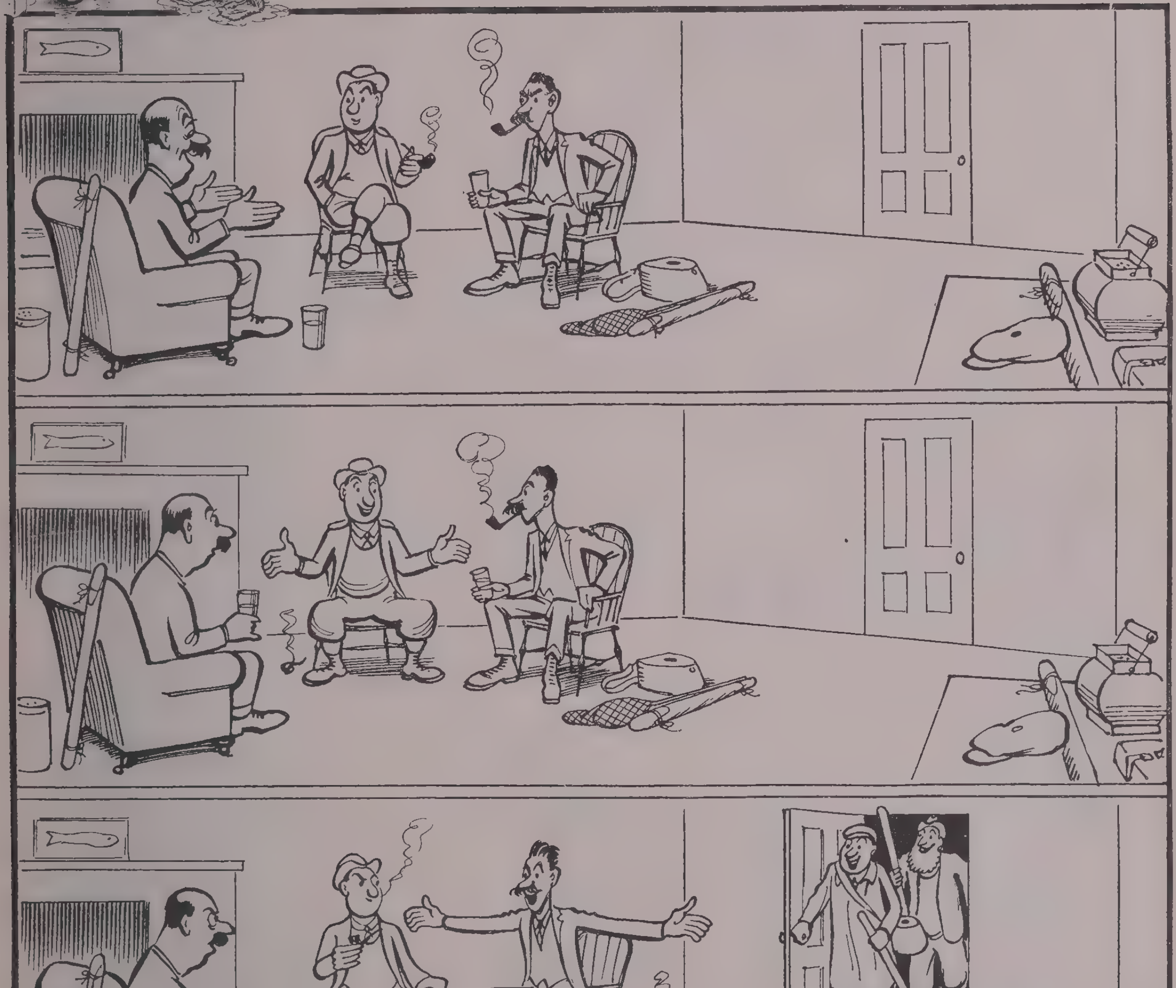

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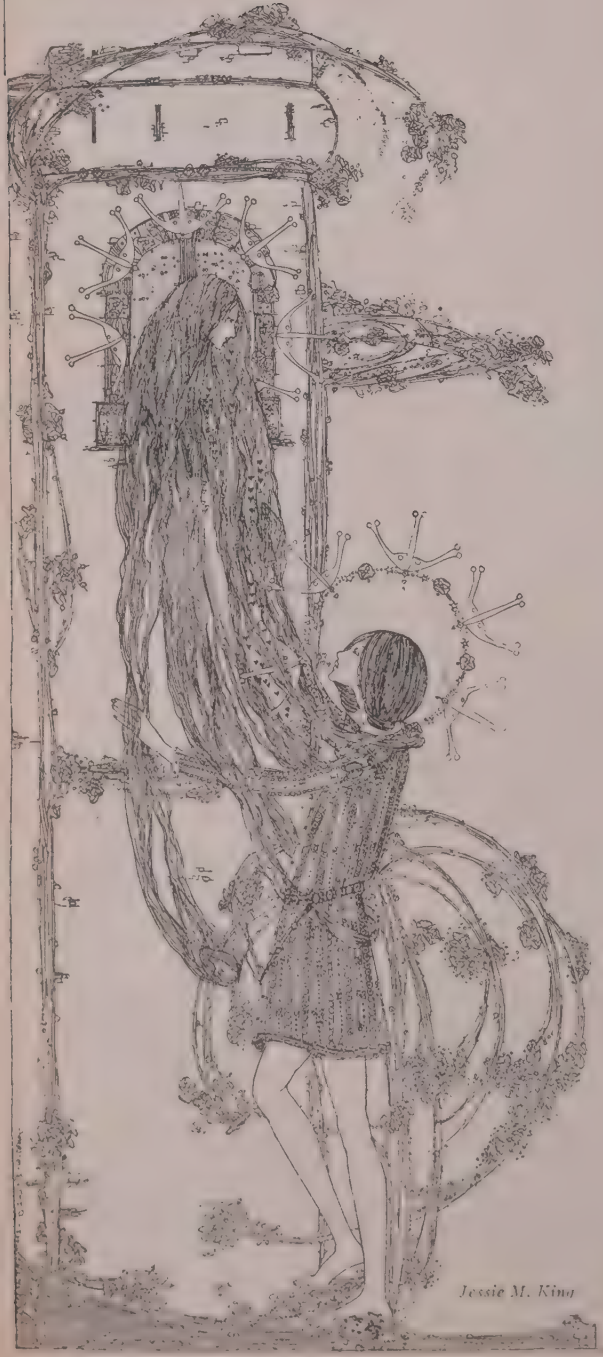
May Gyveth al Lovers Courage

By SIR THOMAS MALORY



The moneth of May was come, whan every lusty herte begynneth to blossome and to brynge forth fruyte. For lyke as herbes and trees bryngen forth fruyte and florysshen in May, in lyke wyse every lusty herte that is in ony maner a lover spryngeth and floryssheth in lusty dedes. For it gyveth unto al lovers courage, that lusty moneth of May. . . .

Therefore lyke as May moneth floreth and floryssheth in many gardyns, soo in lyke wyse lete every man of worship florysshe his herte in this world, fyrst unto God, and next unto the joye of them that he promysed his feythe unto. For there was never worshypful man or worshypful woman but they loved one better than another. . . .

But now adayes men can not love seven nyghte but they must have alle their desyres. That love may not endure by reason. For where they ben soone accorded, and hasty hete, soone it keleth. Ryghte soo fareth love now adayes: soone hote, soone cold. This is noo stabylyté. But the old love was not so. Men and wymmen coude love togyders seven yeres, and no lycours lustes were bitwene them, and thenne was love trouthe and feythfulnes. And soo in lyke wyse was used love in kynge Arthurs dayes. Wherefor I lyken love now adayes unto somer and wynter. For lyke as the one is hote and the other cold, so fareth love now adayes. Therefore alle ye that be lovers calle unto your remembraunce the moneth of May.

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The Rising of the Akasava

By EDGAR WALLACE

A NATIVE ALONE may plumb the depths of the native mind with any accuracy. Sanders was remarkable because he was possessed of a peculiar quality—the quality of comprehension.

He made few mistakes because he applied no rules. He knew, for instance, that native memory is short, yet he was prepared to hear a graybeard of forty contest his finding in some particular suit with a precedent created twenty years before and entirely obliterated from Sanders' memory.

A scientific expedition once again went through the Ochori country—and I think it had to do with astronomical observation—and in the language of Kipling—

> "What they thought they might require,
> They went an' took."

Bosambo, the chief, complained, for he knew the value of money to such an extent that he never accepted a Spanish douro without biting it, or confused a mark with a shilling.

Sanders was secretly annoyed with the behavior of the expedition, but felt it necessary to keep up the end of his fellow-countrymen.

"They were of the Government," he said at the time; "and, moreover, white men. And it is the white man's way."

Bosambo said nothing, but remembered.

Years later something happened in the Akasava, and by a distressing string of circumstances Sanders found himself confronted with a two-million-pound war, the undoing of all his work, and a most ignominious death.

This happened in the autumn of the year. At the time of harvest the lands under Mr. Commissioner Sanders, were quiet and peaceable. The crop had been a good one, the fish plentiful in the river, serious sickness of no account.

"And no crime," said Sanders to himself, and pulled a little face. "I would welcome a little earthquake just now."

The European reader might stand aghast at this callousness, but Sanders knew.

The reports that came down-river were satisfactory—if one gained satisfaction from the recital of virtuous behavior. Isisi, N'gombi, Akasava, Bolegi, Bomongo—all these peoples were tranquil and prosperous.

The only adverse report was from the Ochori. There a mysterious fire had destroyed one-half of the crops—a fire that had appeared simultaneously in twenty gardens. Also it was reported that Bosambo, the chief, was treating his people with unusual severity.

Sanders grew very thoughtful when this news came, for Bosambo was a wise and cunning man, who knew native folk as well as Sanders himself. Sanders drew his own conclusions, and made preparations for a long cruise up the Isisi river.

He stepped on board his little stern-wheeler at dawn one day.

For days previous men had been piling wood on the lower deck till the *Zaire* looked for all the world like a timber ship. On the steel deck below, in double banks, in the well before the tiny bridge deck, in the space at the stern which is usually occupied by drowsy Houssas, wood was piled to the height of a man's head.

In addition there were many stacks of a bright, black stone, which Yoka, the engineer, regarded with unusual pride; as well he might, for coal is not a customary sight on the big river.

The *Zaire* had recently come newly furnished from the slips. White workmen, brought at great expense from Lagos or Sierra Leone, or one of those far-distant and marvelous cities, had replaced certain portions of the machinery and had introduced higher power, and most wonderful of all, a new engine which worked from the main boiler and which by magic turned a strange, clumsy wheel at an incredible speed. From this coiled two fat ropes of wire, covered so that no wire could be seen.

They disappeared through a hole in the deck and came to light again on the bridge, being attached to a big lamp working on a swivel.

Nor was this the only innovation. The two Maxims which had stood on either corner of the bridge deck had been moved to amidships, and in their places were long steel-barreled Hotchkiss guns with rubber-covered shoulder pieces. Beneath, by the bulwarks, were polished wooden chests, where fat brass cartridges lay stored like wine in bins.

Sanders went aboard with a picked crew and half a company of Houssa rifles, and set forth with little idea as to where his journey would end.

Edgar Wallace.

AS COCKNEY SOLDIER *in South Africa and war correspondent in the Belgian Congo, Edgar Wallace gathered his material at first hand for his absorbing stories of the imperturbable Sanders, the English commissioner and the Sherlock Holmes of the black man's civilization.*

A foundling, associate of a burglars' gang, soldier and journalist, Mr. Wallace has had an amazing career. Now at fifty-five he stands a colossus in the literary and dramatic world. Though he has written more than a hundred and forty novels and from two to four hundred short stories (he has lost count), he has never surpassed these stories of "The People of the River."

He had not left headquarters far behind when the steersman who stood by his side uttered an exclamation, and Sanders looked up.

Overhead in the blue, two birds were wheeling and circling frantically.

The smaller bird darted this way and that.

Sanders sprang into his cabin and snatched up a shot-gun.

The bigger bird was a hawk, going about his proper business; but his quarry, as the Commissioner recognized at a glance, was a faithful servant of the Government—a carrier-pigeon.

The birds had closed in one furious bunch of whirling feathers and talons when Sanders raised his gun and fired. The first barrel missed, but the second brought them down to the water.

A dozen men sprang overboard and swam to the spot where the birds struggled in their deathgrip.

One of the men reached them, deftly wrung the neck of the hawk, and came back to the boat.

The pigeon was dead—had probably died before the shots hit him. Round one red leg was a rubber band and a torn piece of paper.

Sanders smoothed it out and read. It was in Arabic, and all that was left consisted of three words:

" . . . Akasava . . . war . . . King."

"H'm!" said Sanders.

He had a man watching the Akasava, a reliable spy whose judgment was beyond doubt. There was urgency in the fact that the message had been sent by carrier-pigeon, and Sanders put the nose of his steamer to the north and prepared for the worst.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, two days' steaming from headquarters, he came to the junction of three rivers where, according to all plans, his spy should have waited him with further intelligence.

But there was no sign of the man, and, though the steamer cruised about, crossing from one bank to the other, the spy did not put in an appearance. Sanders had no other course than to continue his voyage. He arrived at the Akasava city at midnight, picking his way through the shoals and sand-banks without difficulty, thanks to his new searchlight.

He "tied up" to one of the many middle islands in the center of the river and waited for light. At dawn the *Zaire* came sidling to the Akasava bank, her soldiers sitting on the iron lower deck, their legs dangling over the side, their loaded rifles at their knees.

Yet there was no sign of perturbation amongst the people. They flocked down to the beach to watch the steamer come to her moorings, and in half an hour Toloni, the King, came in state with his drummers, his spearmen and his councilors—to pay their respects.

Sanders went ashore with an orderly, walked through the city's street by the King's side, and listened to such news as he had to tell him.

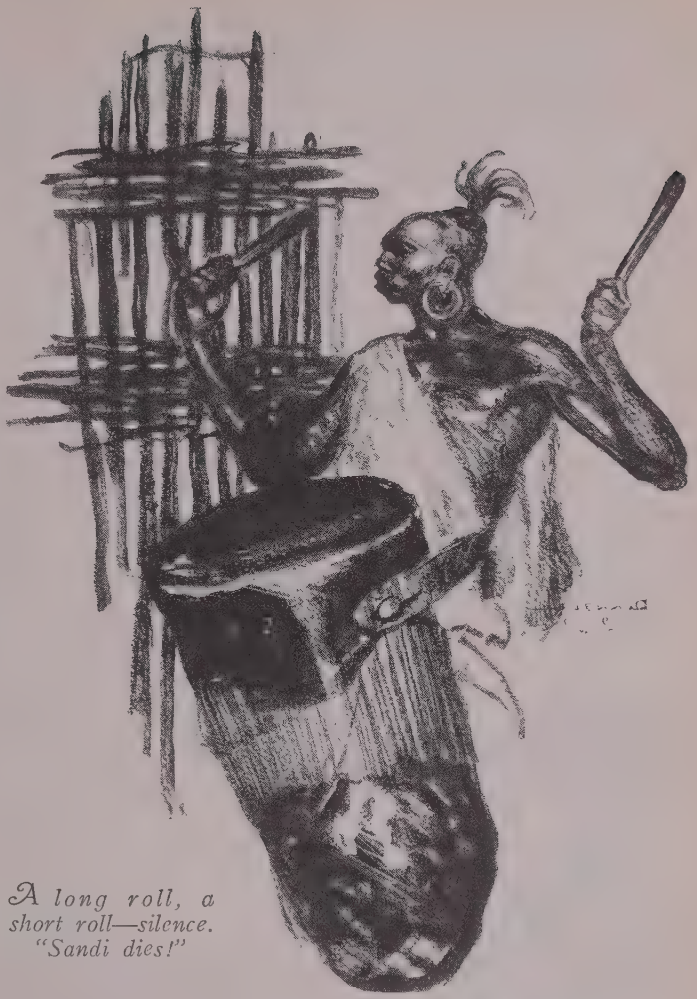
Sanders made no inquiry as to his spy, because that would be futile, but he kept a sharp look-out.

The scene was a peaceful one. The women ground corn before their huts, naked babies strutted daringly in the streets, their shrill laughter rising as hut called to hut, and, best of all, the men were in good humor.

"Lord," said the King as Sanders took his departure, "all things are well, as you see, and my people are full of food and lazy. There is no sickness, and no man injures another."

"Thus it is," said Sanders, who never failed to take advantage of any opportunity for drawing a moral, "because my Lord the King has given you his protection so that every man may live fearless of his enemies."

"That is so," said the other humbly. "We are dogs before your presence, and blinded by the bright face of the Great King our master."



A long roll, a short roll—silence. "Sandi dies!"

Sanders took a short cut to the *Zaire*.

There was a little path which led through the tall, rank, elephant grass.

"Lord," said Toloni, hesitating at the entrance of the path, "this is not a proper way for your greatness, for there is water in the path, and many snakes who live in the marsh."

"This is the way," said Sanders briefly.

The Akasava monarch hesitated, then led the way.

It was, as he had said, an unpleasant road, for the rains had been very heavy and in places the path was ankle-deep in ooze.

Sanders was regretting his obstinacy when, half-way to the beach, he came upon a place where the earth had been recently dug, and there was a raised mound.

"What man is buried here?" asked the Commissioner.

The King looked at him steadfastly.

"One Karama," he said.

"This is not the place of burying," said Sanders, "for if my memory serves me your dead people sleep in one of the middle islands."

"That is so, lord," replied the chief, "yet this man was dead a long time, and only his bones were left. And because my people feared his spirit they buried him where he was found."

The explanation was satisfactory and Sanders passed on, though the grave was the grave of Ali Hazrah, a reliable spy of his, who had been caught by the King's men and speared to death while the pigeon he had just released was still circling above in the blue sky.

"My lord goes far?" asked the King as he stood by the gangway of the ship.

"I go north," said Sanders. "Why do you ask?"

"There have been heavy rains," said the King, "and many rivers are swollen. And in such times strangers from the Frenchi and Portagasi lands come into these territories; also, I have heard of an Arabi who is buying people, ten days' journey from here, on the Calali River."

Was this the message Ali had sent?

The possibility struck Sanders as being a reasonable one.

The man might have heard something of the sort, sent his message, and gone north in search of further news.

Sanders cast off, and, leaving the Isisi River on his right, took the Calali—a little-known stream.

Toloni, the King, might be sending him on a fool's errand, but he had to take that chance. As it happened, the Akasava overlord had spoken the truth for a certain purpose.

* * *

El Mahmud, a notorious trader, found his way into Sanders' territory one spring-time when the rivers were flooded and when certain streams were navigable which had never before known canoe, much less El Mahmud's gay felucca.

He brought with him rich bales of merchandise, secret bottles of gin, tobacco, hemp, and his own elegant person.

He was a sallow-faced man who sat under an awning on a silken cushion and smoked, and he was possessed of an insatiable curiosity.

He had large ideas, and was a man of many schemes.

He was engaged in arming a Calali village with rifles which had rendered good service to France in '75, when Sanders came suddenly upon him.

El Mahmud was warned, and put his craft, with all sails set, in the direction of safety, which was represented by a creek four miles up river, into which no steamer of the *Zaire* size could penetrate.

His little plan, admirable in intention, was somewhat upset by the disconcerting fact that the *Zaire* had recently been re-equipped. The first shot from Sanders' new Hotchkiss gun smashed the side of the felucca as a rifle bullet would smash a match-box. The second carried away the roof of El Mahmud's private cabin.

The *Zaire* swung up to the sinking felucca, and a rope being passed she was towed to shallow water.

Taking all things into consideration, El Mahmud, who knew something of the English-speaking people and their peculiar ways, would much rather have seen his boat sunk than captured and searched.

"Sheik," said his headman as the *Zaire* took the boat in tow, "there is time to get rid of much that will do us harm when the Englishman inspects this boat."

El Mahmud was silent, and his headman drew a long knife from his belt and tested its edge.

He looked inquiringly at his master, but El Mahmud shook his head.

"You are a fool! This Americano will hang you like a pig if he smells a spot of blood. Let us wait—what is written must be."

He had not long to wait. As soon as the *Joy of Night*—such was the felicitous name of the craft—was beached, he was escorted before Sanders.

"How came you here?" demanded the Commissioner, and El Mahmud explained calmly and logically that owing to the heavy rains he had adventured along a new river which had never before existed, and thus had come to the Isisi. That was a good excuse, as Mahmud knew. It was more difficult to explain the selling of rifles, for it is a practice which all civilized nations very properly hold as unpardonable. Much more difficult was it to account for twenty-one slaves discovered in the bottom of the felucca. Yet the man had a permit to "recruit labor," signed by one Dom Reynaldo de Costa y Ferdinez, Portuguese governor of a coast colony.

Sanders had a horror of "complications," especially with Portuguese authorities, for complications meant long, long letters, reports, minutes, memoranda, and eventually blue books. This meant years of correspondence, official investigations, and a kick at the end, whether he was right or wrong.

"By all laws, El Mahmud," he said, "you have forfeited your life, yet I accept part of your story, though, God knows, I believe you lie! My steamer shall take you to a place which is twenty miles from the Portuguese, and there you shall be set free with food and arms."

"What of my ship and cargo?" asked El Mahmud.

"I shall burn the one and confiscate the other," said Sanders.

El Mahmud shrugged his shoulders.

"All things are ordained," he said.

Sanders took him on board and steamed to a place indicated by the trader—it was nearer his camp—and released him with rifles and ammunition for his followers and ten days' supply of food.

"Go with God," said Sanders in the vernacular.

El Mahmud stood on the bank and watched the steamer sweeping out to mid-stream.

He waited till its nose was turned down-stream and Sanders was plainly to be seen on the bridge, then sat down carefully, raised his rifle, taking deliberate aim, and fired.

Sanders was giving instructions to Abiboo concerning the repacking of Hotchkiss cartridges which had been laid on the deck in preparation for eventualities.

"These——" he said, then stumbled forward.

Abiboo caught him in his arms, and lowered him to the deck.

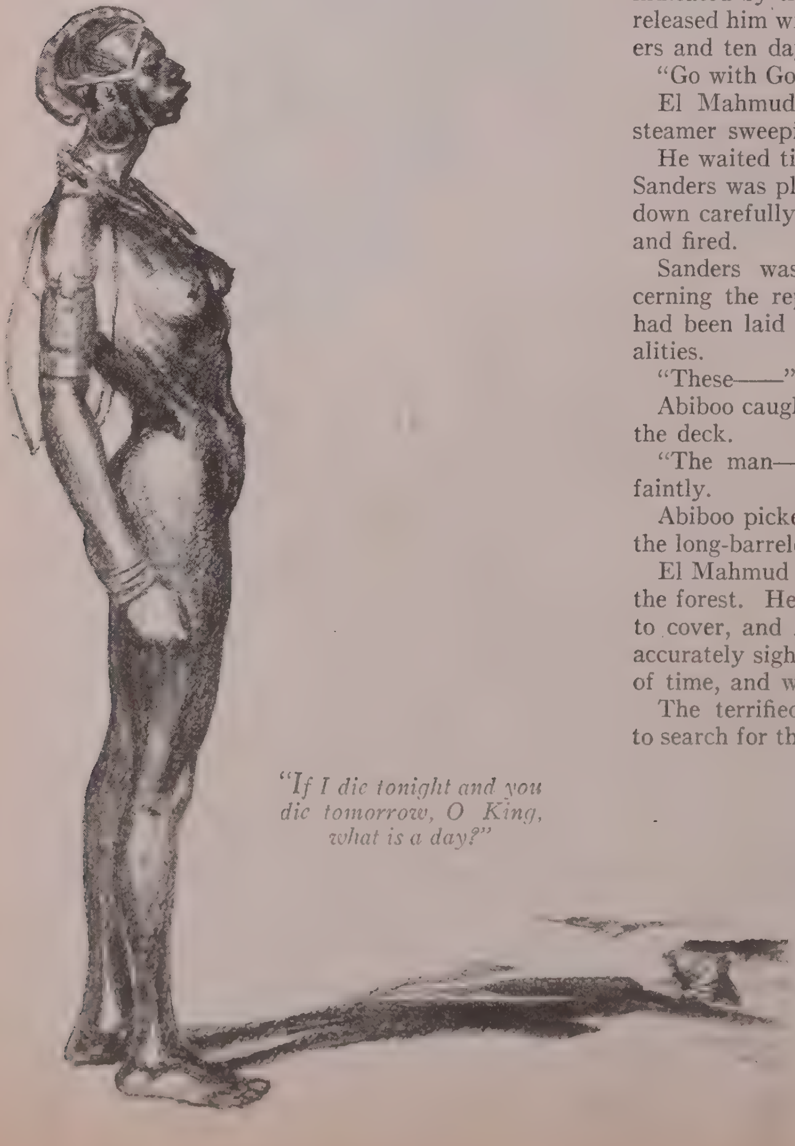
"The man—do not let him escape," said Sanders faintly.

Abiboo picked up a cartridge, opened the breech of the long-barreled Hotchkiss, and slipped it in.

El Mahmud was running swiftly toward the cover of the forest. He had two hundred yards of bare ground to cover, and Abiboo was firing a gun which was as accurately sighted as a rifle. Moreover, he had plenty of time, and was not flurried.

The terrified followers of El Mahmud, returning to search for their master, were constantly finding him.

* * *



"If I die tonight and you die tomorrow, O King, what is a day?"

The moon came up over the forest and fretted the river with silver, and Toloni, King of the Akasava, watched from the shore for the omen which Tilagi, the witch-doctor, had promised.

He had long to wait before he saw the ripple which a swimming crocodile makes, but when it came into view, crossing the river in a straight line from shore to shore, he had no eyes for aught else.

Straight as an arrow it sped, undeviating by a single curve from the true line.

"That is a good omen," said Toloni, and rose from the shadow of the bush which hid him from view.

He waited a little while, then struck noiselessly into the forest, swinging his spears.

He came upon his six councilors sitting patiently by the side of the forest path.

"All is as should be," he said. "Tilagi has spoken the truth, for the crocodile crossed from bank to bank, and the day of the Akasava has come."

He led the way back to the sleeping city and gained his big hut. It was empty, by his orders. A fire smouldered in the center of the hut, and his bed of skins was ready for him on the raised frame bedstead.

He went out again into the open.

"Send Tilagi to me," he said to the waiting headman.

When the old man came—a skinny old man, walking laboriously by the aid of a stick, Toloni called him into the hut.

"Father," he said, "at the full of the moon, as the tide was high, I saw the black crocodile leave his pool on the Isisi bank, and he swam from shore to shore even as you said."

The old man said nothing, nodding his head.

"All this is favorable to my plans," said the King, "and it shall fall out as you say."

"You are a great king," croaked the old man. "There never was in this land so great a king, for you have the mind of a white man, and are greater than Sandi. Other kings and chiefs of the Akasava were fools, and died like fools on a certain high tree, Sandi putting a rope about their necks; but they had black men's brains."

The King walked up and down the length of his hut. He was a tall man, splendidly built, and he carried his head high.

"All men are with me," he said. "Isisi, N'gombi, Bomongo——"

He paused.

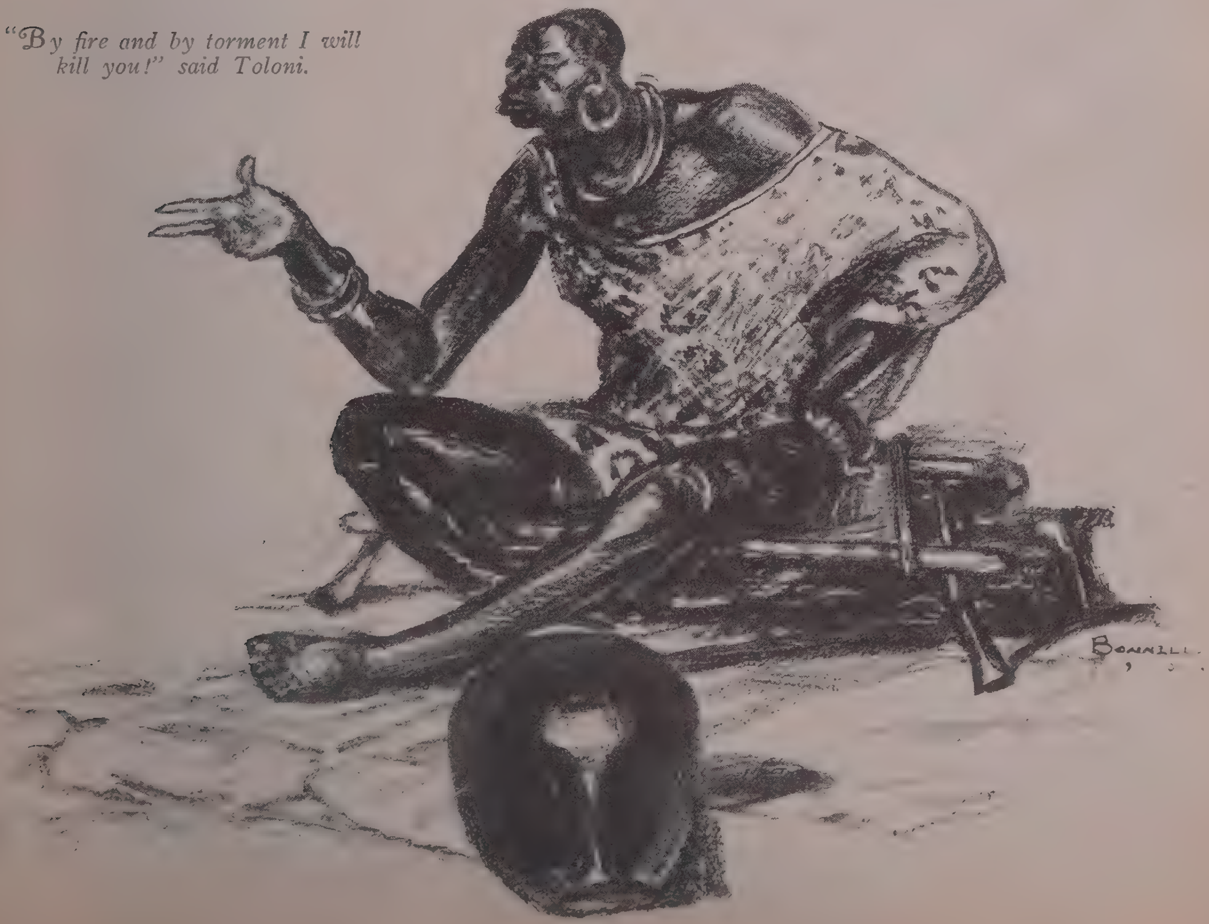
"And the Ochori, lord king," said the witch-doctor. "Yes, they are with you, though the foreigner who rules them is one with Sandi."

"That is a matter which needs settlement," said the King; "yet we must move quickly, for Sandi will soon be back. It is now three days since he left, and the boat-with-the-wheel travels swiftly."

Messengers came and went all that day. Five times was the King aroused from his slumbers to receive messages and to answer questions. The Isisi people were nervous; they feared Sandi.

Would the King swear by death that if the plan did not prosper he would tell Sandi that he forced the Isisi to act by threats and cruelties? The N'gombi had a queen of Sandi's house; should they slay her? She had a lover who would kill her very quickly, having access to her hut.

"By fire and by torment I will kill you!" said Toloni.



"Do not kill her," was the message Toloni sent, "for I know she is very beautiful. She shall have a hut in the shadow of my great house."

The Lesser Isisi people were impatient. There were two mission stations in their country; should they stay and burn?

"These are small matters," said Toloni the King. "First we must take Sanders, and him we will sacrifice according to ancient practice. Then all other matters will be simple and easy."

That night when darkness came and his unconscious people gossiped about the fires—none were in the secret of the coming great events save Toloni's councilors and certain headmen of other tribes—a lokali rattled musically on the outskirts of the town.

The King, in his hut, heard the signal-drum, and knew from its note that it answered some far-off fellow.

Very faintly the distant drum was sounding news from village to village, every roll, every staccato tap, every crescendo having its special meaning.

Before his hut, with both hands to his ears, the King listened.

Three rolls, rising and falling, a slow rattle, a roll, a tattoo, another roll.

That stood for Sandi—Sandi the swift, Sandi the sharp in anger, Sandi the alarmer, Sandi the giver of justice.

All these qualities and characteristics were expressed by the distant drummer.

Twice the far-away lokali spoke Sandi's name, then a long roll, a short roll, and silence.

Again—a long roll, a short roll—silence.

"Sandi dies!"

Toloni's voice was harsh and exultant.

"Listen!" he whispered.

A metallic tattoo, punctuated by an irregular procession of low, deep notes—that stood for the Arabi.

"Tap—tap—tap—tap."

There had been more shooting.

Then Sanders' name occurred again—the long roll, the short roll, and silence.

It was clear to those who could read the message—the message that ten miles away had been received by the lokali man and hammered forth from his hollow tree trunk to yet another village.

Even now Toloni's signaller was sending the message on. All night long through the length and breadth of the land, the message would be repeated till it came to the edges of wild lands, where Sandi was unknown and the message itself incomprehensible.

"All gods and devils are with me," said the King of the Akasava. "Now is the time."

Stretched on his bunk, Sanders, with the aid of Abiboo and a small hand-mirror, located his injury.

He had suffered the slightest of wounds—the bullet had struck a steel chain purse he carried in his pocket and had deflected and taken a piece of flesh out of his left forearm and had fetched up in the roof of the cabin before which he had been standing.

Beyond a pained bruised side and the wound in his arm, he had suffered no hurt. Abiboo dressed both places from the medicine chest, and there the matter should have ended, for Sanders was a healthy man.

But the next morning found him in a highly feverish condition. The arm had swollen to twice its normal dimensions and was terribly painful. Sanders suspected a poisoned bullet and was probably justified. He did not consider the matter very fully, for he was too busily engaged in an impossible argument with the Administration to give much heed to such trivialities. It was a tedious argument about a tall hat. Should Sanders wear a tall hat for the Coronation Naval Review or should he not? The Administration was firm, but Sanders was equally determined.

"I've a shocking headache, and you ask me to wear a tall hat, your Excellency," he said in anger and burst into tears.

It was so unlike Sanders, and he knew it was so unlike him, that by a tremendous effort of will, he came back to actualities.

He was lying in his cabin. His head and his arm ached diabolically. His face was wet with perspiration and his tongue was like a strip of leather.

Abiboo, squatting by the side of the bed, rose as Sanders opened his eyes.

"Where do you go?" asked Sanders.

"To the God-woman who gives medicine," said Abiboo, without any display of emotion. "For I fear that you will die, and I wish for a book that I did everything properly."

"Cautious devil," muttered Sanders and relapsed again into unconsciousness.

When he awoke again he did not hear the beat of the steamer's paddles. It was to a surprising calm and ease he awoke. He was lying in a big room in a small bed, and the sheets were of the finest linen—which on the steamer they had not been.

There was a big bowl of blue flowers on a table near the bed and a strange fragrance.

It cannot be said that he recognized the place, because he had never before seen the interior of Miss Glandynne's bedroom; but he had a dim recollection that somebody had said he was to be taken to her. His first conscious emotion was one of extreme annoyance that he had been a nuisance to somebody, his second was one of doubt as to his own condition.

He turned his head slowly to view the erring arm. He would not have been surprised if he had found it missing. It was there safe enough, and he sighed his relief. Also it was near enough to normal size to be comforting.

He ventured to move the hand of the injured limb, and to his great pleasure found no difficulty to and experienced no pain.

Then Ruth Glandynne came in—a beautiful vision in that dark land.

She smiled, lifted a warning finger, shifted his pillow a little, and sat down by his side.

"What is wrong with the Akasava?" he asked suddenly. It was àpropos of nothing; he had not even been thinking of the Akasava, but something impelled the question.

He saw her face go suddenly grave.

"I—I think you had better not bother about the Akasava," she faltered. "You must keep very quiet."

"I must know!" he said.

His voice was cracked and weak, but she knew that, whatever might be the result, she must tell him.

He lay quietly with closed eyes while she spoke, and when she had finished he lay silent—so silent that she thought he had relapsed into unconsciousness.

Then he opened his eyes.

"Send a messenger to the Ochori," he said, "and bid Bosambo the chief come to me."

Bosambo was immensely unpopular amongst all other chiefs and peoples.

Bosambo was an alien—being a Krooman who had fled from Liberia owing to the persecutions of the government of that model republic. If you should ask how it came about that the majestic machinery of state came to be put into motion against so insignificant a man as Bosambo—a common man, if you might judge him by his place in the state—I enlighten you by offering the explanation that Bosambo had killed a warder at the convict settlement whither he had been sent for theft. The adventurer wandered across Africa till he came to the milk-hearted Ochori, in which he became paramount chief of the tribe on the sudden and inexplicable death of its rightful chief.

It is sufficient to say that this ex-convict made men of a timid people, giving them pride and a sort of spurious courage which was made up as to three parts of fear—for Bosambo had pliant whips of rhinoceros hide, and was very quick to take offence.

One morning, in the spring of the year, Bosambo came out of his hut to find the world exquisitely beautiful—being covered with the freshest green of growing things, the sky flecked with white clouds, and a gentle breeze wrinkling the surface of the big river.

The city of the Ochori was built on the slope of a hill, and you looked across the N'gombi Forest to the faint blur of the mountain of trees, which is in the Akasava territory.

Bosambo, who was no poet and admired only those beauties of nature which were edible, glanced disconsolately along the broad street of his city, where women were preparing the morning meals, and where the smoke of a score of little fires drifted lazily. Bosambo's three common wives were engaged before the next hut in a similar operation; his chief wife was not visible, being of the faith which requires that woman shall have no existence save to her lord.

He turned his face to the western end of the city and walked slowly.

Bosambo was no fool. He had lived amongst civilized people, he spoke English, he was a thief who had made his living in a nation of thieves.

He was aware of the happenings in the Akasava. There had been a rising—a section of the people which had declared against rebellion and had been wiped from the face of the earth. Also the Isisi had joined in the general movement, had destroyed the timid of their number, and forced the folk of the Bolenzi to servitude.

Bosambo had received an invitation to do homage to Toloni, the King, and had sent back a message which was at once comprehensive and coarse. He was safe from reprisals for a week or so. Between him and the Akasava lay the mission station where Sandi was—dying by all accounts, but certainly there. And tied up to the mission bank was the *Zaire* and half a company of Houssas, to say nothing of two immense guns.

But if Bosambo was contemptuous of the self-appointed King of the World—as Toloni called himself—there were men of the Ochori who, remembering Bosambo's pliant whip, and his readiness to exercise it, corresponded with Toloni and Bosambo knew that half the Ochori people were far gone in sedition.

Yet he was not over-distressed—that worried him less than another matter.

"Light of my life and joy of my soul," he said to the woman who shared the gaudy magnificence of his thatched harem. "If Sandi dies there is no virtue in religion, for I have prayed to all gods, to the Prophets, and to the lords Marki, Luko, and Johanni—also to the Virgin of whom the Marist Brothers told me; and I have prayed to crosses and to ju-jus, and have sacri-

In Our June Issue

◆

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ficed a goat and a chicken before the Ochori fetish."

"Mahomet," she said reprovingly, "all this is evil, for there is but one God."

"He will praise my diligence in seeking Him," said Bosambo philosophically. "Yet, if Sandi recover, I will thank all gods lest I miss the Him who benefited my master."

His position was a delicate one, as he knew. Only the previous night he had caught a secret messenger from Toloni, who came to call upon the Ochori to attack Sandi's men from the north, driving them towards the waiting legions of the rebel king. Bosambo extracted the full message from the courier before he disposed of him.

Two more days of anxious waiting followed. A headman of the Ochori, who had been promised the chiefship of the tribe, decided to rush matters, and crept into Bosambo's hut one evening to create the necessary vacancy.

Bosambo, who was waiting for him, clubbed him into insensibility with promptitude and dispatch, dragged him in the darkness of the night to the river bank, and slid him into the water with a rope about his neck and a stone attached to the rope.

It brought matters to a head in one sense, for, missing their leader, his faction called upon Bosambo and demanded that the missing man be handed over to them. Their chief's reply was an emphatic one. The spokesman carried the marks of Bosambo's eloquence to the grave. How matters might have developed it is difficult to guess, but Sandi's summons came to Bosambo, and he called his people together.

"I go to Sandi," he told them, "Sandi who is my master and yours, in addition to being my relative, as you know. And behold I leave behind me a people who are ungrateful and vicious. Now I say to you that in my absence you shall go about your work and do nothing evil—that you shall neither attend to the council of fools nor follow your own wicked fancies—for when I return I shall be swift to punish; and if any man disobey me, I will put out his eyes and leave him in the forest for the beasts to hunt. I will do this by Ewa, who is death."

After which Bosambo departed for the mission station, taking with him his favorite wife and fifty fighting men.

He came to Sandi's within forty-eight hours of the Commissioner's summons, and squatted by his master's bedside.

"Bosambo," said Sandi. "I have been very ill, and I am still too weak to stand. And whilst I am lying here, Toloni, King of the Akasava, had risen, and with him the countryside."

"Lord, it is as you say," said Bosambo.

"In time there will come many white men," said Sandi, "and they will eat up this foolish king; but in the meantime there will be much suffering, and many innocent people will be slain. I have sent for you because I trust you."

"Lord," said Bosambo, "I am a thief and a low man, and my heart is full of pride that you, Lord, should stoop toward me."

Sandi detected the tremor in Bosambo's voice, and he knew he was sincere.

"Therefore, O chief, I have placed you in my place, for you are skilled in war. And I give over to you the command of my ship and of my fighting men, and you shall do that which is best."

Bosambo sprang noiselessly to his feet, and stood tense and erect by the bedside. There was a strange light in his eyes.

"Lord Sandi," he said in a low voice, "do you speak true—that I"—he struck his broad chest with both his clenched fists—"I stand in your place?"

"That is so," said Sandi.

Bosambo was silent for a minute, then he opened his mouth to speak, checked himself, and, turning without a word, left the room.

Which was unlike Bosambo.

They were prepared for his coming. Abiboo stood at the end of the gangway and raised his hand in salute.

"I am your man, chief," he said.

Bosambo looked at him.

"Abiboo," he said, "I do not lie when I say that I am of your faith; and by Allah and his Prophet I am for doing that which is best for Sandi, our master."

"So we both desire," said Abiboo.

Bosambo's preparations were quietly made.

He sent half of his fighting men to the mission house to guard Sandi, and with them twenty Houssas under a sergeant.

"Now we will call upon Toloni the king," he said.

The King of the Akasava sat in palaver. His force was camped on the edge of the N'gombi country, and a smoking village spoke of resistance offered and overcome—for the N'gombi had at last declined to join the coalition, and the lover, who had undertaken to persuade the queen, and, failing persuasion, to take more effective action, had failed.

The queen notified his failure by sending his head to Toloni.

Not even the news that Sandi was sick to death served to shake them in their opposition. It may have been that the vital young queen cherished ambitions of her own.

The king's palaver was a serious one.

"It seems that the N'gombi people must be eaten up village by village," he said, "for all this country is with me save them only. As to this queen, she shall be sorry."

He was within striking distance of the N'gombi queen. His legions were closing steadily in upon the doomed city. By nightfall he was within reach, and at dawn the following morning Toloni carried the city by assault, and it was a beastly business.

They carried the queen back to the king's headquarters, and there was a great dance.

By the light of a dozen fires the king sat in judgment.

The girl—she was little more—stood up before him, stripped of her robes, and met the king's eyes without fear.

"Woman," he said, "this night you die!"

She made no answer, only looked at him bravely.

"By fire and by torment I will kill you!" said Toloni, and told her the means of her death.

He sat on his carved stool of state beneath a tree. He was naked, save for the leopard robe that covered one shoulder, and his cruel eyes glittered in anticipation of the spectacle she would afford.

She spoke calmly enough.

"If I die tonight and you die tomorrow, O King, what is a day? For Sandi will come with his soldiers."

"Sandi is dead," said the king thickly. He had drunk heavily of the maize beer that natives prepare. "And if he lived——"

There came to his hearing a faint wail that grew in shrillness until it became a shriek. Shrieking it passed over his head and died away.

He struggled to his feet unsteadily.

"It was a spirit," he muttered, then——

The wailing sound came again—a shriek this time of men. Something struck the tree, splintering the bark.

The faint and ghastly light of dawn was in the sky; in a second the world went pearl-gray and, plain to be seen, hugging the shore on the opposite bank, was the *Zaire*. As the king looked he saw a pencil of fire leap from the little ship, heard the whine of the coming shell, and realized the danger.

He gave a hurried order, and a regiment ran to the river-bank where the canoes were beached. They were not there. The guards left to watch them lay stretched like men sleeping on the beach, but the canoes were in mid-stream five miles away, carried down by the river.

In the night Bosambo's men had crossed the river.

The story of the fall of Toloni is a brief one. Trapped on the middle island, at the mercy of the long-range guns of the *Zaire*, Toloni surrendered.

He was conducted to the *Zaire*.

Bosambo met him on the bridge.

"Ho, Bosambo!" said Toloni, "I have come to see Sandi."

"You see me who am as our lord," said Bosambo.

Toloni spat on the deck.

"When a slave sits in the king's place only slaves obey him," he quoted a river saying.

"Kings have only one head, and the slave's blood is also red," said Bosambo readily. "And it seems to me, Toloni, that you are too full of life for our lord's happiness. But first you shall tell me what has come to the Queen of the N'gombi."

"She died," said Toloni carelessly; "very quickly she died." Bosambo peered at him. It was a trick of Sandi's this peering, and the Chief of the Ochori was nothing if not imitative.

"You shall tell me how she died," said Bosambo.

The king's face twitched.

"I took her by the throat," he said sullenly.

"Thus?" said Bosambo, and his big hand closed on the king's strong neck.

"Thus!" gasped the king, "and I struck her with my knife—ah!"

"Thus?" said Bosambo.

Twice his long, broad-bladed knife rose and fell, and the king went quivering to the deck.

* * *

Sandi was strong enough to walk to the beach to meet the *Zaire* on its return—strong enough, though somewhat dazzled by his splendor, to greet Bosambo, wearing a sky-blue robe laced with tinsel, and a tall and napless hat.

Bosambo came mincing down the gangway plank swinging a brass-headed stick and singing a low song such as Kroomen sing on the coast when they receive their pay and are dismissed from their ships.

He was beautiful to behold—feathers were in his hair, rope after rope of gay beads about his neck.

"I have slain Toloni," he said, "even as your lord would have done—he turned his face from me and said, 'It is honorable to die at your hands, Bosambo,' and he made little moaning noises thus——"

And Bosambo, with his heart in the task, made an admirable effort of mimicry.

"Go on," said Sandi hastily.

"Also I have sent the Isisi and the Akasava to their homes to await your honor's judgment, even as you would have done, master."

Sandi nodded.

"And these?" he asked, indicating the chief's finery.

"These I stole from the camp of Toloni," said Bosambo. "These and other things, for I was working for government and lord," he said with becoming simplicity. "It is according to the white man's custom, as your lordship knows."

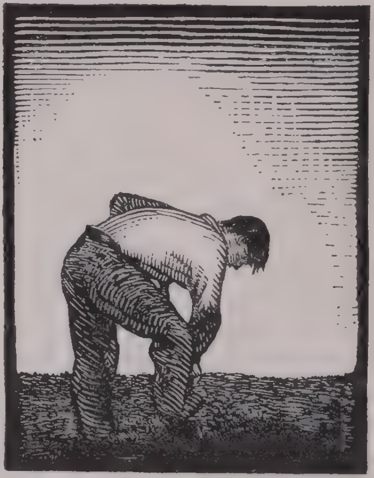
What They Laughed At in the 16th Century

A WOMAN THERE WAS which had had four husbands. It fortuned also that this fourth husband died and was brought to church upon the bier, whom this woman followed and made great moan and waxt very sorry. In so much that her neighbors thought she would swoon and die for sorrow, wherefor one of her gossips came to her and spake to her in her ear and bade her for God's sake to comfort herself and refrain that lamentation or else it would hurt her greatly and peradventure put her in jeopardy of her life. To whom this woman answered and said: "Iwis, good gossip, I have great cause to mourn, if ye knew all; for I have buried three husbands beside this man, but I was never in the case I am now, for there was not one of them but when I followed the corpse to church yet I was sure alway of an other husband before that the corpse came out of my house, and now I am sure of no other husband and therefore ye may be sure I have great cause to be sad and heavy."

By this tale ye may see that the old proverb is true, that it is as great pity to see a woman weep as a goose go barefoot. —*Hundred Merry Tales.* 1526.

Spring Sowing

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

IT WAS STILL DARK when Martin Delany and his wife Mary got up. Martin stood in his shirt by the window a long time looking out, rubbing his eyes and yawning, while Mary raked out the live coals that had lain hidden in the ashes on the hearth all night. Outside, cocks were crowing and a white streak was rising from the ground, as it were, and beginning to scatter the darkness. It was a February morning, dry, cold and starry

The couple sat down to their breakfast of tea, bread and butter, in silence. They had only been married the previous autumn and it was hateful leaving a warm bed at such an early hour. They both felt in a bad humor and ate, wrapped in their thoughts. Martin with his brown hair and eyes, his freckled face and his little fair moustache, looked too young to be married, and his wife looked hardly more than a girl, red-cheeked and blue-eyed, her black hair piled at the rear of her head with a large comb gleaming in the middle of the pile, Spanish fashion. They were both dressed in rough homespuns, and both wore the loose white frieze shirt that Inverara peasants use for work in the fields.

They ate in silence, sleepy and bad humored and yet on fire with excitement, for it was the first day of their first spring sowing as man and wife. And each felt the glamor of that day on which they were to open up the earth together and plant seeds in it. So they sat in silence and bad humor, for somehow the imminence of an event that had been long expected, loved, feared and prepared for, made them dejected. Mary, with her shrewd woman's mind, munched her bread and butter and thought of. . . Oh, what didn't she think of? Of as many things as there are in life does a woman think in the first joy and anxiety of her mating. But Martin's mind was fixed on one thought. Would he be able to prove himself a man worthy of being the head of a family by doing his spring sowing well?

In the barn after breakfast, when they were getting the potato seeds and the line for measuring the ground and the spade, a cross word or two passed between them, and when Martin fell over a basket in the half-darkness of the barn, he swore and said that a man would be better off dead than. . . . But before he could finish whatever he was going to say, Mary had her arms around his waist and her face to his. "Martin," she said, "let us not begin this day cross with one another." And there was a tremor in her voice. And somehow, as they embraced and Martin kept mumbling in his awkward peasant's voice, "pulse of my heart, treasure of my life," and such traditional phrases, all their irritation and sleepiness left them. And they stood there embracing until at last Martin pushed her from him with pretended roughness and said: "Come, come, girl, it will be sunset before we begin at this rate."

Still, as they walked silently in their raw-hide shoes, through the little hamlet, there was not a soul about. Lights were glimmering in the windows of a few cabins. The sky had a big gray crack in it in the east, as if it were going to burst in order to give birth to the sun. Birds were singing somewhere at a distance. Martin and Mary rested their baskets of seeds on a fence outside the village and Martin whispered to Mary proudly: "We are first, Mary." And they both looked back at the little cluster of cabins, that was the center of their world, with throbbing hearts. For the joy of spring had now taken complete hold of them.

They reached the little field where they were to sow. It was a little triangular patch of ground under an ivy-covered limestone hill. The little field had been manured with seaweed some weeks before, and the weeds had rotted and whitened on the grass. And there was a big red heap of fresh seaweed lying in a corner by the fence to be spread under the seeds as they were laid. Martin, in spite of the cold, threw off everything above his waist except his striped woolen shirt. Then he spat on his hands, seized his spade and cried: "Now you are going to see what kind of a man you have, Mary."

"There now," said Mary, tying a little shawl closer under her chin. "Aren't we boastful this early hour of the morning? Maybe I'll wait till sunset to see what kind of a man have I got."

The work began. Martin measured the ground by the southern fence for the first ridge, a strip of ground four feet wide, and he placed the line along the edge

¶ Liam O'Flaherty raises Kerry goats and writes stories and novels that have made him a place as the most forcible and beautiful of the young Irish writers. "Spring Sowing" is as Irish as the police force of New York City, and as universal as Spring.

and pegged it at each end. Then he spread fresh seaweed over the strip. Mary filled her apron with seeds and began to lay them in rows, four, three, four. When she was a little distance down the ridge Martin advanced with his spade to the head eager to commence.

"Now in the name of God," he cried, spitting on his palms, "let us raise the first sod!"

"Oh, Martin, wait till I'm with you!" cried Mary, dropping her seeds on the ridge and running up to him. Her fingers outside her woolen mittens were numb with the cold, and she couldn't wipe them in her apron. Her cheeks seemed to be on fire. She put an arm round Martin's waist and stood looking at the green sod his spade was going to cut, with the excitement of a little child.

"Now for God's sake, girl, keep back!" said Martin gruffly. "Suppose anybody saw us trapesing about like this in the field of our spring sowing, what would they take us for but a pair of useless, soft, empty-headed people that would be sure to die of the hunger. Huh!" He spoke very rapidly, and his eyes were fixed on the ground before him. His eyes had a wild, eager light in them as if some primeval impulse were burning within his brain and driving out every other desire but that of asserting his manhood and of subjugating the earth.

"Oh, what do we care who is looking?" said Mary; but she drew back at the same time and gazed distantly at the ground. Then Martin cut the sod, and pressing the spade deep into the earth with his foot, he turned up the first sod with a crunching sound as the grass roots were dragged out of the earth. Mary sighed and walked back hurriedly to her seeds with furrowed brows. She picked up her seeds and began to spread them rapidly to drive out the sudden terror that had seized her at that moment when the first sod was turned up and she saw the fierce, hard look in her husband's eyes, that were unconscious of her presence. She became suddenly afraid of that pitiless, cruel earth, the peasant's slave master, that would keep her chained to hard work and poverty all her life until she would sink again into its bosom. Her short-lived love was gone. Henceforth she was only her husband's helper to till the earth. And Martin, absolutely without thought, worked furiously, covering the ridge with black earth, his sharp spade gleaming white as he whirled it sideways to beat the sods.

Woodcut by Richard Bennett

Then as the sun rose the little valley beneath the ivy-covered hills became dotted with white frieze shirts, and everywhere men worked madly without speaking and women spread seeds. There was no heat in the light of the sun, and there was a sharpness in the still thin air that made the men jump on their spade hafts ferociously and beat the sods as if they were living enemies. Birds hopped silently before the spades, with their heads cocked sideways, watching for worms. Made brave by hunger they often dashed under the spades to secure their food.

Then when the sun reached a certain point all the women went back to the village to get dinner for their men, and the men worked on without stopping. Then the women returned, almost running, each carrying a tin can with a flannel tied around it and a little bundle tied with a white cloth. Martin threw down his spade when Mary arrived back in the field. Smiling at one another they sat under the hill for their meal. It was the same as their breakfast, tea and bread and butter.

"Ah," said Martin, when he had taken a long draught of tea from his mug, "is there anything in this world as fine as eating dinner out in the open like this after doing a good morning's work? There, I have done two ridges and a half. That's more than any man in the village could do. Ha!" And he looked at his wife proudly.

"Yes, isn't it lovely," said Mary, looking at the black ridges wistfully. She was just munching her bread and butter. The hurried trip to the village and the trouble of getting the tea ready had robbed her of her appetite. She had to keep blowing at the turf fire with the rim of her skirt, and the smoke nearly blinded her. But now sitting on that grassy knoll, with the valley all round glistening with fresh seaweed and a light smoke rising from the freshly turned earth, a strange joy swept over her. It overpowered that other feeling of dread that had been with her during the morning.

Martin ate heartily, reveling in his great thirst and his great hunger, with every pore of his body open to the pure air. And he looked around at his neighbors' fields boastfully, comparing them with his own. Then he looked at his wife's little round black head and felt very proud of having her as his own. He leaned back on his elbow and took her hand in his. Shyly and in silence, not knowing what to say and ashamed of their gentle feelings, for peasants are always ashamed of feeling refined, they finished eating and still sat hand in hand looking away into the distance.

Everywhere the sowers were resting on little knolls, men, women and children sitting in silence. And the great calm of nature in spring filled the atmosphere around them. Everything seemed to sit still and wait until midday had passed. Only the gleaming sun chased westwards at a mighty pace, in and out through white clouds.

Then in a distant field an old man got up, took his spade and began to clean the earth from it with a piece of stone. The rasping noise carried a long way in the silence. That was the signal for a general rising all along the little valley. Young men stretched themselves and yawned. They walked slowly back to their ridges.

Martin's back and his wrists were getting a little sore, and Mary felt that if she stooped again over her seeds her neck would break, but neither said anything and soon they had forgotten their tiredness in the mechanical movement of their bodies. The strong smell of the upturned earth acted like a drug on their nerves.

In the afternoon, when the sun was strongest, the old men of the village came out to look at their people sowing. Martin's grandfather, almost bent double over his thick stick, stopped in the lane outside the field and, groaning loudly, he leaned over the fence.

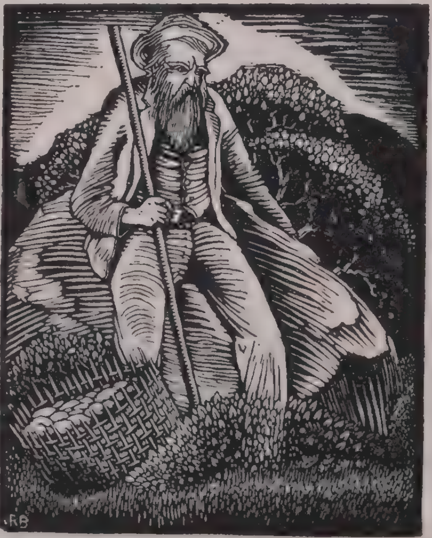
"God bless the work," he called wheezily.

"And you, grandfather," replied the couple together, but they did not stop working.

"Ha!" muttered the old man to himself. "Ha! He sows well and that woman is good, too. They are beginning well."

It was fifty years since he had begun with his Mary, full of hope and pride, and the merciless soil had hugged them to its bosom ever since, each spring without rest. But he did not think of that. The soil gives forgetfulness. Only the present is remembered in the spring, even by the aged who have spent their lives tilling the earth; so the old man, with his huge red nose and the spotted handkerchief tied around his skull under his black soft felt hat, watched his grandson work and gave him advice.

"Don't cut your sods so long," he would wheeze, "you are putting too much soil on your ridge." "Ah, woman! Don't plant a seed so near the edge. The stalk will come out sideways."



Woodcut by Richard Bennett

And they paid no heed to him.

"Ah," grumbled the old man, "in my young days, when men worked from morning till night without tasting food, better work was done. But of course it can't be expected to be the same as it was. The breed is getting weaker. So it is."

Then he began to cough in his chest and hobbled away to another field where his son Michael was working.

By sundown Martin had five ridges finished. He threw down his spade and stretched himself. All his bones ached and he wanted to lie down and rest. "It's time to be going home, Mary," he said.

Mary straightened herself, but she was too tired to reply. She looked at Martin wearily, and it seemed to her that it was a great many years since they had set out that morning. Then she thought of the journey home and the trouble of feeding the pigs, putting the fowls into their coops and getting the supper ready, and a momentary flash of rebellion against the slavery of being a peasant's wife crossed her mind. It passed in a moment. Martin was saying, as he dressed himself:

"Ha! My soul from the devil, it has been a good day's work. Five ridges done, and each one of them as straight as a steel rod. Begob, Mary it's no boasting to say that ye might well be proud of being the wife of Martin Delaney. And that's not saying the whole of it, my girl. You did your share better than any woman in Inverara could do it this blessed day."

They stood for a few moments in silence looking at the work they had done. All her dissatisfaction and weariness vanished from Mary's mind with the delicious feeling of comfort that overcame her at having done this work with her husband. They had done it together. They had planted seeds in the earth. The next day and the next and all their lives, when spring came they would have to bend their backs and do it until their hands and bones got twisted with rheumatism. But night would always bring sleep and forgetfulness.

As they walked home slowly, Martin walked in front with another peasant talking about the sowing, and Mary walked behind, with her eyes on the ground, thinking.

Cows were lowing at a distance.

"Look around you," said the citizen. "This is the largest market in the world."

"Oh, surely not," said the traveler.

"Well, perhaps not the largest," said the citizen, "but much the best."

"You are certainly wrong there," said the traveler. "I can tell you. . . ."

They buried the stranger at the dusk.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Notes *from a* Northern Cottage

By HUGH WALPOLE

FROM *month to month Mr. Walpole will talk to you about books—men—life. He will pass on to you his day-to-day enthusiasms, observations and comments about literature and living.*

It isn't at all incongruous that I should start these Cumbrian Notes in New York. In another two days I shall be in my cabin for Cumberland and a week after that I shall be nosing round that Library again picking things up, laying things down. . . . Or rather I shall not. For a room has been added on the Library while I have been here, in America, a room high up, so that you look over the tops of the Firs, across the Lake, to Saddleback. It should be a fine room, but they've taken six months to put it together, and in Chicago last week I was shown a fifty-floor miracle that was made in six weeks. . . . Well, of course, my room is made of Cumbrian stone.

It would be absurd of me to disguise the fact that I'm trembling already with excitement at the thought that I'll be arranging my books on the new shelves (smelling of white paint, pine, and Cumberland fern). . . . There's a lot of affectation about this kind of thing. People go about saying that they like to arrange books when in reality they hate nothing more. I've been affected about it myself, that is, other people's books. It's only my own that I really like to arrange. . . .

I've no idea yet where anything will go. It is the History that during the last few years has been swelling so considerably. I started out gaily once to write an Eighteenth Century novel. I don't say that I didn't enjoy it, but the way that my Library suddenly grew in one particular direction was quite amazing. One thing leads to another—the color of a shoe-string to Johnson's indigestion—And this brings me to D. H. Lawrence, whose death was a tragic loss, and that brings me also to Chekhov who leads me, although you'd never expect it, to Dumas.

Lawrence and E. M. Forster were the only two novelists of my generation in England who had genius. We all burst forth together—Lawrence, Forster (a little earlier in date), Swinnerton, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Compton Mackenzie, Brett Young, W. L. George, Gilbert Cannan, T. D. Beresford. Lawrence and Forster the only two with genius. . . . Yet I think that Lawrence will survive as a poet, not as a novelist. *Sons and Lovers* was his best novel. Afterwards he felt that the sexual impulse was more important and less manageable than it is. He was a terrific moralist. He felt that we were a dirty lot. . . .

But what his novels desperately lacked was tenderness—tenderness to human beings. He could be tender enough to animals, snakes, tortoises and rabbits. But human beings revolted him. And that is why I think of Chekhov. In contrast. Because Chekhov also was a sick man, sick with Lawrence's sickness. He also found human beings difficult and often ridiculous, but he was, in his most savage mood, tender towards them. But never sentimental. . . .

Lawrence was one of the gentlest of men in voice, appearance, manner, but he was often at the mercy of moods of almost ferocious indignation. And this makes me realize that, in the novel at least, it is not always the works of genius that live the longest. Narrative power is so important, a fact that nearly all the Higher Critics of today forget.

I am not so foolish as to pretend that narrative power is the novelist's most important asset. But Tolsoi, Balzac, Fielding, Flaubert all knew how important it is, and there is hardly a living novelist in England or America of high rank who possesses it. In England Bennett, Galsworthy, Forster, Swinnerton. In America Willa Cather, Hemingway, Ellen Glasgow, not many more.

How enchanting it is to want to know what happens on the next page! It is Dumas' supreme quality, almost his only one. His characters exist only on the outside, his atmosphere is nothing. . . .

And so, in a fortnight's time, I will be arranging my books. . . . If they've finished with the Cumbrian stone, that is. . . .

Hugh Walpole

The Safety Match

By ANTON CHEKHOV

¶ Here a master writer satirizes a master mind.

A rollicking, burlesque detective-story such as this is not usually connected with the name of Anton Pavlovich Chekhov. He is known to the world as one of Russia's great serious writers. And he is. But he is also one of Russia's favorite humorists, and he won his name as "the most fashionable writer" in St. Petersburg, back in the nineties, by his fun-making.

There is none of the tenderness and sense of tragedy of his later work in this deliciously ludicrous story, but there is no less of that sympathetic, humorous observation of human nature, like the beam of an X-ray, for which one turns first to him among all modern short-story writers.

On the morning of October 6, 1885, in the office of the Inspector of Police of the second division of S— District, there appeared a respectably dressed young man, who announced that his master, Marcus Ivanovitch Klausoff, a retired officer of the Horse Guards, separated from his wife, had been murdered. While making this announcement the young man was white and terrribly agitated. His hands trembled and his eyes were full of terror.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked the inspector.

"Psyekoff, Lieutenant Klausoff's agent; agriculturist and mechanician!"

The inspector and his deputy, on visiting the scene of the occurrence in company with Psyekoff, found the following: Near the wing in which Klausoff had lived was gathered a dense crowd. The news of the murder had sped swift as lightning through the neighborhood, and the peasantry, thanks to the fact that the day was a holiday, had hurried together from all the neighboring villages. There was much commotion and talk. Here and there, pale, tear-stained faces were seen. The door of Klausoff's bedroom was found locked. The key was inside.

"It is quite clear that the scoundrels got in by the window!" said Psyekoff as they examined the door.

They went to the garden, into which the bedroom window opened. The window looked dark and ominous. It was covered by a faded green curtain. One corner of the curtain was slightly turned up, which made it possible to look into the bedroom.

"Did any of you look into the window?" asked the inspector.

"Certainly not, your worship!" answered Ephraim, the gardener, a little gray-haired old man, who looked like a retired sergeant. "Who's going to look in, if all their bones are shaking?"

"Ah, Marcus Ivanovitch!" sighed the inspector, looking at the window, "I told you you would come to a bad end! I told the dear man, but he wouldn't listen! Dissipation doesn't bring any good!"

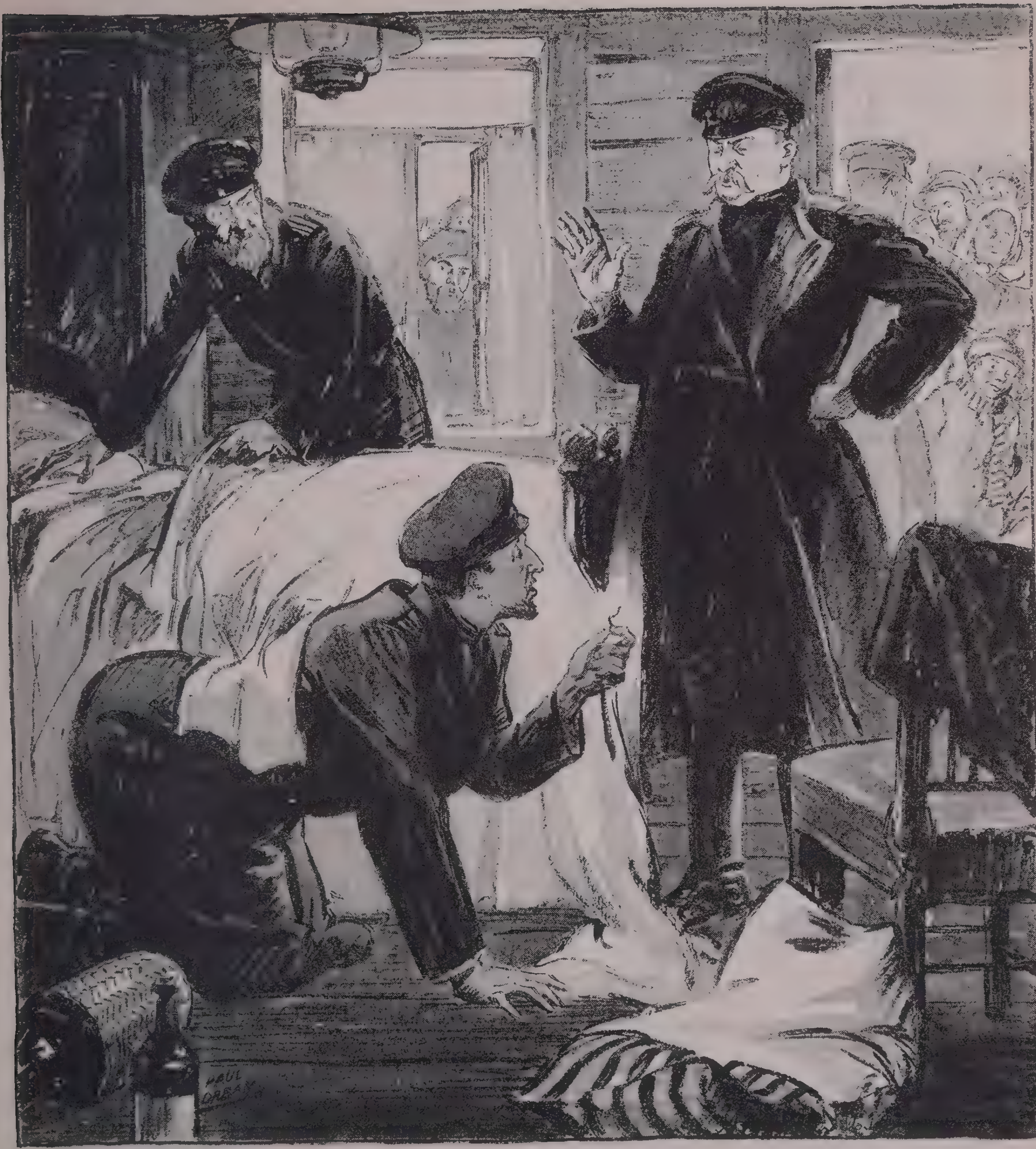
"Thanks to Ephraim," said Psyekoff; "but for him, we would never have guessed. He was the first to guess that something was wrong. He comes to me this morning, and says: 'Why is the master so long getting up? He hasn't left his bedroom for a whole week!' The moment he said that, it was just as if someone had hit me with an axe. The thought flashed through my mind, 'We haven't had a sight of him since last Saturday, and today is Sunday!' Seven whole days—not a doubt of it!"

"Ay, poor fellow!" again sighed the inspector. "He was a clever fellow, finely educated, and kindhearted at that! And in society, nobody could touch him! But he was a waster, God rest his soul! I was prepared for anything since he refused to live with Olga Petrovna. Poor thing, a good wife, but a sharp tongue! Stephen!" the inspector called to one of his deputies, "go over to my house this minute, and send Andrew to the captain to lodge an information with him! Tell him that Marcus Ivanovitch has been murdered. And run over to the orderly; why should he sit there, kicking his heels? Let him come here! And go as fast as you can to the examining magistrate, Nicholas Yermolaïyevitch. Tell him to come over here! Wait; I'll write him a note!"

The inspector posted sentinels around the wing, wrote a letter to the examining magistrate, and then went over to the director's for a glass of tea. Ten minutes later he was sitting on a stool, carefully nibbling a lump of sugar, and swallowing the scalding tea.

"There you are!" he was saying to Psyekoff; "there you are! A noble by birth! a rich man—a favorite of the gods, you may say, as Pushkin has it, and what did he come to? He drank and dissipated and—there you are—he's murdered."

After a couple of hours the examining magistrate



"Oh, do shut up!" cried the magistrate deprecatingly. "You go on about your match! I can't abide these dreamers! Instead of chasing matches, you had better examine the bed!"

drove up. Nicholas Yermolaïyevitch Chubikoff—for that was the magistrate's name—was a tall, fleshy old man of sixty, who had been wrestling with the duties of his office for a quarter of a century. Everybody in the district knew him as an honest man, wise, energetic, and in love with his work. He was accompanied to the scene of the murder by his inveterate companion, fellow worker, and secretary, Dukovski, a tall, enterprising young fellow of about twenty-six.

"Is it possible, gentlemen?" cried Chubikoff, entering Psyekoff's room, and quickly shaking hands with everyone. "Is it possible? Marcus Ivanovitch? Murdered? No! It is impossible! Im-poss-i-ble!"

"Go in there!" sighed the inspector.

"Lord, have mercy on us! Only last Friday I saw him at the fair in Farabankoff. I had a drink of vodka with him, save the mark!"

"Go in there!" again sighed the inspector.

They sighed, uttered exclamations of horror, drank a glass of tea each, and went to the wing.

"Get back!" the orderly cried to the peasants.

Going to the wing, the examining magistrate began his work by examining the bedroom door. The door proved to be of pine, painted yellow, and was uninjured. Nothing was found which could serve as a clew. They had to break in the door.

"Everyone not here on business is requested to keep away!" said the magistrate, when, after much hammering and shaking, the door yielded to ax and chisel. "I request this, in the interest of the investigation. Orderly, don't let anyone in!"

Chubikoff, his assistant, and the inspector opened the door, and hesitatingly, one after the other, entered the room. Their eyes met the following sight: Beside the single window stood the big wooden bed with a huge feather mattress. On the crumpled feather bed lay a tumbled, crumpled quilt. The pillow, in a cotton pillow-case, also much crumpled, was dragging on the floor. On the table beside the bed lay a silver watch and a silver twenty-kopeck piece. Beside them lay some sulphur matches. Beside the bed, the little table, and the single chair, there was no furniture in the room. Looking under the bed, the inspector saw a couple of dozen empty bottles, an old straw hat, and a quart of vodka. Under the table lay one top boot, covered with dust. Casting a glance around the room, the magistrate frowned and grew red in the face.

"Scoundrels!" he muttered, clenching his fists.

"And where is Marcus Ivanovitch?" asked Dukovski in a low voice.

"Mind your own business!" Chubikoff answered roughly. "Be good enough to examine the floor! This is not the first case of the kind I have had to deal with! Eugraph Kuzmitch," he said, turning to the inspector and lowering his voice, "in 1870 I had another case like this. But you must remember it—the murder of the merchant Portraitoff. It was just the same there. The scoundrels murdered him and dragged the corpse out through the window——"

Chubikoff went up to the window, pulled the curtain to one side, and carefully pushed the window. The window opened.

"It opens, you see! It wasn't fastened. Hm! There are tracks under the window. Look! There is the track of a knee! Somebody got in there. We must examine the window thoroughly."

"There is nothing special to be found on the floor," said Dukovski. "No stains or scratches. The only thing I found was a struck safety match. Here it is! So far as I remember, Marcus Ivanovitch did not smoke. And he always used sulphur matches, never safety matches. Perhaps this safety match may serve as a clew!"

"Oh, do shut up!" cried the magistrate deprecatingly. "You go on about your match! I can't abide these dreamers! Instead of chasing matches, you had better examine the bed!"

After a thorough examination of the bed, Dukovski reported:

"There are no spots, either of blood or of anything else. There are likewise no new torn places. On the pillow there are signs of teeth. The quilt is stained with something which looks like beer and smells like beer. The general aspect of the bed gives grounds for thinking that a struggle took place on it."

"I know there was a struggle, without your telling me! You are not being asked about a struggle. Instead of looking for struggles, you had better——"

"Here is one top boot, but there is no sign of the other."

"Well, and what of that?"

"It proves that they strangled him while he was taking his boots off. He hadn't time to take the second boot off when——"

"There you go!—and how do you know they strangled him?"

"There are marks of teeth on the pillow. The pillow itself is badly crumpled and thrown a couple of yards from the bed."

"Listen to his foolishness! Better come into the garden. You would be better employed examining the garden than digging around here. I can do that without you!"

When they reached the garden they began by examining the grass. The grass under the window was crushed and trampled. A bushy burdock growing under the window close to the wall was also trampled. Dukovski succeeded in finding on it some broken twigs and a piece of cotton wool. On the upper branches were found some fine hairs of dark blue wool.

"What color was his last suit?" Dukovski asked Psyekoff.

"Yellow crash."

"Excellent! You see they wore blue!"

A few twigs of the burdock were cut off and carefully wrapped in paper by the investigators. At this point Police Captain Artsuybasheff Svistakovski and Dr. Tyutyeff arrived. The captain bade them "Good day!" and immediately began to satisfy his curiosity. The doctor, a tall, very lean man, with dull eyes, a long nose, and a pointed chin, without greeting anyone or asking about anything, sat down on a log, sighed and began:

"The Serbians are at war again! What in heaven's name can they want now? Austria, it's all your doing!"

The examination of the window from the outside did not supply any conclusive data. The examination of the grass and the bushes nearest to the window yielded a series of useful clews. For example, Dukovski succeeded in discovering a long, dark streak, made up of spots, on the grass, which led some distance into the center of the garden. The streak ended under one of the lilac bushes in a dark brown stain. Under this same lilac bush was found a top boot, which turned out to be the fellow of the boot already found in the bedroom.

"That is a blood stain made some time ago," said Dukovski, examining the spot.

At the word "blood" the doctor rose, and going over lazily, looked at the spot.

"Yes, it is blood!" he muttered.

"That shows he wasn't strangled, if there was blood," said Chubikoff, looking sarcastically at Dukovski.

"They strangled him in the bedroom; and here, fearing he might come round again, they struck him a blow with some sharp-pointed instrument. The stain under the bush proves that he lay there a considerable time, while they were looking about for some way of carrying him out of the garden."

"Well, and how about the boot?"

"The boot confirms completely my idea that they murdered him while he was taking his boots off before going to bed. He had already taken off one boot, and the other, this one here, he had only had time to take half off. The half-off boot came off of itself, while the body was dragged over, and fell——"

"There's a lively imagination for you!" laughed Chubikoff. "He goes on and on like that! When will you learn enough to drop your deductions? Instead of arguing and deducing, it would be much better if you took some of the blood-stained grass for analysis!"

When they had finished their examination and drawn a plan of the locality, the investigators went to the director's office to write their report and have breakfast. While they were breakfasting they went on talking:

"The watch, the money, and so on—all untouched—" Chubikoff began, leading off the talk, "show as clearly as that two and two are four that the murder was not committed for the purpose of robbery."

"The murder was committed by an educated man!" insisted Dukovski.

"What evidence have you of that?"

"The safety match proves that to me, for the peasants hereabouts are not yet acquainted with safety matches. Only the landowners use them, and by no means all of them. And it is evident that there was not one murderer but at least three. Two held him, while one killed him. Klausoff was strong, and the murderers must have known it!"

"What would his strength be if asleep?"

"The murderers came on him while he was taking off his boots. If he was taking off his boots, that proves that he wasn't asleep!"

"Stop inventing your deductions! Better eat!"

"In my opinion, your worship," said the gardener Ephraim, setting the samovar on the table, "it was nobody but Nicholas who did this dirty trick!"

"Quite possible," said Psyekoff. Who is Nicholas?"

"The master's valet, your worship," answered Ephraim. "Who else could it be? He's a rascal, your worship! He's a drunkard and a blackguard, the like of which Heaven should not permit! He always took the master his vodka and put the master to bed. Who else could it be? And I also venture to point out to your worship, he once boasted at the public house that he would kill the master! It happened on account of Aquilina, the woman, you know. He was making up to a soldier's widow. She pleased the master; the master made friends with her himself, and Nicholas—naturally, he was mad! He is rolling about drunk in the kitchen now. He is crying, and telling lies, saying he is sorry for the master——"

The examining magistrate ordered Nicholas to be brought. Nicholas, a lanky young fellow, with a long, freckled nose, narrow-chested, and wearing an old jacket of his master's, entered Psyekoff's room and bowed low before the magistrate. His face was sleepy and tear-stained. He was tipsy and could hardly keep his feet.

"Where is your master?" Chubikoff asked him.

"Murdered! your worship!"

As he said this, Nicholas blinked and began to weep.

"We know he was murdered. But where is he now? Where is his body?"

"They say he was dragged out of the window and buried in the garden!"

"Hum! The results of the investigation are known in the kitchen already—that's bad! Where were you, my good fellow, the night the master was murdered? Saturday night, that is."

Nicholas raised his head, and began to think.

"I don't know, your worship," he said. "I was drunk and don't remember."

"An alibi!" whispered Dukovski, smiling and rubbing his hands.

"So-o! And why is there blood under the window?"

Nicholas jerked his head up and considered.

"Hurry up!" said the Captain of Police.

"Right away! That blood doesn't amount to anything, your worship! I was cutting a chicken's throat. I was doing it quite simply, in the usual way, when all of a sudden it broke away and started to run. That is where the blood came from."

The GOLDEN BOOK Offers a Monthly Cash Prize of $25.00

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◆ The first Prize-Winning Essay will be published in our June issue. ◆

Ephraim declared that Nicholas did kill a chicken every evening, and always in some new place, but that nobody ever heard of a half-killed chicken running about the garden, though of course it wasn't impossible.

"An alibi," sneered Dukovski; "and what an asinine alibi!"

"Did you know Aquilina?"

"Yes, your worship, I know her."

"And the master cut you out with her?"

"Not at all. *He* cut me out—Mr. Psyekoff there, Ivan Mikhailovitch; and the master cut Ivan Mikhailovitch out. That is how it was."

Psyekoff grew confused and began to scratch his left eye. Dukovski looked at him attentively, noted his confusion, and started. He noticed that the director had dark blue trousers, which he had not observed before. The trousers reminded him of the dark blue threads found on the burdock. Chubikoff in his turn glanced suspiciously at Psyekoff.

"Go!" he said to Nicholas. "And now permit me to put a question to you, Mr. Psyekoff. Of course you were here last Saturday evening?"

"Yes! I had supper with Marcus Ivanovitch about ten o'clock."

"And afterward?"

"Afterward—afterward— Really, I do not remember," stammered Psyekoff. "I had a good deal to drink at supper. I don't remember when or where I went to sleep. Why are you all looking at me like that, as if I was the murderer?"

"Where were you when you woke up?"

"I was in the servants' kitchen, lying behind the stove! They can all confirm it. How I got behind the stove I don't know——"

"Do not get agitated. Did you know Aquilina?"

"There's nothing extraordinary about that——"

"She first liked you and then preferred Klausoff?"

"Yes. Ephraim, give us some more mushrooms! Do you want some more tea, Eugraph Kuzmitch?"

A HEAVY, OPPRESSIVE SILENCE began and lasted fully five minutes. Dukovski silently kept his piercing eyes fixed on Psyekoff's pale face. The silence was finally broken by the examining magistrate:

"We must go to the house and talk with Maria Ivanovna, the sister of the deceased. Perhaps she may be able to supply some clews."

Chubikoff and his assistant expressed their thanks for the breakfast, and went toward the house. They found Klausoff's sister, Maria Ivanovna, an old maid of forty-five, at prayer before the big case of family icons. When she saw the portfolios in her guests' hands, and their official caps, she grew pale.

"Let me begin by apologizing for disturbing, so to speak, your devotions," began the gallant Chubikoff, bowing and scraping. "We have come to you with a request. Of course, you have heard already. There is a suspicion that your dear brother, in some way or other, has been murdered. The will of God, you know. No one can escape death, neither czar nor ploughman. Could you not help us with some clew, some explanation——?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" said Maria Ivanovna, growing still paler, and covering her face with her hands. "I can tell you nothing. Nothing! I beg you! I know nothing—— What can I do? Oh, no! no!—not a word about my brother! If I die, I won't say anything!"

Maria Ivanovna began to weep, and left the room. The investigators looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders, and beat a retreat.

"Confound the woman!" scolded Dukovski, going out of the house. "It is clear she knows something, and is concealing it! And the chambermaid has a queer expression too! Wait, you wretches! We'll ferret it all out!"

In the evening Chubikoff and his deputy, lit on their road by the pale moon, wended their way homeward. They sat in their carriage and thought over the results of the day. Both were tired and kept silent. Chubikoff was always unwilling to talk while traveling, and the talkative Dukovski remained silent, to fall in with the elder man's humor. But at the end of their journey the deputy could hold in no longer.

"It is quite certain," he said, "that Nicholas had something to do with the matter. *Non dubitandum!* You can see by his face what sort of a case he is! His alibi betrays him, body and bones. But it is also certain that he did not set the thing going. He was only the stupid hired tool. You agree? And the humble Psyekoff was not without some slight share in the matter. His dark blue breeches, his agitation, his lying behind the stove in terror after the murder, his alibi and—Aquilina——"

"'Grind away, Emilian; it's your week!' So, according to you, whoever knew Aquilina is the murderer! Hothead! You ought to be sucking a bottle, and not handling affairs! You were one of Aquilina's admirers yourself—does it follow that you are implicated too?"

"Aquilina was cook in your house for a month. I am saying nothing about that! The night before that Saturday I was playing cards with you, and saw you, otherwise I should be after you too! It isn't the woman that matters, old chap! It is the mean, nasty, low spirit of jealousy that matters. The retiring young man was not pleased when they got the better of him, you see! His vanity, don't you see? He wanted revenge. Then, those thick lips of his suggest passion. So there you have it: wounded self-love and passion. That is quite enough motive for a murder. We have two of them in our hands; but who is the third? Nicholas and Psyekoff held him, but who smothered him? Psyekoff is shy, timid, an all-round coward. And Nicholas would not know how to smother with a pillow. His sort use an ax or a club. Some third person did the smothering; but who was it?"

Dukovski crammed his hat down over his eyes and pondered. He remained silent until the carriage rolled up to the magistrate's door.

"Eureka!" he said, entering the little house and throwing off his overcoat. "Eureka, Nicholas Yermolaïyevitch! The only thing I can't understand, is, how it did not occur to me sooner! Do you know who the third person was?"

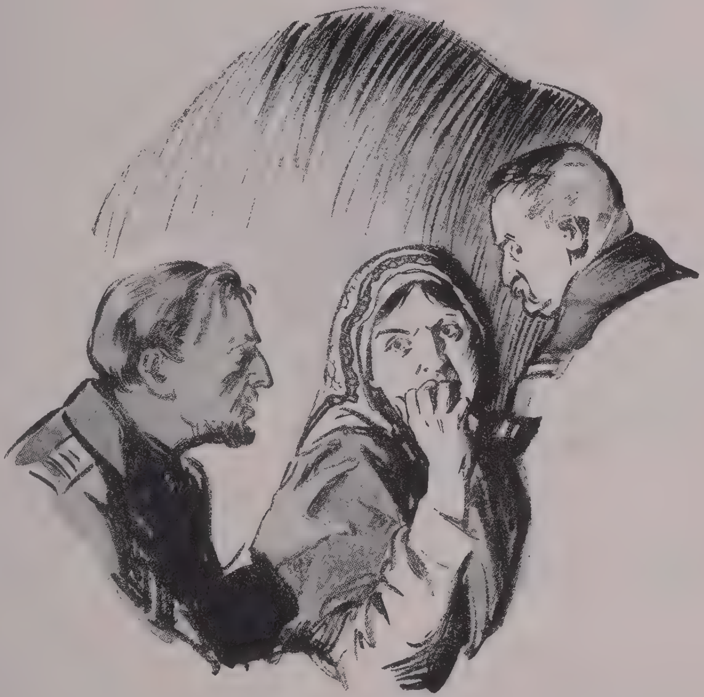
"Oh, for goodness sake, shut up! Here is supper!"

The magistrate and Dukovski sat down to supper. Dukovski poured himself out a glass of vodka, rose, drew himself up, and said, with sparkling eyes:

"Well, learn that the third person, who acted in concert with that scoundrel Psyekoff, and did the smothering, was a woman! Yes-s! I mean—the murdered man's sister, Maria Ivanovna!"

Chubikoff choked over his vodka, and fixed his eyes on Dukovski.

"You aren't—what's-it s-name? Your head isn't what-do-you-call-it? You haven't a pain in it?"



"I ask you in the name of the law! Where is Klausoff? We know all!"

"I am perfectly well! Very well, let us say that I am crazy; but how do you explain her confusion when we appeared? How do you explain her unwillingness to give us any information? Let us admit that these are trifles. Very well! All right! But remember their relations. She detested her brother. She never forgave him for living apart from his wife. She of the Old Faith, while in her eyes he is a godless profligate. There is where the germ of her hate was hatched. They say he succeeded in making her believe that he was an angel of Satan. He even went in for spiritualism in her presence!"

"Well, what of that?"

"You don't understand? She, as a member of the Old Faith, murdered him through fanaticism. It was not only that she was putting to death a weed, a profligate—she was freeing the world of an Antichrist!—and there, in her opinion, was her service, her religious achievement! Oh, you don't know those old maids of the Old Faith. Read Dostoyevsky! And what does Lyeskoff say about them, or Petcherski? It was she, and nobody else, even if you cut me open. She smothered him! O treacherous woman! wasn't that the reason why she was kneeling before the icons, when we came in, just to take our attention away? 'Let me kneel down and pray,' she said to herself, 'and they will think I am tranquil and did not expect them!' That is the plan of all novices in crime, Nicholas Yermolaïyevitch, old pal! My dear old man, won't you intrust this business to me? Let me personally bring it through! Friend, I began it and I will finish it!"

Chubikoff shook his head and frowned.

"We know how to manage difficult matters ourselves," he said; "and your business is not to push yourself in where you don't belong. Write from dictation when you are dictated to; that is your job!"

Dukovski flared up, banged the door, and disappeared.

"Clever rascal!" muttered Chubikoff, glancing after him. "Awfully clever! But too much of a hothead. I must buy him a cigar case at the fair as a present."

The next day, early in the morning, a young man with a big head and a pursed-up mouth, who came from Klausoff's place, was introduced to the magistrate's office. He said he was the shepherd Daniel, and brought a very interesting piece of information.

"I was a bit drunk," he said. "I was with my pal till midnight. On my way home, as I was drunk, I went into the river for a bath. I was taking a bath, when I looked up. Two men were walking along the dam, carrying something black. 'Shoo!' I cried at them. They got scared and went off like the wind toward Makareff's cabbage garden. Strike me dead, if they weren't carrying the master!"

That same day, toward evening, Psyekoff and Nicholas were arrested and brought under guard to the district town. In the town they were committed to the cells of the prison.

II

A FORTNIGHT PASSED. It was morning. The magistrate Nicholas Yermolaïyevitch was sitting in his office before a green table, turning over the papers of the "Klausoff case"; Kukovski was striding restlessly up and down like a wolf in a cage.

"You are convinced of the guilt of Nicholas and Psyekoff," he said, nervously plucking at his young beard. "Why will you not believe in the guilt of Maria Ivanovna? Are there not proofs enough for you?"

"I don't say I am not convinced. I am convinced, but somehow I don't believe it! There are no real proofs, but just a kind of philosophizing—fanaticism, this and that——"

"You can't do without an ax and bloodstained sheets. Those jurists! Very well, I'll prove it to you! You will stop sneering at the psychological side of the affair! To Siberia with your Maria Ivanovna! I will prove it! If philosophy is not enough for you, I have something substantial for you. It will show you how correct my philosophy is. Just give me permission——"

"What are you going on about?"

"About the safety match! Have you forgotten it? I haven't! I am going to find out who struck it in the murdered man's room. It was not Nicholas that struck it; it was not Psyekoff, for neither of them had any matches when they were examined; it was the third person, Maria Ivanovna. I will prove it to you. Just give me permission to go through the district to find out."

"That's enough! Sit down. Let us go on with the examination."

Dukovski sat down at a little table and plunged his long nose in a bundle of papers.

"Bring in Nicholas Tetekhoff!" cried the examining magistrate.

They brought Nicholas in. Nicholas was pale and thin as a rail. He was trembling.

"Tetekhoff!" began Chubikoff. "In 1879 you were tried in the Court of the First Division, convicted of theft and sentenced to imprisonment. In 1882 you were tried a second time for theft and were again imprisoned. We know all——"

Astonishment was depicted on Nicholas' face. The examining magistrate's omniscience startled him. But soon his expression of astonishment changed to extreme indignation. He began to cry and requested permission to go and wash his face and quiet down. They led him away.

"Bring in Psyekoff!" ordered the examining magistrate.

THEY BROUGHT in Psyekoff. The young man had changed greatly during the last few days. He had grown thin and pale, and looked haggard. His eyes had an apathetic expression.

"Sit down, Psyekoff," said Chubikoff. "I hope that today you are going to be reasonable and will not tell lies, as you did before. All these days you have denied that you had anything to do with the murder of Klausoff, in spite of all the proofs that testify against you. That is foolish. Confession will lighten your guilt. This is the last time I am going to talk to you. If you do not confess today, tomorrow it will be too late. Come tell me all——"

"I know nothing about it. I know nothing about your proofs," answered Psyekoff, almost inaudibly.

"It's no use! Well, let me relate to you how the matter took place. On Saturday evening you were sitting in Klausoff's sleeping room and drinking vodka and beer with him." (Dukovski fixed his eyes on Psyekoff's face and kept them there all through the examination.) "Nicholas was waiting on you. At one o'clock Marcus Ivanovitch announced his intention of going to bed. He always went to bed at one o'clock. When he was taking off his boots, and was giving you directions about details of management, you and Nicholas, at a given signal, seized your drunken master and threw him on the bed. One of you sat on his legs, the other on his head. Then a third person came in from the passage—a woman in a black dress, whom you know well, and who had previously arranged with you as to her share in your criminal deed. She seized a pillow and began to smother him. While the struggle was going on the candle went out. The woman took a box of safety matches from her pocket and lit the candle. Was it not so? I see by your face that I am speaking the truth. But to go on. After you had smothered him, and saw that he had ceased breathing, you and Nicholas pulled him out through the window and laid him down near the burdock. Fearing that he might come round again, you struck him with something sharp. Then you carried him away and laid him down under a lilac bush for a short time. After resting a while and considering, you carried him across the fence. Then you entered the road. After that comes the dam. Near the dam, a peasant frightened you. Well, what is the matter with you?"

"I am suffocating!" replied Psyekoff. "Very well—have it so. Only let me go out, please!"

They led Psyekoff away.

"At last! He has confessed!" cried Chubikoff, stretching himself luxuriously. "He has betrayed himself! And didn't I get round him cleverly! Regularly caught him napping——"

"And he doesn't deny the woman in the black dress!" exulted Dukovski. "But all the same, that safety match is tormenting me frightfully. I can't stand it any longer. Good-by! I am off!"

Dukovski put on his cap and drove off. Chubikoff began to examine Aquilina. Aquilina declared that she knew nothing whatever about it.

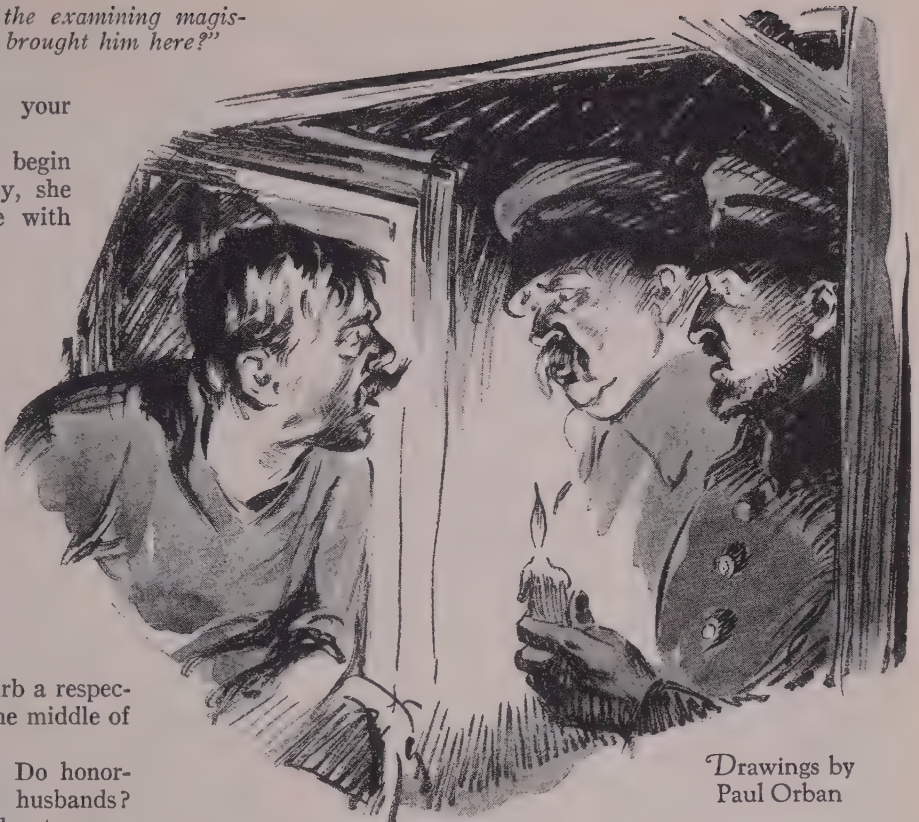
At six that evening Dukovski returned. He was more agitated than he had ever been before. His hands trembled so that he could not even unbutton his greatcoat. His cheeks glowed. It was clear that he did not come empty-handed.

"*Veni, vidi, vici!*" he cried, rushing into Chubikoff's room and falling into an armchair. "I swear to you on my honor, I begin to believe that I am a genius! Listen, devil take us all! It is funny and it is sad. We have caught three already—isn't that so? Well, I have found the fourth, and a woman at that. You will never believe who it is! But listen. I went to Klausoff's village and began to make a spiral round it. I visited all the little shops, public houses, dram shops on the road, everywhere asking for safety matches. Everywhere they said they hadn't any. I made a whole round. Twenty times I lost faith, and twenty times I got it back again. I knocked about the whole day, and only an hour ago I got on the track. Three versts from here. They gave me a packet of ten boxes. One box was missing. Immediately: 'Who bought the other box?' 'Such-a-one! She was pleased with them!' Old man! Nicholas Yermolaïyevitch! See what a fellow who was expelled from the seminary and who has read Gaboriau can do! From today on I begin to respect myself! Oof! Well, come!"

"Come where?"

"To her, to number four! We must hurry, otherwise—otherwise I'll burst with impatience! Do you know who she is? You'll never guess! Olga Petrovna, Marcus Ivanovitch's wife—his own wife—that's who it is! She is the person who bought the matchbox!"

"Great snakes! It is the examining magistrate. What fate has brought him here?"



Drawings by
Paul Orban

"You—you are out of your mind!"

"It's quite simple! To begin with, she smokes. Secondly, she was head and ears in love with Klausoff, even after he refused to live in the same house with her, because she was always scolding his head off. Why, they say she used to beat him because she loved him so much. And then he positively refused to stay in the same house. Love turned sour. 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.' But come along! Quick, or it will be dark. Come!"

"I am not yet sufficiently crazy to go and disturb a respectable, honorable woman in the middle of the night for a crazy boy!"

"Respectable, honorable! Do honorable women murder their husbands? After that you are a rag and not an examining magistrate! I never ventured to call you names before, but now you compel me to. Rag! Dressing-gown!—dear Nicholas Yermolaïyevitch, do come, I beg of you——!"

The magistrate made a deprecating motion.

"I beg of you! I ask, not for myself, but in the interests of justice. I beg you! I implore you! Do what I ask you to, just this once!"

Dukovski went down on his knees.

"Nicholas Yermolaïyevitch! Be kind! Call me a blackguard, a ne'er-do-weel, if I am mistaken about this woman. You see what an affair it is. What a case it is. A romance! A woman murdering her own husband for love! The fame of it will go all over Russia. They will make you investigator in all important cases. Understand, O foolish old man!"

The magistrate frowned and undecidedly stretched his hand toward his cap.

"Oh, the devil take you!" he said. "Let us go!"

It was dark when the magistrate's carriage rolled up to the porch of the old country house in which Olga Petrovna had taken refuge with her brother.

"What pigs we are," said Chubikoff, taking hold of the bell, "to disturb a poor woman like this!"

"It's all right! It's all right! Don't get frightened! We can say that we have broken a spring."

Chubikoff and Dukovski were met at the threshold by a tall, buxom woman of three and twenty, with pitch-black brows and juicy red lips. It was Olga Petrovna herself, apparently not the least distressed by the recent tragedy.

"Oh, what a pleasant surprise!" she said, smiling broadly. "You are just in time for supper. Kuzma Petrovitch is not at home. He is visiting the priest and has stayed late. But we'll get on without him! Be seated. You have come from the examination?"

"Yes. We broke a spring, you know," began Chubikoff, entering the sitting-room and sinking into an armchair.

"Take her unawares—at once!" whispered Dukovski; "take her unawares!"

"A spring—hum—yes—so we came in."

"Take her unawares, I tell you! She will guess what the matter is if you drag things out like that."

"Well, do it yourself as you want. But let me get out of it," muttered Chubikoff, rising and going to the window.

"Yes, a spring," began Dukovski, going close to Olga Petrovna and wrinkling his long nose. "We did not drive over here—to take supper with you or—to see Kuzma Petrovitch. We came here to ask you, respected madam, where Marcus Ivanovitch is, whom you murdered!"

"What? Marcus Ivanovitch murdered?" stammered Olga Petrovna, and her broad face suddenly flushed bright scarlet. "I don't understand!"

"I ask you in the name of the law! Where is Klausoff? We know all!"

"Who told you?" Olga Petrovna asked in a low voice, unable to endure Dukovski's glance.

"Be so good as to show us where he is!"

"But how did you find out? Who told you?"

"We know all! I demand it in the name of the law!"

The examining magistrate, emboldened by her confusion, came forward and said:

"Show us, and we will go away. Otherwise, we——"

"What do you want with him?"

"Madam, what is the use of these questions? We ask you to show us! You tremble, you are agitated. Yes, he has been murdered, and, if you must have it, murdered by you! Your accomplices have betrayed you!"

Olga Petrovna grew pale.

"Come!" she said in a low voice, wringing her hands.

"I have him—hid—in the bath house! Only for heaven's sake, do not tell Kuzma Petrovitch. I beg and implore you! He will never forgive me!"

Olga Petrovna took down a big key from the wall and led her guests through the kitchen and passage to the courtyard. The courtyard was in darkness. Fine rain was falling. Olga Petrovna walked in advance of them. Chubikoff and Dukovski strode behind her through the long grass, as the odor of wild hemp and dishwater splashing under their feet reached them. The courtyard was wide. Soon the dishwater ceased, and they felt freshly broken earth under their feet. In the darkness appeared the shadowy outlines of trees, and among the trees a little house with a crooked chimney.

"That is the bath house," said Olga Petrovna. "But I implore you, do not tell my brother! If you do, I'll never hear the end of it!"

Going up to the bath house, Chubikoff and Dukovski saw a huge padlock on the door.

"Get your candle and matches ready," whispered the examining magistrate to his deputy.

Olga Petrovna unfastened the padlock and let her guests into the bath house. Dukovski struck a match and lit up the anteroom. In the middle of the anteroom stood a table. On the table, beside a sturdy little samovar, stood a soup tureen with cold cabbage soup and a plate with the remnants of some sauce.

"Forward!"

They went into the next room, where the bath was. There was a table there also. On the table was some ham, a bottle of vodka, plates, knives, forks.

"But where is it—where is the murdered man?" asked the examining magistrate.

"On the top tier," whispered Olga Petrovna, still pale and trembling.

DUKOVSKI TOOK the candle in his hand and climbed up to the top tier of the sweating frame. There he saw a long human body lying motionless on a large feather bed. A slight snore came from the body.

"You are making fun of us, devil take it!" cried Dukovski. "That is not the murdered man! Some live fool is lying here. Here, whoever you are, the devil take you!"

The body drew in a quick breath and stirred. Dukovski stuck his elbow into it. It raised a hand, stretched itself and lifted its head.

"Who is sneaking in here?" asked a hoarse, heavy bass. "What do you want?"

Dukovski raised the candle to the face of the unknown and cried out. In the red nose, disheveled, unkempt hair, the pitch-black mustaches, one of which was jauntily twisted and pointed insolently toward the ceiling, he recognized the gallant cavalryman Klausoff.

"You—Marcus—Ivanovitch? Is it possible?"

The examining magistrate glanced sharply up at him and stood spellbound.

"Yes, it is I. That's you, Dukovski? What the devil do you want here? And who's that other mug down there? Great snakes! It is the examining magistrate! What fate has brought him here?"

Klausoff rushed down and threw his arms round Chubikoff in a cordial embrace. Olga Petrovna slipped through the door.

"How did you come here? Let's have a drink, devil take it! Tra-ta-ti-to-tum—let us drink! But who brought you here? How did you find out that I was here? But it doesn't matter! Let's have a drink!"

Klausoff lit the lamp and poured out three glasses of vodka.

"That is—I don't understand you," said the examining magistrate, running his hands over him. "Is this you or not you?"

"Oh, shut up! You want to preach me a sermon? Don't trouble yourself! Young Dukovski, empty your glass! Friends, let us bring this— What are you looking at? Drink!"

"All the same, I do not understand!" said the examining magistrate, mechanically drinking off the vodka. "What are you here for?"

"Why shouldn't I be here, if I am all right here?"

Klausoff drained his glass and took a bite of ham.

"I am in captivity here, as you see. In solitude, in a cavern, like a ghost or a bogy. Drink! She carried me off and locked me up, and—well, I am living here, in the deserted bath house, like a hermit. I am fed. Next week I think I'll try to get out. I'm tired of it here!"

"Incomprehensible!" said Dukovski.

"What is incomprehensible about it?"

"Incomprehensible! For Heaven's sake, how did your boot get into the garden?"

"What boot?"

"We found one boot in the sleeping room and the other in the garden."

"And what do you want to know that for? It's none of your business! Why don't you drink, devil take you? If you wakened me, then drink with me! It is an interesting tale, brother, that of the boot! I didn't want to go with Olga. I don't like to be bossed. She came under the window and began to abuse me. She always was a termagant. You know what women are like, all of them. I was a bit drunk, so I took a boot and heaved it at her. Ha-ha-ha! Teach her not to scold another time! But it didn't! Not a bit of it! She climbed in at the window, lit the lamp, and began to hammer poor tipsy me. She thrashed me, dragged me over here, and locked me in. She feeds me now—on love, vodka, and ham! But where are you off to, Chubikoff? Where are you going?"

The examining magistrate swore and left the bath house. Dukovski followed him, crestfallen. They silently took their seats in the carriage and drove off. The road never seemed to them so long and disagreeable as it did that time. Both remained silent. Chubikoff trembled with rage all the way. Dukovski hid his nose in the collar of his overcoat, as if he was afraid that the darkness and the drizzling rain might read the shame in his face.

When they reached home, the examining magistrate found Dr. Tyutyeff awaiting him. The doctor was sitting at the table, and, sighing deeply, was turning over the pages of the *Neva*.

"Such goings on there are in the world!" he said, meeting the examining magistrate with a sad smile. "Austria is at it again! And Gladstone also to some extent——"

Chubikoff threw his cap under the table and shook himself.

"Devils' skeletons! Don't plague me! A thousand times I have told you not to bother me with your politics! This is no question of politics! And you," said Chubikoff, turning to Dukovski and shaking his fist, "I won't forget this in a thousand years!"

"But the safety match? How could I know?"

"Choke yourself with your safety match! Get out of my way! Don't make me mad or the devil only knows what I'll do to you! Don't let me see a trace of you!"

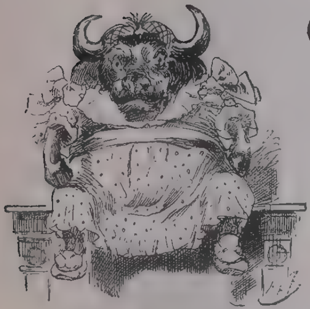
Dukovski sighed, took his hat and went out.

"I'll go and get drunk," he decided, going through the door and gloomily wending his way to the public house.

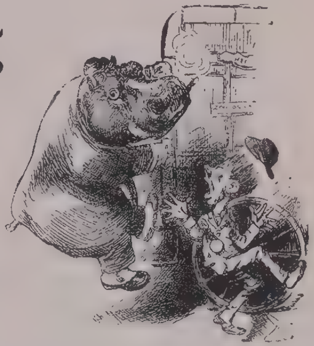
◆

The Gardener's Song

By LEWIS CARROLL



Drawings by Harry Furniss



HE THOUGHT he saw an Elephant
  That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Letter from his Wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
  "The bitterness of life!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo
  Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
  His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
  "I'll send for the police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
  That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
  The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
  "Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
  Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Hippopotamus:
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
  "There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
  That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Vegetable Pill.
"Were I to swallow this," he said,
  "I should be very ill!"

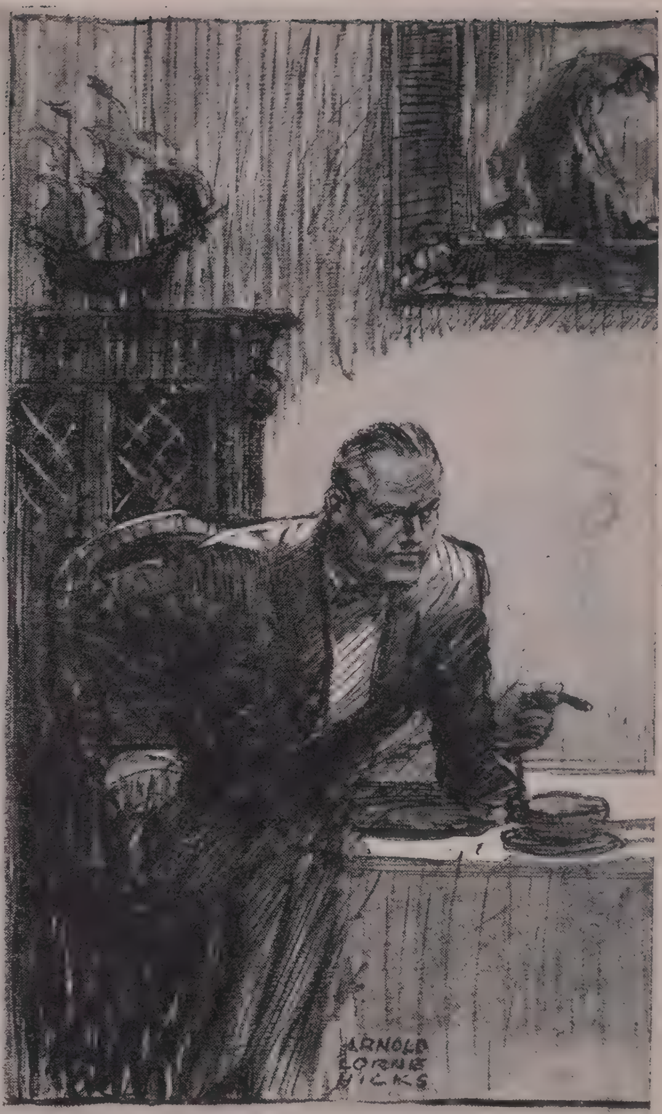
He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
  That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
  It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross
  That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Penny-Postage-Stamp.
"You'd best be getting home," he said,
  "The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden Door
  That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Double Rule of Three:
"And all its mystery," he said,
  "Is clear as day to me."

He thought he saw an Argument
  That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Bar of Mottled Soap.
"A fact so dread," he faintly said,
  "Extinguishes all hope!"

This inspired nonsense by the famous nonsense-maker, Lewis Carroll—who was also Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, mathematician—is buried in the too-little known volume SYLVIE AND BRUNO. This was one of Dodgson's later books, published in 1889. Far inferior to ALICE and THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, still it has its moments of superb ironic logic and entrancing nonsense.



Ele

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

In Two Parts

PART I

THE HUMAN SOUL is a house of many fantastic chambers. But for most of us, as we go our way easily through life, the most curious of those chambers are the least frequented. Bluebeard's closet we would not unriddle if we could; blank doors we gape at in passing with a little wonder, perhaps, but with more relief that we, who are safe in our everydayness, will never be called upon to turn the key in the lock and face the incredible things within.

There are almighty things behind those doors. There is beauty so intense that it burns on the mind like fiery water; much agony, hideous fear, and many torments; and after the torments are past, a certain sense that seems to its wounded possessors priceless, a sense and memory of impossible things endured.

Not easily nor often do the doors swing open—they will not budge for the catchwords of ordinary speech. It is only the elemental forces of the naked and crying soul that will suffice to move them—the elemental powers, fear, hunger, love, and hate. And this is just—and it is just that the doors should open seldom—for the man upon whom they have opened even for an instant will never be the same again.

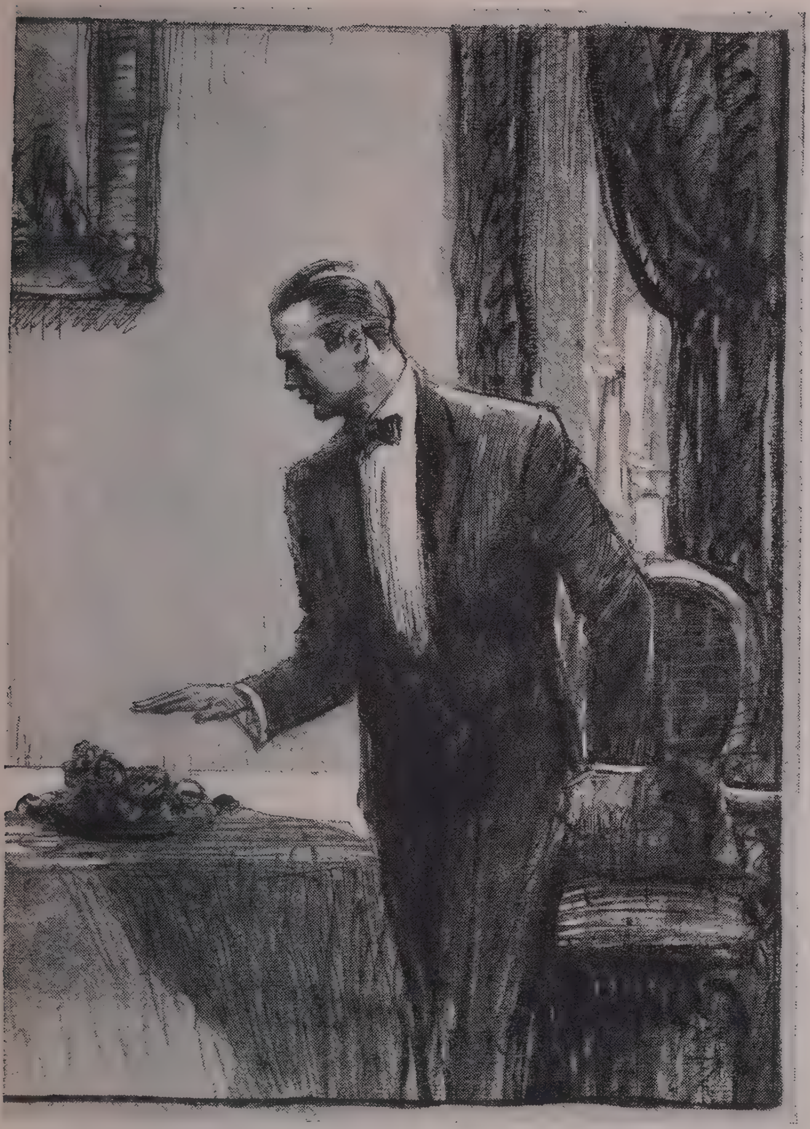
When Sherwood Latimer had accepted the invitation of his temporary employer, John Slake, to a little dinner for two in the big ugly residence on Madison Avenue that was always so obtrusively guarded by private detectives—for so many fanatics seemed to feel it their duty to try and assassinate the first millionaire in America—it was with no idea at all of opening those doors or encountering anything more elemental than well-cooked food.

But after the coffee he and Slake had got to talking.

About Latimer's just finished job in the first place—that excellent translation of Carlo Guiccardini's rare Sixteenth Century pamphlet that Slake had bought in his last bandit raid on European art collections. About Sixteenth Century Italy in general, and why Latimer, in spite of his twenty-five years, was the best man to be got on Sixteenth Century Italian in the country.

About universities — Latimer was going back to Harvard as an assistant in history in the fall—and the ludicrousness of the contrast between the salaries paid American teachers and the energy, personality, and wide knowledge expected of them. And then slashingly down into the elementals of life itself—what ruled this curious thing called human existence—what forces swayed it most wholly and made it pageant or tragedy or only gray succession of lackluster days.

They made an odd contrast as they stared at each



"No," said Latimer rebelliously. "They would have died for each other."

Illustrations by Arnold Lorne Hicks

Is Hunger stronger than Love?

Two modern lovers dare the terrible test that once diverted a mad Renaissance Prince

mentals

other across the tablecloth—the lean, hungry-looking young man in the shabby dress suit so obviously a family relic—the sleek, tigerish, diverse figure in the perfectly fitting dinner coat, with his voice as soft and purring as the voice of a gigantic cat. An even odder contrast when they had once begun to argue, for the argument concerned the essential invisible power that rules all human affairs.

That force, quoth Latimer, was the love of a man for the one woman—and he defended his youthful proposition with a vigor most unacademic in its skill and intensity, in spite of all Slake's grumblings of, "Bosh, my friend—pure bosh—there are only three prime movers in this vagrant piece of oddity we are pleased to call the human soul—fear, hunger and hate."

The little ormolu clock on the mantelpiece had chimed eleven some minutes before. They had been contending two hours over their point—and in spite of all Slake's mockingly perfect examples of human cowardice and weakness and insufficiency, he had not been able to make his opponent budge one inch from his original position. The elder man leaned forward in his chair now, regarding the younger, his eyes widening and glowing like those of a great smooth beast when it walks into darkness from a lighted place. His voice, when it came again, had the slow throb and insistence of a savage drum.

"Good! You persist. You stick to your guns and your illusions in spite of any facts that I can adduce. Very well, let us take another instance. From Guiccardini this time." He spoke slowly and thoughtfully.

"You will remember the incident—your translation of it was flawlessly terse, by the way. In the chapter on the Merry Diversions of His Highness Prince Alessandro."

Latimer twisted uneasily. He did remember the incident, as it happened—one of those pieces of cruel and sensitive torture in which that mad Renaissance Prince had taken such a refined and exquisite delight.

"Leaving out a few of those details which are rather heady for a modern stomach, the two lovers whose devotion was a proverb in his court—the two lovers who were ready to undergo anything in life or death for each other. Their devotion came to the ears of

Alessandro—and he, like myself, had somewhat of the practical executive's tendency for testing promises by performance. He suggested a test of this immortal devotion—a very simple test.

"You remember what the reward was to be if the test were withstood? It was liberal enough—a dukedom for the man, a permanent revenue for them both—titles of honor. The title of 'Most Faithful in Love' was the one which he had appropriately selected, if I recall it rightly. If the test were not withstood, the penalty was death, of course—and Alessandro had always been an experimenter in curious methods of making people die.

"And you will remember that, though it appeared they had little choice in the matter, even so the lovers were genuinely delighted to accept the test. 'They embraced it,' says Guiccardini, 'as if they were to dance together at a feast day, with great nobleness and joy of heart.' But unfortunately, the test was an elemental one—and when Alessandro heard of their eagerness, I can imagine that he smiled. In fact, I can see him smiling."

He smiled himself and a resemblance that had long been pricking at him resolved itself with a shudder in Latimer's mind. That was where Slake came from, certainly—from his merciless power-in-leash to his taste for all that was superexquisite in art—from the hot, cruel, gorgeous first youth of awakening Italy. He had no real part in Twentieth Century America at all. Latimer stared at him as he might have at Alessandro come alive again in all his leopard's subtlety and strength. Slake went on:

"The test was to be by hunger—elemental hunger. For ten days they were to be kept in adjoining rooms—a strong glass partition between so that they could see each other but neither encourage each other by conversation nor plan for the future. They were given water lest they die of thirst and so spoil the test—water but nothing more. On the tenth day, but at an hour known to neither of them since they had been left no means for calculating time—which is a refinement on which I must really congratulate Alessandro—the glass partition was to be removed and one piece of bread thrown in to them, as meat is thrown into a place where two starving animals are caged together. On their mutual behavior as regarded that piece of bread depended the success or failure of the test."

Slake paused and Latimer brushed his hand across his eyes for a moment. Slake's voice had made the picture indecently vivid—the two hunger-bitten creatures in their gay court dresses, gaping with licking lips and avid eyes at that one precious scrap of food.

"Well, you know the rest. Alessandro's faith in his elemental was justified. Guiccardini says that it was difficult for the men who were to take them to execution to separate them at first—they had torn and entwined their way into such a deadly knot in their death grapple for the unique possession of that one small piece of bread. And the bread was spoilt between them; neither got any good of it. And yet if this elemental love of theirs had been greater than elemental hunger for one half-hour—for Alessandro knew just enough to provide that time limit—well, they both would have had their heart's desire forever and been 'Most Faithful In Love.' Well?"

He looked at Latimer with narrowed, lambent eyes.

"Alessandro was a mad monster—a cruel devil!" said Latimer shakily.

"Perhaps—but he was also a practical man. And in this case a fair one. He merely wished to see if their professions had any value. If they had, he stood ready to reward them very magnificently. But they proved to have no value at all."

"It wasn't a fair test—not by any means a fair test!" said Latimer. "Starvation—death by starvation—that was too much, too horrible. And then suddenly giving them food! And then just because they lost their heads for a moment——"

"They—lost their heads." Slake smiled. "But before they lost them they had proved in their own persons that hunger is greater than love. The test was too hard for them, you say—but a few minutes ago you were saying with apparent conviction that no test could be too hard. At all events, I think I have proved my point."

"No!" said Latimer rebelliously. "They would have died for each other—of course they would—even Guiccardini admits that. It was the means—the dragging out——"

"It was hunger. The elemental. They acted as any two people would have acted. Oh, I don't blame them, believe me! For myself, I should have acted in precisely the same way. Except that I think I would have managed to get the piece of bread." He smiled. "Yes, I think I would have. Oh, they were in love, of course they were—probably more in love than most people dare to be now! But their love, whatever its dimensions, was smaller than their hunger. Their hunger ate them up. Any two would have been the same."

He settled back more comfortably.

"Any two would not," said Latimer violently. "They failed because their love wasn't big enough. Certainly. But some people would have been big enough—some loves would! You can't——" and he hesitated and stopped.

The purr had come back into Slake's voice.

"Then I haven't convinced you—even by such a perfect instance? That seems odd. Some people would have been big enough, you say. I wonder, I very much wonder, Mr. Latimer, just what people you mean."

"Oh—dozens!" said Latimer vaguely. "Most people," he went on stoutly, "or half of them at any rate. Even now."

"You have a singular confidence in human nature, Mr. Latimer. So some people—half of the people one meets on the street, perhaps—would be able to withstand Alessandro's test successfully—now. How human nature must have improved since the Sixteenth Century! Well—an instance—one instance at least?"

"Oh, of course, I can't give you that particular kind of an instance!" said Latimer impatiently. "Those things don't happen now—we've got rid of Alessandros. But I'd be willing to bet that of a dozen people—a dozen engaged or married couples, I mean, that I happen to know—half of them at least would make Alessandro's test look sick if he tried it on."

"Yes," said Slake softly. "Yes." Then he stiffened suddenly in his chair. "Would you?"

Latimer was taken completely aback. If the question had come at the beginning of the conversation he would merely have treated it as an insult, but now he was both too angry at Slake and too interested in trying to refute him for that.

"Why, I don't know, Mr. Slake—why—why the premise is preposterous, of course! Such a thing couldn't happen now——"

"But suppose it could, Mr. Latimer? Suppose it could?"

That particular thick sleekness of scorn was the last drop of fuel on the silent, intense flame of Latimer's internal wrath.

"Yes!" he said defiantly, and then wondered why on earth he had said it.

"You would be willing to wager—your future professorship, say—on your and the one woman's ability to withstand Alessandro's test? You are wholly certain of that?"

"Yes," said Latimer again and more composedly. At least he had managed to take most of the contempt out of Slake's slow voice.

"You are absolutely sure of yourself—and the lady in question?"

"Absolutely!" Latimer smiled. Catherine and himself—how ridiculous! Why, with them a thing like Alessandro's test would be something to joke about—they were so sure.

"Very well, then—suppose we try it," said Slake amazingly. Latimer gasped.

"Wha-a-at?"

Slake held up his hand.

"No, really, I am not suggesting anything so impossible as that seems. The stakes first—let me see, the stakes!" He smiled freezingly.

"Your idea would be so fantastic—if it weren't so insolent, Mr. Slake——"

"The stakes," Slake went on unheeding, "as I am not Alessandro—and a great pity it is—I can hardly request you to put up your lives for a forfeit. A written promise from you that you would give up your present career forever and enter any business I wished you to at a salary entirely at my own discretion—that would be quite sufficient, in case either one of you—failed! From the lady, I should, naturally, require no promise at all—the loss of your career would be quite sufficient to make you both wholly miserable for a number of years in case you married—if you did marry—which, if either of you failed in such a test, I should hardly imagine you would care to do."

He paused for Latimer to speak, but Latimer seemed to have no words.

"Should the test be withstood successfully—and I should not require a longer period than twenty minutes for its actual duration—a check for ten thousand dollars to be delivered to you the same day."

He smiled again. Latimer shivered. Ten thousand dollars! That meant that he and Catherine could marry at once instead of waiting another year; they had been engaged a year already. It meant leisure for research—to do the work that he wanted. It meant a home and children, being able to afford to have children safely, without fear, without every summer spent in hack tutoring, without Catherine's being worn to the bone by the pinching, inexorable grip of their "honorable" poverty. It meant security; it meant everything that both of them wanted most in life. Ten thousand dollars! He sighed tiredly—it was like John Slake to dangle all these things like a golden feather so casually, so nearly in reach of his hands, so utterly and completely on conditions that he could never accept. If he had only required some other conditions—any other ones——

"I suppose you think you have the right to play practical jokes of this sort on your employees, Mr. Slake," he stammered. "Or rather, you haven't the right but you seem to have the power. The thing is utterly impossible, of course. Even supposing I accepted—which I wouldn't and couldn't—you have neither the power nor the means——"

"Power? Means? My dear Mr. Latimer, you are hardly flattering!"

"But this is the Twentieth Century!" said Latimer, platitudinously.

"The Twentieth Century. Exactly. That is why. The century of all centuries where money is power. I made a rather interesting statistical computation a year or so ago." He smiled. "As to the legal penalties I should have incurred for—a few little things I have found it necessary to do at one time or another. They amounted, in the aggregate, to a prison sentence of one hundred and fourteen years."

He leaned forward, looking at Latimer intently. The sheer force and will of him seemed to flow into the other man's body like an electric wave.

"My servants are—well trained," he said slowly. "They should be—at their salaries. The better ones—and I have several—are quite beyond the possibility of surprise at any whim I may happen to wish carried out. Well!

"On the third story there is a little suite of soundproof rooms—a miniature apartment—seven rooms in all. I use it whenever a problem chances to come up that I wish to think over entirely undisturbed. The meals are sent up on a dumb-waiter—the species of waiter that, on the whole, I prefer. We could carry out our little experiment there in perfect peace." He waved his hands defensively in the air.

"Oh, I shouldn't make the conditions nearly as hard

Stephen Vincent Benét says:

"I wrote 'Elementals' *in a tin garage in Scarsdale, N. Y. It was very hot, and I just had been shot for typhoid. As for why it was written—it was written in the hope of making some money. After the story appeared, I had quite a few letters from people who wanted to take the neck-or-nothing side of the bet on which the plot depends—it seemed a pity not to be able to oblige them."*

When Stephen Vincent Benét won the Pulitzer prize in 1929 for his great epic poem, *John Brown's Body*, he was just thirty-one years old. His first book was published while he was a freshman in Yale, and he has continued since to win laurels in the literary world, with his books, short stories, and verses.

as Alessandro's! The glass screen was a pretty idea but a little—expensive. I could have a window put in that would do just as well. The apartment is sizable enough—I should stay in it, of course, for the duration of the experiment. Meals would be sent up from the kitchen for three."

He grinned like a dog.

"But naturally only one person could eat them—myself. You would be in one room, the young lady in the room adjoining. The rest of the apartment would be mine. You would not have food—but water in any quantity would be yours at your convenience. As for cleanliness, I think I could arrange matters so that you would have a bathroom apiece. In consideration of the fact that neither of you, in all probability, possesses a Renaissance physique, I would be perfectly willing to shorten the time to seven days. Just consider!" He seemed to be speaking very earnestly. "A seven days' fast—a thing any one of a score of health cranks undergoes voluntarily several times a year. A fast that no reputable early Christian hermit or modern explorer would treat as anything but a joke.

"There was that Irishman—the Lord Mayor of Cork. He lasted—how long was it? Almost a month, I believe—nearly five times the paltry number of hours I am asking you to hold out. And, moreover, if you will permit me, a fast with every modern convenience at your disposal in a well-lighted, well-heated apartment—for I should differ from some of Alessandro's quaintest conceits in that respect. Books?" he ruminated. "I shall consider whether I could allow you books. Anything else in reason, certainly. Well, Mr. Latimer, you accept, of course?"

"Of course not!" said Latimer firmly.

"REALLY, BUT WHY? Ten thousand dollars for one week's lack of occupation! You will never have a chance like that in all your life. And of course, you are sure of winning or we would never have had any argument. Ten thousand dollars now, when life is just beginning for both of you, when you need money more than you will ever need it again! Ten—thousand—dollars!" His voice was as gradual and insistent as the pulsing throb of a drum.

"But what in God's name would you expect to get out of your ridiculous proposal?" said Latimer suddenly, out of an over-mastering curiosity. Slake sank back in his chair again. His eyes filmed like a preying eagle's.

"Amusement," he said slowly. "A man as rich as I am, Mr. Latimer, is the hardest person under the sky to amuse. He has tasted most things too early. In the old days there were gladiatorial games for such men—and that was as it should be. You see, that is always amusing—that one thing. One can be bored ineffably by all other things in the world but not by that. The struggle of life against elemental chance. The struggle of life to live!" His voice sank to a cruel cadence.

"To look on—to see men fighting with the paltry weapons of men against something too strong to conquer—bleeding—dying." He looked at the tablecloth as if the blood he was speaking of lay on it like a stain. "That is—most intensely amusing," he said, a little hoarsely. "And what I have proposed, Mr. Latimer, is just such a spectacle. On a small scale of course—but that would make it only the more poignant. The terror, the fear, the—the amusement would be refined and thrice refined. And besides." He changed again, more confidently.

"I admire your brains, Mr. Latimer," he said briskly. "I could use you. If I could be sure of utter obedience from you, you might make me a very valuable—servant—in many ways. But anything I offered you now in reason, you would refuse—you are such a stubborn young man, so sure of your own career. Should you lose—I would have that obedience. Oh, you're a gentleman—you wouldn't break your word! I should have the absolute use of you—like an extra finger—for, say, ten years. That gamble, you see—why that would double the amusement. Well, I offer."

"And I refuse," said Latimer for the last time. He rose. "I really must be going to bed now, Mr. Slake. I have some correspondence to attend to——" his voice trailed off uncertainly. Slake remained seated, his eyes smoldering still with that vision of proud life beaten into the dust by the odds against it which his words had conjured up.

"You will always remember this, though — when you're poor and at your wits' end," he said sardonically. "That you might have had ten thousand dollars, for the asking—in exchange for a little courage."

"Perhaps I shall." Latimer was past caring for Slake's purr of mockery now. "I'll be frank, Mr. Slake—if you'd made your insane offer to myself alone—I'd have jumped at it." He laughed. "But, as it is——"

"Of course," Slake purred, "of course! The young lady. She could not bear it—of course. Well, perhaps it is just as well, Mr. Latimer. You will be able to keep a few of your youthful illusions—for a time." He rose, giving his hand.

"By the way, I hope you will give my sincerest congratulations to Miss—to Miss——"

"Vane—Catherine Vane," said Latimer mechanically. His only thought at the moment was how soon he could get out of the room.

"Miss Vane. Not one of the Newport Vanes, I presume? There were Vanes in Philadelphia, but I really don't seem to recall ——" He hesitated maliciously.

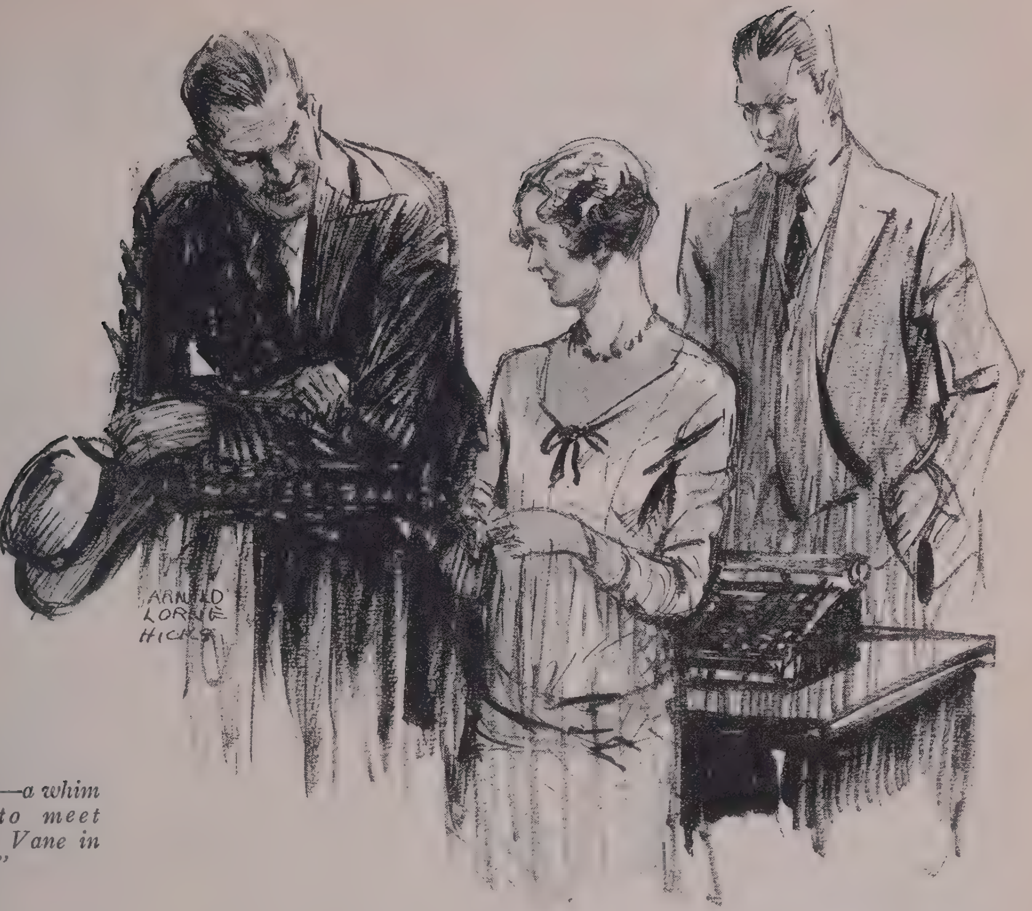
"Oh, you wouldn't know!" said Latimer in a burst of careless irritation. "She's working up at Columbia—in the Secretary's office." Then he stopped nervously. Why had he said that?

"MISS CATHERINE VANE, the Secretary's Office, Columbia University." Slake produced a gold pencil and made a note on his cuff. His eyes held Latimer straitly; the chill flame in them burned higher.

"What are you doing?" said Latimer, suddenly, in a stifled, terrified voice.

Slake gestured in the air.

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Latimer, nothing! Merely a habit of mine—a notation—a little reminder. You see," his eyes glittered with bright and dancing flecks, "you see I have a whim—a whim of wishing to meet Miss



"I have a whim—a whim of wishing to meet Miss Catherine Vane in person."

Catherine Vane in person. I should like very much indeed, since you are so obdurate, to find out what she will say to this trifling experiment of mine!"

Chapter Two

Latimer looked stupifiedly for what seemed to him a very long time at the little white dints his teeth had just made in the flesh of his wrist. An uncontrollable shudder went over his body. It was impossible—he couldn't have come to that stage yet when it was only the fourth day of the fast.

He forced his eyes up and away from those sinister pale markings—away and around the walls of the neat, luxuriously decorated box of a room that those eyes knew already so dully and completely by heart. The wall paper was covered with bluebirds. There were twenty-one birds to each wall, eighty-four to the room, eighty-four bluebirds perched upon eighty-four sprays of some species of blue shrub. Every bird was exactly like every other bird—eighty-four bluebirds that he had counted so many times.

He was sane. He was completely sane. If he had bitten his arm just then, it was nervousness, that was all—pure nervousness and wondering if Catherine, too, suffered under this shameful, continual pain like the pressure of a dull, thick knife against the pit of his stomach. Catherine. And Catherine, too, was sane. Quite sane. Quite sane—still.

He thought with horrible doubt: "Catherine Vane is sane. Catherine Vane is sane, is sane. Catherine——"

The foolish rhyme started beating in his mind like the noise of a broken bell. He stopped it with a gripping effort of will. No more of that either. They both of them were sane—and in three days it would all be over.

He counted all the bluebirds on the wall that was nearest him again and carefully. Twenty-one! There was always that haunting thing inside his brain that kept telling him that some day there might be twenty, or twenty-two. And after that——

No more of that, Sherwood Latimer! No more of that, at all!

Presently he would get up and go over to the window and look at Catherine. That would help. And after that, presently, he would read.

Slake saw them twice a day; that had been in the contract. How many times had Slake been in already, then? He counted slowly. Seven times. He would come again in an hour—it must be just about an hour—after the daylight in the room had died and the electric lights were on. Seven times. That meant four days. Eight times would mean four days, too, but nine times and ten times would mean five days. He still knew what day it was. That was very good.

His mind kept going back to the strangeness—the utter strangeness of the last two weeks. He and Catherine — Catherine and he. Catherine Vane and Sherwood Latimer, two ordinary, usual, everyday young people—and Slake's ruddy face looking down at them forever as the moon looks down on people in hell—the moon that makes people go mad. Go mad and do things like this.

Slake's smooth voice, pulsing, insistent, possessed with incredible power, softly possessed as liquid metal is possessed with flame. That voice always in their ears like the heat of the sea—calling to them—making them crumble—until like drugged birds they did the fantastic thing which that voice required. Slake's long delicate fingers gripping hold of them, moving them like checkers across a board—because they must always be amused and in motion, or their power would fail them, those hands—till at last he and Catherine lay as light and pithless in the hands as pieces of painted wood, and the hands did with them what they desired, according to their sport.

Catherine had wanted to do this—that had been the only reason. Catherine had been so sure. He remembered her laughing voice: "Why, Sherry, darling, just think. It's everything we want, Sherry, everything now, and it's ours if we only have the little courage to take it." The little, little courage. Latimer grinned wryly. It was going to take a good deal more than that.

The last straw had been when Slake had simply said that he would be willing, if necessary, to carry out his damnable experiment with Catherine alone; conditions might have to be altered but she should have the same terms. Of course that had settled Catherine—she had such clear courage. And she'd told him—perfectly seriously—how strange women were, how marvelously strange—that she'd rather have it that way because then she'd be the only person to do any suffering and it would all be for both of them. And then, of course——

It must have been a paralysis of will on his part, he reflected grimly. Will! He had always been credited with a strong will, too. But no man who had the will of a vertebrate animal would have let the person he loved go through a thing like this with him—even for a week—even if neither of them had been able to imagine it would be anything like this. He was mud, that was what he was. A thing made out of mud that happened to be wearing clothes.

All the same he knew, as he knew that he had eyes, that Catherine, somehow, would have carried this deathly business through alone if he hadn't finally accepted it for both of them. Because she loved him. Oh, how pitiful! He closed his eyes.

WHAT POWER there was in Slake—what a deadly cruelty of jesting power! Those contracts—those contracts had been so clever. Slake had had them drawn up, of course. All the terrible meaning in them hidden away under a drift of legal ordinary sounding phrases. They were very subtle too, very binding. In consideration of a task to be performed, Sherwood Latimer and Catherine Vane were to receive ten thousand dollars. If the task were not performed—the forfeit clause. The unspecified task.

Setting a definite date for the performance. The clause stating that in case both asked to be relieved of the task before it was completed, the forfeit clause should come into operation at once—but that neither could be released without full written consent from the other. Oh, Slake was a clever devil! He would doubtless hold places of high trust when he got to hell.

Of course, possibly, the contracts might not hold. If the nature of the task were explained. But nobody would ever believe the explanation. And even if they did—Latimer sighed hopelessly. The law, as he knew it, took little account of the meanings of things—only the forms. And besides—trying to break those contracts — they — against Slake and his millions? Latimer knew the nature of the man too well. He would be prepared to spend incredible sums to carry out his jest. And Latimer and Catherine had no money to spend.

They were in it now, in it like flies on a piece of fly paper. They must just stick it out—that was all. The bitterness was, he thought distractedly, that, even if they won, he could wear himself to the quick for Catherine all the rest of his life and yet never make up for these seven days.

IF THEY WON! For a moment that gilded possibility touched his tired mind as lightly as blowing air. If they only won. They had to win, now.

There was nobody like Catherine; there never could be. She had been able to make a joke of it, the hour before they started—able to make him make a joke of it, too. He remembered her voice, quoting silverly, mockingly, poignantly out of one of their best-loved poets:

"Why, sweet my love, no fear!
The Gascon frontier is so near,
A week——"

So near. So utterly, intolerably far.

She had laughed even when Slake explained the arrangements, his hands moving backward and forward as he spoke like the needling thrust and retraction of the claws of a cat.

"You will have one slight inconvenience, I fear," he had said. "Beside the fact that your only outlook is on a rather unesthetic airshaft, I cannot, of course, allow either of you either soap or tooth paste—and I am very sorry. But they are—edible, unfortunately." And he had smiled.

And again: "You will notice that I have provided you each with a Bible, a Koran, some volumes of the Send-Avesta and other religious works—really quite a compact small library apiece. You can employ yourselves most profitably, no doubt, in making a comparative study of various forms of belief."

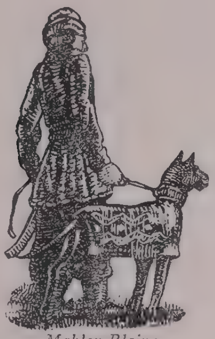
Two ordinary human beings, accustomed to three meals a day, but physically fit enough, not weaklings, either of them. It seemed rather ridiculous to think that they couldn't hold out seven days without food. To people who didn't have to do it, that was.

Concluded in our June issue

The Oldest Dog Story in Literature

Adapted from the Hindu Mahabharata by Carl Holliday

THIS *legend of the Hound of Yudisthira that followed his master to Heaven is one of the most beautiful dog stories in literature. It dates from a day so dim and distant that no man dare declare its beginnings, and concludes the mighty Hindu epic, the* Mahabharata, *a poem eight times as long as the Iliad.*



Mahlon Blaine

KRISHNA, THE GOD, was old and weary of this world; he desired to die and return to his Heavenly Father. He had left the bliss of Paradise only because he saw that the Pandava brothers, descendants of Bharata, and defenders of the good, were steadily being overcome by the Kaurava brothers, who stood for all that is evil. Only for this had he come down to earth and suffered the humiliation of clothing the soul of a god in the flesh of a man—only that the world might be rescued from the power of wickedness.

And now, after long years of tremendous strife, the War of the Bharatas was over; the Pandavas, the champions of righteousness, were once more the rulers of India. Then it was that Krishna, sick of mortality, prayed his Father in Heaven to let him return to the home of the Celestials, and the prayer was heard.

But with Krishna gone, the King of the Pandava, the good monarch Yudishthira, felt that there remained nothing worth while in this earthly existence; he yearned to join his beloved Krishna in the Realm Beyond. Bravely he and his four brothers and the wife, Draupadi, and their old hound set forth for Mount Meru, there to ascend unto Heaven.

But the way was long and toilsome. One after another of the brothers fell in death by the wayside; the long-enduring and beloved Draupadi at length dropped down on that steep road, never to rise again; and Yudishthira and his old, faithful dog tottered on alone toward the shining gates of Paradise.

Those gates were reached. Utterly forspent with weariness from his long journey, desolate over the loss of his wife and his brothers, he stood before the portals of God's City and humbly sought entrance. But bitter disappointment was to be his. The celestial doors were opened for *him*, but his weary, long-suffering, and steadfast old hound might not enter! Yudishthira saw within the walls the glories of Heaven; he saw, too, the faithful, gaunt dog cowering at his feet and gazing pleadingly up into its master's eyes; the king's heart was torn with longing and gratitude.

"O Wisest One, Mighty God Indra!" he cried, "this hound hath eaten with me, starved with me, suffered with me, loved me! Must I desert him now?"

"Yea," declared the God of Gods, Indra, "all the joys of Paradise are yours for ever, but leave here your hound."

Then exclaimed Yudishthira in anguish.

"Can it be that a god can be so destitute of pity? Can it be that to gain this glory I must leave behind all that I love? Then let me lose such glory forever!"

And Yudishthira turned sadly toward his forlorn dog. But the mighty Indra called to him again.

"Do you not understand? The creature is unclean; it would defile the altar fires of Paradise! Know this indeed: into Heaven, such cannot enter."

Bravely then did Yudishthira answer—with the bravery of an animal turning upon its pursuers.

"It is declared in the Vedas that to spurn a creature in supplication is a sin equal to that of slaying a Brahman. Therefore, Lord Indra, not for all the joys of Heaven desert I this poor, humble, faithful hound! Behold him. So friendless except for me! So confiding in me! So beseeching me to be faithful! So sure to perish without my help! Could I do this—I who was called among men the Just, the Merciful?"

The brow of Indra darkened.

"It is decreed," he replied sternly. "As you know, the very merit of prayer itself is lost if a dog touches him who is praying. He who enters Paradise must enter pure. Beside the stony highway you left the wife Draupadi and your brothers. Surely for this common creature you will not give up the joys of the blessed!"

Gently Yudishthira laid his hand upon the hound's head and turned to depart.

"All powerful Indra," he answered quietly, but firmly, "the dead are dead; I could not succor them. There are four deadly sins: to reject a suppliant, to slay a nursing mother, to destroy a Brahman's possessions, and to injure an old friend. But to these I add a fifth, as sinful: *to desert the lowliest friend when you pass out of sorrow into good fortune!* Farewell, then, Lord Indra. I go—and my hound with me."

And lo! the hound suddenly vanished and in its stead stood the God of Justice, the great Lord Dharma! Like honey fell the words from his lips.

"Behold, son, you have suffered much! But now, since you would not enter Heaven lest your poor dog should be cast away, lo! there is none in Paradise shall sit above you! Enter. Justice and Love welcome you."

And his faithful hound, now transformed into the Lord Dharma, mighty God of the Just, walked beside him through the glittering streets of the Celestial City.

If you could read only One Hundred Books in your lifetime

THESE ARE NOT the 100 books to take to a desert island. For a desert island library one man might choose astronomy, another natural science, another poetry. But in order to stay at home he must know the common heritage of human society. He must be able to speak the language of civilized mankind, or he is virtually on a desert island. And these books are, in our judgment, those which will put that language most completely in his possession.

Here are the lowest common denominators of the literature that is a part of the truly educated man's life today. Here is the greatest human wisdom, the deepest understanding, the highest and bravest flights of man's imagination. Here are Odysseus, Don Quixote, Mr. Pickwick, Huck Finn to act as a bond between you and everyone else, living or dead—and not yet born.

This is a list primarily for GOLDEN BOOK readers, who have already a love for the best, and who know that the best can also be entertaining and close to their own lives. We have chosen it because there is so much of the "realms of gold" which cannot be crowded into our pages, and so much that has already appeared that you may feel a need for this map of the chief landmarks in the world's literature.

You may dispute the place of one landmark or another, and you will probably be right, for yourself. "Buy in the line of your genius." But this list is an attempt to sum up the finest discriminations of the finest minds of many generations. Let it serve you as

The 100 Books

The Bible		(13th Century, B.C. to 1st Century, A.D.)
The Iliad The Odyssey	Homer	(10th Century, B.C.)
Fables	Æsop	(6th Century B.C.)
Prometheus Bound	Æschylus	(525-456 B.C.)
Œdipus Tyrannus	Sophocles	(496-406 B.C.)
Medea	Euripides	(480-406 B.C.)
Histories	Herodotus	(484-424 B.C.)
Dialogues	Plato	(429-347 B.C.)
Politics and Poetics	Aristotle	(384-322 B.C.)
On the Nature of Things	Lucretius	(96-55 B.C.)
Æneid	Virgil	(70-19 B.C.)
Poems	Horace	(65-8 B.C.)
Histories	Tacitus	(55-117 A.D.)
Lives	Plutarch	(46-120 A.D.)
Morals	Epictetus	(60-138 A.D.)
Meditations	Aurelius, Marcus	(121-180 A.D.)
The Arabian Nights' Entertainment		10th Century
The Song of Roland		11th Century
Niebelungenlied		12th to 13th Centuries
Mahabharata		
The Divine Comedy	Dante Alighieri	(1265-1321)
The Decameron	Boccaccio, Giovanni	(1313-1375)
Canterbury Tales	Chaucer, Geoffrey	(1340-1400)
Morte d'Arthur	Malory, Sir Thomas	(1430-1471)
Gargantua *and* Pantagruel	Rabelais, François	(1485-1553)
Essays	Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de	(1533-1592)
Adventures of Don Quixote	Cervantes, Saavedra	(1547-1616)
Essays	Bacon, Francis	(1561-1626)
Selected Works Hamlet Macbeth King Lear Othello Henry IV Tempest Much Ado About Nothing Romeo and Juliet Merchant of Venice As You Like It Twelfth Night Sonnets	Shakespeare, William	(1564-1616)
Collected Poems	Milton, John	(1608-1674)
Letters	Pascal, Blaise	(1623-1662)
Diary (1660-1669)	Pepys, Samuel	(1633-1703)

Most Worth Reading

Pilgrim's Progress	Bunyan, John (1628-1688)
Gil Blas	Le Sage, Alain René (1668-1747)
Essay on Criticism	Pope, Alexander (1688-1744)
Spectator Papers	Addison, Joseph (1672-1719)
Robinson Crusoe	Defoe, Daniel (1660-1731)
Gulliver's Travels	Swift, Jonathan (1667-1745)
Candide	Voltaire, F. M. Arouet de (1694-1778)
Tom Jones	Fielding, Henry (1707-1754)
Tristram Shandy	Sterne, Lawrence (1713-1768)
The Vicar of Wakefield	Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-1774)
Autobiography	Franklin, Benjamin (1706-1790)
Confessions	Rousseau, Jean Jacques (1712-1778)
Letters	Walpole, Horace (1717-1797)
Life of Johnson	Boswell, James (1740-1795)
Critique of Pure Reason	Kant, Immanuel (1724-1804)
Household Tales	Grimm, Jakob (1785-1863) Grimm, Wilhelm (1786-1859)
Fairy Tales	Andersen, Hans (1805-1875)
Faust Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship	Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von (1749-1832)
Collected Poems	Wordsworth, William (1770-1850)
Collected Poems	Byron, Lord George Gordon Noel (1788-1824)
Collected Poems	Shelley, Percy Bysshe (1792-1822)
Collected Poems	Keats, John (1795-1821)
Collected Poems	Browning, Robert (1812-1889)
Collected Poems	Tennyson, Alfred (1809-1892)
Collected Poems	Arnold, Matthew (1822-1888)
Ivanhoe Quentin Durward Heart of Midlothian	Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832)
Pride and Prejudice	Austen, Jane (1775-1817)
Essays of Elia	Lamb, Charles (1775-1834)
Heroes and Hero Worship French Revolution	Carlyle, Thomas (1795-1881)
Poems and Tales	Poe, Edgar Allan (1811-1849)
Essays	Hawthorne, Nathaniel (1804-1864)
Scarlet Letter	Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1803-1882)
Walden	Thoreau, Henry David (1817-1862)

(*Continued on page* 60)

Here are the books
that can most nearly
put at your command
the culture and delight
of the ages.

Selected by the editors of the
Golden Book.

a starting point, and as a touchstone against which to test other books. Let these books set a standard within you, as reading them will be sure to do, so that you yourself will be able to recognize what reading will play a permanent part in your life, and what is only a vaudeville turn to be forgotten.

Nearly all of these books are a delight to read, in spite of their grandeur of achievement. Why not? They are the best stories, the most thrilling emotion, the most living characters, the utmost beauty that man has been able to create. They are also his most brilliant thinking, and this naturally takes some living up to; but because this thinking is so truly great, it has for the most part been phrased in simple, approachable language. The chief difficulty of these books is that they have been written for readers whose tastes and habits, whose everyday language differ from our own. They speak with an accent that once you are used to it you will cease to notice. And they are worth this necessary patience. Milton's divine, unbending songs may seem cold and difficult to you, but they have exalted thousands of men, and you cannot understand these men until you understand Milton. Darwin's slow approximations of truth, voiced in the difficult language of true originality, may become thoroughly exciting when you realize how much they are a part of the everyday world today.

Nearly all of these great books appear in numerous editions, of every degree of expensiveness. Frequently, however, there are excellent inexpensive editions, and when the would-be buyer might not otherwise know where to turn for reliable translation or editing, we refer him to specific editions.

The Bible is, of course, the first book on our list. It is the most inspiring and the most beautiful collection of prose and poetry in the heritage of our race. Genesis, Job, Psalms and Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs, Isaiah, Ezekiel, the Gospels, the first and second epistles of Paul to the Corinthians—it is difficult to draw the line anyhere, but certainly these must be

(*Continued from page* 59)

Leaves of Grass	Whitman, Walt (1819-1892)
Moby Dick	Melville, Herman (1819-1891)
Père Goriot	Balzac, Honoré de (1799-1850)
Les Misérables	Hugo, Victor (1802-1885)
The Three Musketeers	Dumas, Alexandre (1802-1870)
Madame Bovary	Flaubert, Gustav (1821-1880)
Vanity Fair	Thackeray, William M. (1811-1863)
David Copperfield Pickwick Papers	Dickens, Charles (1812-1870)
Middlemarch The Mill on the Floss	Eliot, George (1819-1880)
The Ordeal of Richard Feverel	Meredith, George (1828-1909)
The Way of All Flesh	Butler, Samuel (1835-1902)
Tess of the D'Urbervilles The Return of the Native	Hardy, Thomas (1840-1928)
Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass	Carroll, Lewis (1832-1898)
Virgin Soil	Turgeniev, Ivan (1818-1883)
Crime and Punishment The Brothers Karamazov	Dostoievsky, Féodor M. (1821-1881)
Anna Karenina	Tolstoi, Leo (1828-1910)
Ghosts The Wild Duck	Ibsen, Henrik (1828-1906)
The Cherry Orchard Short Stories	Chekhov, Anton (1869-1914)
Huckleberry Finn	Twain, Mark (1835-1910)
Appreciations	Pater, Walter (1839-1894)
Essays	Stevenson, R. L. (1850-1894)
Thus Spake Zarathustra	Nietzsche, F. W. (1844-1900)
Penguin Island	France, Anatole (1844-1924)
Kim	Kipling, Rudyard (1865——)
Travels in Arabia Deserta	Doughty, Charles M. (1843——)
The Golden Bough	Fraser, Sir James G. (1854——)
Man and Superman	Shaw, George Bernard (1856——)
Nostromo Nigger of the Narcissus	Conrad, Joseph (1857-1924)
The Forsyte Saga	Galsworthy, John (1867——)
Jean Christophe	Rolland, Romain (1866——)
My Antonia	Cather, Willa (1876——)
An American Tragedy	Dreiser, Theodore (1871——)

included in the knowledge of every truly well-read man.

Next, Greek literature breaks upon us, a glorious, sunny, never-old world. Here are heights that have never been surpassed, and that, even through the stiff barrier of translation, can uplift our hearts and clarify our minds.

If Chapman's murky version of Homer moved Keats to write an immortal sonnet, certainly the modern translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* will make a poet of any man who nourishes a deep love of adventure and beauty. The works of this shadowy, thirty-century-old, blind poet are almost universally named among the first half-dozen books in the world. He has been an indispensable part of cultured man's life since long before Sheffield said of him in 1682, "Homer will be all the books you need." The complete translation of Lang, Leaf and Myers of the *Iliad* and of Butcher and Lang of the *Odyssey* are recommended in the Modern Library; there are also excellent Everyman volumes.

Æsop is riper and jollier and more slyly satiric than the few nursery fables you remember of his beasts that talk and act like men. Here is an easy and a witty volume to salt your more exalted reading. Joseph Jacob's edition in the Everyman Library is perfectly satisfactory.

Of the three great Greek tragedians, Æschylus was the first and the most austere. One hardly dare approach him without some idea of the life and dramatic principles of his age, but Gilbert Murray's *Greek Literature* will give you this. *Prometheus Bound,* for his sin of advancing the human race, is a sublimely moving figure. Read the Morshead translation in the Golden Treasury Series. Sophocles, Æschylus' successor and forerunner of Euripides, is more human. *Œdipus* and *Antigone,* beneath the hideous and inescapable tragedies that overwhelm them, are unforgettable, suffering figures. Sophocles, perhaps more than any other of the great Greeks, fulfills the purpose of tragedy as Aristotle saw it—"to purge our souls with pity and terror" and leave us clarified and exalted. George Young's translation in the Everyman Library is one of the best. Euripides was Milton's favorite; perhaps he will be yours. He is the most modern of the three; realism begins to take the place of the heroic conventionalism of his predecessors. *Medea,* demoniacal with jealous passion; *The Bacchanals,* beautiful and melodious with a wilder strain of religious ecstacy, come to you in the best of possible translations by Gilbert Murray.

Herodotus, the star war-correspondent of the fifth century B.C., was both the "Father of History" as Cicero called him, and a most engaging liar. His accounts of the wars of the Greeks and Persians make good reading. His Roman counterpart, Tacitus, five hundred years later, while considerably more conscientious, is only less colorful. Tacitus' *Histories* cover the reign of twelve Cæsars, his *Annals* cover the history of Rome from its founding to the fall of the Republic, and his *Germania* is the best existing account of the customs and character of the northern barbarians of his day. The Everyman Library publishes both Herodotus and Tacitus.

Plato is one of the half-dozen men who have most influenced the world's thinking. His *Dialogues* transmit the method and teachings of Socrates, who himself wrote nothing. Most important of the *Dialogues* perhaps is the "Republic" in which, while outlining the perfect state, Plato sets forth a whole philosophy of life. The style of the dialogues is oppressively formal, but once you become accustomed to the manner the matter is pithy and interestingly modern.

Aristotle, Plato's pupil and intellectual god of Europe during the Middle Ages, is principally important for his great influence on man's past and for his æsthetic theories, which do not grow old. In general, his deductive method no longer satisfies the modern scientific approach. Both Plato and Aristotle fare best in Jowett's translation.

(*Continued on page* 125)

So They Say

J. W. Scott

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman: *noted Congregational pastor and radio preacher*
"I venture to predict, from what I know of the Christian church, that never again will war of any character be supported by the church."

Count Michael Karolyi: *Hungarian Socialist nobleman*
"Ford and Rockefeller are quite unconsciously the greatest individual workers for what I call socialism, in the entire world."

Henry Ford: *says he would buy up all the world's navies if he thought it would end war*
"Men fought before there were battleships or before there were guns. The only way to end war is to teach the fellows who profit by it that they can profit more some other way."

Old Lady: *to custodian of visitors' gallery at the New York Curb Market. She had been reading of market "bulls" and "bears"*
"When do the animals come in?"

Professor John Erskine: *educator, concert pianist, and author of several "best-sellers"*
"America is the only country left where we teach languages so that no pupil can speak them. It is the only country where you cannot tell by the way a college graduate speaks and writes whether he is educated or not."

The State Health Department: *of New York, in its annual report*
"Public health is purchasable. Within natural limitations any community can determine its own death rate."

Calvin Coolidge: *tells the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce what they want to hear*
"I have observed your people and your industries carefully, and I have come to the conclusion that the secret of your success is that you have made the most of the best in people and things around you. It outshines anything with which I am familiar."

Beverly Smith: *staff writer for the New York "Herald Tribune," names one feature of life among the negroes in New York's "black belt."*
"The 'rent party' is properly an event sponsored by the occupants of a flat when the rent is due and money is lacking. All the friends come in, pay 25 cents apiece admission, dance, eat, and drink, pay as much as they can spare for the food and potables, and thus pay the rent of the hosts."

John D. Rockefeller, Sr.: *at Ormond Beach, Fla.*
"I get great lessons out of golf. Taking the conceit out of one is a good thing, and it does that.

Prof. Vladimir Karapetoff: *of Cornell University, and one of America's foremost electrical engineers*
"Granted the phenomena of electricity we have discovered are true, everybody, laymen or expert, is equally competent to explain what electricity is."

Dr. Will H. Houghton: *pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, thinks that lawlessness begins at home*
"In most cases, where a youth of sixteen or seventeen has committed a crime, the parents should be arrested and punished.

James J. Davis: *Secretary of Labor, in a radio address*
"Nobody knows what business would be like today if it had not been for President Hoover's prompt action. Beyond all doubt, his conferences of industrial and labor leaders saved us from a disaster."

Prof. Robert E. Rogers: *of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology*
"The only realities are eating, drinking, working, and making love, and getting what irrational fun we can out of these processes."

Mrs. Herbert C. Pell:
a socially prominent young grandmother of New York

"I feel quite convinced that youth is not the happiest period of life at all. . . . Youth is the last thing I'd ask for in any search for happiness."

Fannie Hurst:
author

"I believe that women's clubs, including the much-maligned 'culture and uplift societies,' are the cultural white hope of America, even if they proceed on the hem-stitched lines of tabloid thinking."

Peggy Hopkins Joyce:
who knows her subject

"It is funny but true, a man will sin most when he is happiest."

Dr. Charles Darsie:
of Indianapolis, before the International Council of Religious Education, in Chicago

"We talk about 'happy marriage' so much that many people marry simply to find happiness. Sometimes they don't, and—well if they entered marriage simply in search of happiness and find unhappiness instead, about all they can do is to get out of marriage."

Christopher Morley:
essayist, and theatrical producer in Hoboken

"In Hoboken we have had to struggle against both success and failure and find them equally exhilarating and dangerous.

Commander Holloway H. Frost:

"There are three kinds of lies—lies, damnable lies, and statistics."

Dr. Shirley W. Wynne:
Commissioner of Health for New York City, quotes Dr. Hutchinson, a famous medical authority, in an address to a radio audience

"'A person's age is not dependent upon the number of years that have passed over his head, but upon the number of colds that have passed through his head.'"

Albert Einstein:
German scientist

". . . Any one state would incur no appreciable risk by undertaking to disarm—wholly regardless of the attitude of other states. If such were not the case it would be quite evident that the situation of such states as are unarmed or only partially equipped for defense would be extremely difficult, dangerous, and disadvantageous—a condition which is refuted by the facts."

Mrs. Henry L. Stimson:
wife of our Secretary of State, gets permission to peek through a door at her husband, absorbed in his Naval Conference work, in London

"I haven't seen him for fifteen hours and I want to see what he looks like."

Heywood Broun:
columnist, is opposed to the New York State law which makes life sentences for fourth offenders mandatory

"The law of New York State and some of the others say 'four times and out.' There is an older rule which sets seventy times seven as the limit of forgiveness."

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin:
Republican, and President of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform

"People are fed up on pussy-footing. The day has come when no candidate can successfully carry water on one shoulder and gin on the other."

A Chinese Student:

"An American University is an institution of physical training where certain intellectual discipline is especially provided for feeble-bodied students."

Thornton Wilder:
of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," upholds the merits of history and biography (as against fiction) in a debate with Hugh Walpole

"Each work of art is a hothouse, shut off from life in order that the incongruities may be weeded out."

Beatrice Terry:
niece of Ellen Terry, says that her aunt never talked much of God and creeds

"Aunt Nell thought youth was the best religion. She was always young, too. I never realized she was an old woman."

Mrs. Sidney C. Borg:
of the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropies, urges social service work for middle-aged women of means

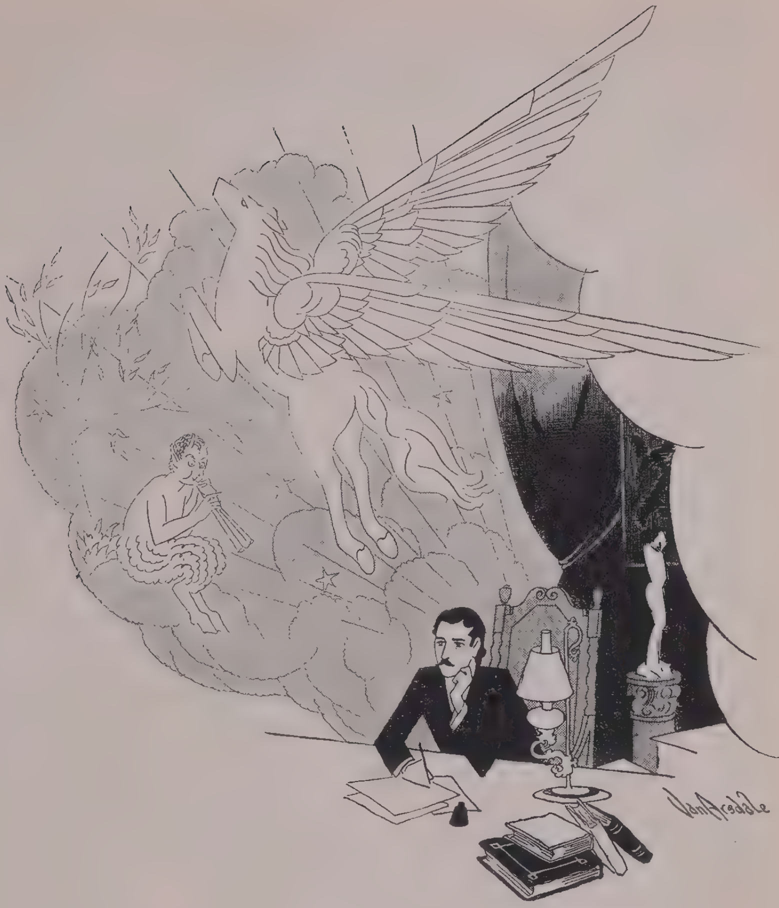
"This present age of prosperity has seen thousands living in hotels and apartments faced with the bogy of being 'all dressed up and nowhere to go.'"

Elfriede Sehring:
a German miss of 12, in a letter to Dr. Julius Curtius, foreign minister of the Reich

"You did not go to the Hague Conference to dine well and hold after-dinner speeches, did you? What do you suppose the poor people will think who always see pictures of you eating and drinking, while they often have to go to bed hungry themselves?"

Dr. Alfred Adler:
Viennese psychoanalyst

"Chronic card players are suffering from an acute inferiority complex."



The horrid consequences
of success turned into a
nimble farce by a favorite
American humorist

His Wife's Deceased Sister

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Drawings by W. Van Arsdale

It is now five years since an event occurred which so colored my life, or rather so changed some of its original colors, that I have thought it well to write an account of it, deeming that its lessons may be of advantage to persons whose situations in life are similar to my own.

When I was quite a young man I adopted literature as a profession, and having passed through the necessary preparatory grades, I found myself, after a good many years of hard and often unremunerative work, in possession of what might be called a fair literary practice. My articles, grave, gay, practical, or fanciful, had come to be considered with a favor by the editors of the various periodicals for which I wrote, on which I found in time I could rely with a very comfortable certainty. My productions created no enthusiasm in the reading public; they gave me no great reputation or very valuable pecuniary return; but they were always accepted, and my receipts from them, at the time to which I have referred, were as regular and reliable as a salary, and quite sufficient to give me more than a comfortable support.

It was at this time I married. I had been engaged for more than a year, but had not been willing to assume the support of a wife until I felt that my pecuniary position was so assured that I could do so with full satisfaction to my own conscience. There was now no doubt in regard to this position, either in my mind or in that of my wife. I worked with great steadiness and regularity, I knew exactly where to place the productions of my pen, and could calculate, with a fair degree of accuracy, the sums I should receive for them. We were by no means rich, but we had enough, and were thoroughly satisfied and content.

Those of my readers who are married will have no difficulty in remembering the peculiar ecstasy of the first weeks of their wedded life. It is then that the flowers of this world bloom brightest; that its sun is the most genial; that its clouds are the scarcest; that its fruit is the most delicious; that the air is the most balmy; that its cigars are of the highest flavor; that the warmth and radiance of early matrimonial felicity so rarefy the intellectual atmosphere that the soul mounts higher, and enjoys a wider prospect, than ever before.

These experiences were mine. The plain claret of my mind was changed to sparkling champagne, and at the very height of its effervescence I wrote a story. The happy thought that then struck me for a tale was of a very peculiar character, and it interested me so much that I went to work at it with great delight and enthusiasm, and finished it in a comparatively short time. The title of the story was "His Wife's Deceased Sister," and when I read it to Hypatia she was delighted with it, and at times was so affected by its pathos that her uncontrollable emotion caused a sympathetic dimness in my eyes which prevented my seeing the words I had written. When the reading was ended and my wife had dried her eyes, she turned to me and said, "This story will make your fortune. There has been nothing so pathetic since Lamartine's 'History of a Servant Girl.' "

As soon as possible the next day I sent my story to the editor of the periodical for which I wrote most frequently, and in which my best productions generally appeared. In a few days I had a letter from the editor, in which he praised my story as he had never before praised anything from my pen. It had interested and charmed, he said, not only himself, but all his associates in the office. Even old Gibson, who never cared to read anything until it was in proof, and who never praised anything which had not a joke in it, was induced by the example of the others to read this manuscript, and shed, as he asserted, the first tears that had come from his eyes since his final paternal castigation some forty years before. The story would appear, the editor assured me, as soon as he could possibly find room for it.

If anything could make our skies more genial, our flowers brighter, and the flavor of our fruit and cigars more delicious, it was a letter like this. And when, in a very short time, the story was published, we found that the reading public was inclined to receive it with as much sympathetic interest and favor as had been shown to it by the editors. My personal friends soon began to express enthusiastic opinions upon it. It was highly praised in many of the leading newspapers, and, altogether, it was a great literary success. I am not inclined to be vain of my writings, and, in general, my wife tells me, I think too little of them. But I did feel a good deal of pride and satisfaction in the success of "His Wife's Deceased Sister." If it did not make my fortune, as my wife asserted it would, it certainly would help me very much in my literary career.

In less than a month from the writing of this story, something very unusual and unexpected happened to me. A manuscript was returned by the editor of the periodical in which "His Wife's Deceased Sister" had appeared.

"It is a good story," he wrote, "but not equal to what you have just done. You have made a great hit, and it would not do to interfere with the reputation you have gained by publishing anything inferior to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' which had such a deserved success."

I was so unaccustomed to having my work thrown back on my hands that I think I must have turned a little pale when I read the letter. I said nothing of the matter to my wife, for it would be foolish to drop such grains of sand as this into the smoothly oiled machinery of our domestic felicity, but I immediately sent the story to another editor. I am not able to express the astonishment I felt when, in the course of a week, it was sent back to me. The tone of the note accompanying it indicated a somewhat injured feeling on the part of the editor.

"I am reluctant," he said, "to decline a manuscript from you; but you know very well that if you sent me anything like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' it would be most promptly accepted."

I now felt obliged to speak of the affair to my wife, who was quite as much surprised, though, perhaps, not quite as much shocked, as I had been.

"Let us read the story again," she said, "and see what is the matter with it." When we had finished its perusal, Hypatia remarked: "It is quite as good as many of the stories you have had printed, and I think it very interesting, although, of course, it is not equal to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.' "

"Of course not," said I; "that was an inspiration that I cannot expect every day. But there must be something wrong about this last story which we do not perceive. Perhaps my recent success may have made me a little careless in writing it."

"I don't believe that," said Hypatia.

"At any rate," I continued, "I will lay it aside, and will go to work on a new one."

In due course of time I had another manuscript finished, and I sent it to my favorite periodical. It was retained some weeks, and then came back to me.

"It will never do," the editor wrote, quite warmly, "for you to go backward. The demand for the number containing 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' still continues, and we do not intend to let you disappoint that great body of readers who would be so eager to see another number containing one of your stories."

I sent this manuscript to four other periodicals, and from each of them it was returned with remarks to the effect that, although it was not a bad story in itself, it was not what they would expect from the author of "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

The editor of a Western magazine wrote to me for a story to be published in a special number which he would issue for the holidays. I wrote him one of the character and length he desired, and sent it to him. By return mail it came back to me.

"I had hoped," the editor wrote, "when I asked for a story from your pen, to receive something like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' and I must own that I am very much disappointed."

I was so filled with anger when I read this note that I openly objurgated "His Wife's Deceased Sister." "You must excuse me," I said to my astonished wife, "for expressing myself thus in your presence, but that confounded story will be the ruin of me yet. Until it is forgotten nobody will ever take anything I write."

"And you cannot expect it ever to be forgotten," said Hypatia, with tears in her eyes.

It is needless for me to detail my literary efforts in the course of the next few months. The ideas of the editors with whom my principal business had been done, in regard to my literary ability, had been so raised by my unfortunate story of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" that I found it was of no use to send them anything of lesser merit. And so as to the other journals which I tried, they evidently considered it an insult for me to send them matter inferior to that by which my reputation had lately risen. The fact was that my successful story had ruined me. My income was at an end, and want actually stared me in the face; and I must admit that I did not like the expression of its countenance. It was of no use for me to write another story like "His Wife's Deceased Sister." I could not get married every time I began a new manuscript, and it was the exaltation of mind caused by my wedded felicity which produced that story.

Frank R. Stockton

"MR. STOCKTON *has been called the representative American humorist,*" *wrote Edward Cary, his friend and associate.* "*He was that in the sense that the characters he created had much of the audacity of the American spirit, the thirst for adventures in untried fields of thought and action, the subconscious seriousness in the most incongruous situations, the feeling of being at home no matter what happens. But how amazingly he mingled a broad philosophy with his fun, a philosophy not less wise and comprehending than his fun was compelling! If his humor was American, it was also cosmopolitan and had its laughing way not merely with our British kinsmen, but with alien peoples across the usually impenetrable barrier of translation.*"

"It's perfectly dreadful!" said my wife. "If I had had a sister, and she had died, I would have thought it was my fault."

"It could not be your fault," I answered, "and I do not think it was mine. I had no intention of deceiving anybody into the belief that I could do that sort of thing every time, and it ought not to be expected of me. Suppose Raphael's patrons had tried to keep him screwed up to the pitch of the Sistine Madonna, and had refused to buy anything which was not as good as that. In that case I think he would have occupied a much earlier and narrower grave than the one on which Mr. Morris Moore hangs his funeral decorations."

"But, my dear," said Hypatia, who was posted on such subjects, "the Sistine Madonna was one of his latest paintings."

"Very true," said I. "But if he had married as I did, he would have painted it earlier."

I was walking homeward one afternoon about this time, when I met Barbel, a man I had known well in my early literary career. He was now about fifty years of age, but looked older. His hair and beard were quite gray, and his clothes, which were of the same general hue, gave me the idea that they, like his hair, had originally been black. Age is very hard on a man's external appointments. Barbel had an air of having been to let for a long time, and quite out of repair. But there was a kindly gleam in his eye, and he welcomed me cordially.

"Why, what is the matter, old fellow?" said he. "I never saw you look so wo-begone."

I had no reason to conceal anything from Barbel. In my younger days he had been of great use to me, and he had a right to know the state of my affairs. I laid the whole case plainly before him.

"Look here," he said, when I had finished; "come with me to my room; I have something I would like to say to you there."

I followed Barbel to his room. It was at the top of a very dirty and well-worn house, which stood in a narrow and lumpy street, into which few vehicles ever penetrated, except the ash and garbage carts, and the rickety wagons of the venders of stale vegetables.

"This is not exactly a fashionable promenade," said Barbel, as we approached the house, "but in some respects it reminds me of the streets in Italian towns, where the palaces lean over toward each other in such a friendly way."

Barbel's room was, to my mind, rather more doleful than the street. It was dark, it was dusty, and cobwebs hung from every corner. The few chairs upon the floor and the books upon a greasy table seemed to be afflicted with some dorsal epidemic, for their backs were either gone or broken. A little bedstead in the corner was covered with a spread made of New York *Heralds* with their edges pasted together.

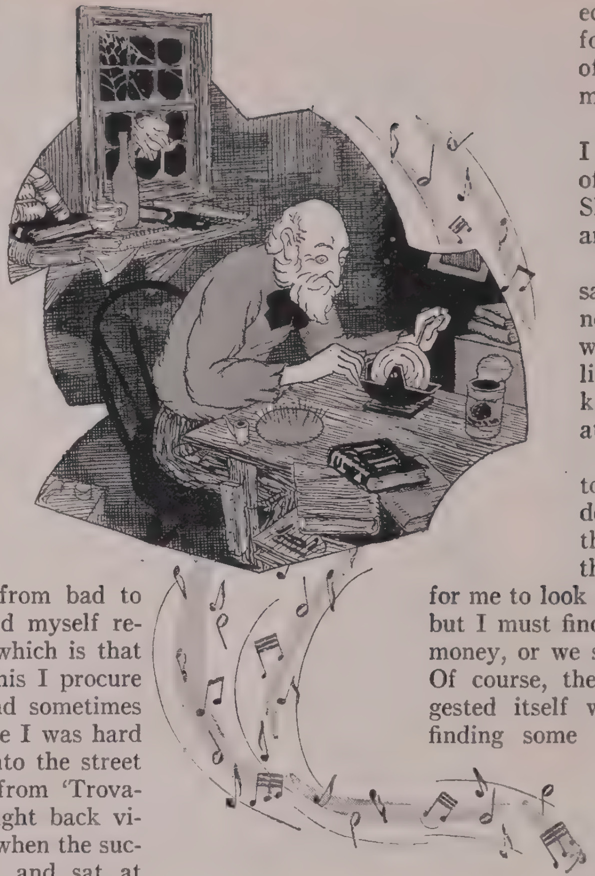
"There is nothing better," said Barbel, noticing my glance toward this novel counterpane, "for a bed-covering than newspapers; they keep you as warm as a blanket, and are much lighter. I used to use *Tribunes*, but they rattled too much."

The only part of the room which was well lighted was one end near the solitary window. Here, upon a table with a spliced leg, stood a little grindstone.

"At the other end of the room," said Barbel, "is my cook-stove, which you can't see unless I light the candle in the bottle which stands by it. But if you don't care particularly to examine it, I won't go to the expense of lighting up. You might pick up a good many odd pieces of bric-à-brac around here, if you chose to strike a match and investigate. But I would not advise you to do so. It would pay better to throw the things out of the window than to carry them down-stairs. The particular piece of indoor decoration to which I wish to call your attention is this." And he led me to a little wooden frame which hung against the wall near the window. Behind a dusty piece of glass it held what appeared to be a leaf from a small magazine or journal. "There," said he, "you see a page from the *Grasshopper*, a humorous paper which flourished in this city some half-dozen years ago. I used to write regularly for that paper, as you may remember."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" I exclaimed. "And I shall never forget your 'Conundrum of the Anvil' which appeared in it. How often have I laughed at that most wonderful conceit, and how often have I put it to my friends!"

Barbel gazed at me silently for a moment, and then he pointed to the frame. "That printed page," he said solemnly, "contains the 'Conundrum of the Anvil.' I hang it there so that I can see it while I work. That conundrum ruined me. It was the last thing I wrote for the *Grasshopper*. How I ever came to imagine it, I cannot tell. It is one of those things which occur to a man but once in a lifetime. After the wild shout of delight with which the public greeted that conundrum, my subsequent efforts met with hoots of derision. The *Grasshopper* turned its hind legs upon me. I sank from bad to worse—much worse—until I found myself reduced to my present occupation, which is that of grinding points on pins. By this I procure my bread, coffee, and tobacco, and sometimes potatoes and meat. One day while I was hard at work, an organ-grinder came into the street below. He played the serenade from 'Trovatore,' and the familiar notes brought back visions of old days and old delights, when the successful writer wore good clothes and sat at operas, when he looked into sweet eyes and talked of Italian airs, when his future appeared all a succession of bright scenery and joyous acts, without any provision for a drop-curtain. And as my ear listened, and my mind wandered in this happy retrospect, my every faculty seemed exalted, and, without any thought upon the matter, I ground points upon my pins so fine, so regular, and so smooth that they would have pierced with ease the leather of a boot, or slipped, without abrasion, among the finest threads of rare old lace. When the organ stopped, and I fell back into my real world of cobwebs and mustiness, I gazed upon the pins I had just ground, and without a moment's hesitation, I threw them into the street, and reported the lot as spoiled. This cost me a little money, but it saved me my livelihood."



After a few moments of silence, Barbel resumed:

"I have no more to say to you, my young friend. All I want you to do is to look upon that framed conundrum, then upon this grindstone, and then to go home and reflect. As for me, I have a gross of pins to grind before the sun goes down."

I cannot say that my depression of mind was at all relieved by what I had seen and heard. I had lost sight of Barbel for some years, and I had supposed him still floating on the sun-sparkling stream of prosperity where I had last seen him. It was a great shock to me to find him in such a condition of poverty and squalor, and to see a man who had originated the "Conundrum of the Anvil" reduced to the soul-depressing occupation of grinding pin-points. As I walked and thought, the dreadful picture of a totally eclipsed future arose before my mind. The moral of Barbel sank deep into my heart.

When I reached home I told my wife the story of my friend Barbel. She listened with a sad and eager interest.

"I am afraid," she said, "if our fortunes do not quickly mend, that we shall have to buy two little grindstones. You know I could help you at that sort of thing."

For a long time we sat together and talked, and devised many plans for the future. I did not think it necessary yet for me to look out for a pin contract; but I must find some way of making money, or we should starve to death. Of course, the first thing that suggested itself was the possibility of finding some other business. But, apart from the difficulty of immediately obtaining remunerative work in occupations to which I had not been trained, I felt a great and natural reluctance to give up a profession for which I had carefully prepared myself, and which I had adopted as my lifework. It would be very hard for me to lay down my pen forever, and to close the top of my inkstand upon all the bright and happy fancies which I had seen mirrored in its tranquil pool. We talked and pondered the rest of that day and a good deal of the night, but we came to no conclusion as to what it would be best for us to do.

The next day I determined to go and call upon the editor of the journal for which, in happier days, before the blight of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" rested upon me, I used most frequently to write, and, having frankly explained my condition to him, to ask his advice. The editor was a good man, and had always been my friend. He listened with great attention to what I told him, and evidently sympathized with me.

"As we have written to you," he said, "the only reason why we did not accept the manuscripts you sent us was that they would have disappointed the high hopes that the public had formed in regard to you. We have had letter after letter asking when we were going to publish another story like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.' We felt, and we still feel, that it would be wrong to allow you to destroy the fair fabric which you yourself have raised. But," he added, with a kind smile, "I see very plainly that your well-deserved reputation will be of little advantage to you if you should starve at the moment that its genial beams are, so to speak, lighting you up."

"Its beams are not genial," I answered. "They have scorched and withered me."

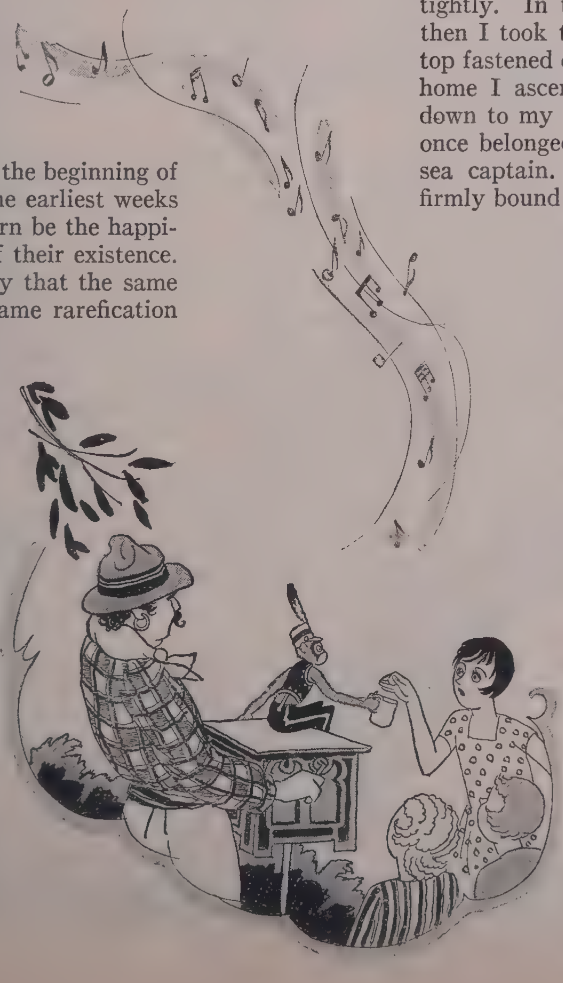
"How would you like," said the editor, after a short reflection, "to allow us to publish the stories you have recently written under some other name than your own? That would satisfy us and the public, would put money in your pocket, and would not interfere with your reputation."

Joyfully I seized the noble fellow by the hand, and instantly accepted his proposition. "Of course," said I, "a reputation is a very good thing; but no reputation can take the place of food, clothes, and a house to live in, and I gladly agree to sink my over-illumined name into oblivion, and to appear before the public as a new and unknown writer."

"I hope that need not be for long," he said, "for I feel sure that you will yet write stories as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

All the manuscripts I had on hand I now sent to my good friend the editor, and in due and proper order they appeared in his journal under the name of John Darmstadt, which I had selected as a substitute for my own, permanently disabled. I made a similar arrangement with other editors, and John Darmstadt received the credit of everything that proceeded from my pen. Our circumstances now became very comfortable, and occasionally we even allowed ourselves to indulge in little dreams of prosperity.

Time passed on very pleasantly. One year, another, and then a little son was born to us. It is often difficult, I believe, for thoughtful persons to decide whether the beginning of their conjugal career or the earliest weeks in the life of their first born be the happiest and proudest period of their existence. For myself I can only say that the same exaltation of mind, the same rarefication of idea and invention which succeeded upon my wedding day came upon me now. As then, my ecstatic emotions crystalized themselves into a motive for a story, and without delay I set myself to work upon it. My boy was about six weeks old when the manuscript was finished, and one evening, as we sat before a comfortable fire in our sitting-room, with the curtains drawn, and the soft lamp lighted, and the baby sleeping soundly in the adjoining chamber, I read the story to my wife.



When I had finished, my wife arose and threw herself into my arms. "I was never so proud of you," she said, her glad eyes sparkling, "as I am at this moment. That is a wonderful story! It is, indeed I am sure it is, just as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister!'"

As she spoke these words, a sudden and chilling sensation crept over us both. All her warmth and fervor and the proud and happy glow engendered within me by this praise and appreciation from one I loved, vanished in an instant. We stepped apart, and gazed upon each other with pallid faces. In the same moment the terrible truth had flashed upon us both. This story was as good as "His Wife's Deceased Sister!"

We stood silent. The exceptional lot of Barbel's super-pointed pins seemed to pierce our very souls. A dreadful vision rose before me of an impending fall and crash, in which our domestic happiness should vanish, and our prospects for our boy be wrecked, just as we had begun to build them up.

My wife approached me, and took my hand in hers, which was as cold as ice. "Be strong and firm," she said. "A great danger threatens us, but you must brace yourself against it. Be strong and firm."

I pressed her hand, and we said no more that night.

The next day I took the manuscript I had just written, and carefully infolded it in stout wrapping paper. Then I went to a neighboring grocery store and bought a small, strong, tin box, originally intended for biscuit, with a cover that fitted tightly. In this I placed my manuscript, and then I took the box to a tinsmith and had the top fastened on with hard solder. When I went home I ascended into the garret and brought down to my study a ship's cashbox, which had once belonged to one of my family who was a sea captain. This box was very heavy, and firmly bound with iron, and was secured by two massive locks. Calling my wife, I told her of the contents of the tin case, which I then placed in the box, and having shut down the heavy lid, I doubly locked it.

"This key," said I, putting it in my pocket, "I shall throw into the river this afternoon."

My wife watched me eagerly, with a pallid and firm-set countenance.

"Wouldn't it be well," she said, "to secure it still further by sealing-wax and pieces of tape?"

"No," said I. "I do not believe that anyone will attempt to tamper with our prosperity. And now, my dear," I continued in an impressive voice, "no one but you, and, in the course of time, our son, shall know that this manuscript exists. When I am dead, those who survive me may, if they see fit, cause this box to be split open and the story published. The reputation it may give my name cannot harm me then."

Some Observations of William Allen White

¶ For 35 years, William Allen White has been editing the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette,* talking with his neighbors on friendly themes, and making pertinent comments on American life.

MR. WHITE comments on the newly remodeled offices of the Emporia Gazette of which he is the editor.

"When all the equipment is installed and the last reporter at work at his desk, the room will be open for public inspection. Citizens will be invited to admire the long flight of steps leading into the advertising department, down which will be gently tossed sly advertisers who wander up into the news department trying to work the boys for free publicity. As a special convenience to our larger and more pompous advertisers, the steps down which they will be thrown are of soft, comfortable sandstone, instead of hard granite, and half way down is a comfortable landing to break the fall before they land in the advertising department where they belong.

Emporians will also be invited to admire the new Poet Detector. Whenever a poet enters the office, a sensitive instrument detects the presence of his contribution in his left coat pocket, whereupon a turntable is set in motion, the poet pointed toward the exit door and a padded ram gently prods him down the stairs again."

WHEN Lindbergh fell from a horse, Mr. White remarked:

"Hero worshipers who have been calling Lindbergh America's Prince of Wales were thoroughly vindicated in the comparison by a wall-eyed polo pony at Del Monte, Calif."

SHALL the customs inspectors be the final judges as to whether a book is obscene?

"Europe complains with some justification that American movies are dirty, and America answers with equal justification that the same thing can be said of some of Europe's books. There is in the new tariff bill a provision against the importation of these books, but it is a foolish and ill-considered provision in that it makes the customs inspector on the wharf the last and final judge of a book's fitness for the American public. . . .

"Consequently Senator Cutting of New Mexico has introduced an amendment which will in effect make America's federal and district judges the final authority on what books may properly be imported, instead of the customs clerk. Senator Cutting is a distinguished graduate of Harvard, a scholar and a gentleman. No one but a blather-skite and a jackass would accuse him as favoring obscene books. . . . Yet men who fear the wrath of their constituents because they have been on the wrong side of economic measures will vote against this Cutting amendment and then return to stump their districts and attempt to arouse enthusiasm for themselves by claiming to have protected American childhood against a tidal wave of filthy European smut."

MR. WHITE'S theory of relativity.

"The discovery of the little planet beyond Neptune is interesting, but is of the same relative importance that a dime found in the vest pocket of last winter's suit bears to the French national debt."

He doesn't blame Moscow for the unemployment riots.

"It is, of course, so much nonsense and balderdash. America had unemployment riots before Karl Marx was born, and strikes when Lenin was in his cradle. The Bolsheviks have no more control over these riots than Congress has over the tides. Yet the big reactionary employers of labor are starting in to blame all these strikes and riots on Moscow, just as the farmer blames the Republicans for floods and hot winds."

Jezebel

The sorrows of a house-owner made hilariously funny by the author of "Henry VIII."

By FRANCIS HACKETT

Francis Hackett

Some men succumb to a yacht. Other men succumb to rare books or Persian miniatures. Mine is a vulgar affair, a mere hussy of a house.

When she first caught my eye I said, "Nay, nay, I am too poor." But her voice, or some voice like hers, whispered inside me, "I'll be saving you money. I'll wear gingham for you. I'll go to extremes in economy. . . . You don't approve of that? Well, I won't economize, but you won't ever have cause to regret that you took me. Don't you like me? Am I too old for you? Tell me what it is that you don't like."

There was nothing, to tell the truth, that I didn't like. I saw how demure she was, set back a bit from the road. I was delighted with her simplicity, her rather somber exterior, and the flood of light within. I had succumbed, and she saw it. "You'll like me," she affirmed. "I am honest. I'll make very few demands on you. This is a wise step you've taken."

Oh, the capacity for deceit in that! The Jezebel!

Everything began smoothly. She waited for the lease to be signed with her eyes cast down and her hands folded, and only when it was sealed and delivered did she cock her eye. "You wouldn't occupy a little house without doing a single thing to fix her up, would you? You are surely not of the same stripe as the previous tenants. You have taste and judgment and lots of experience, or I'm much mistaken. You see for yourself I've been badly neglected. You hate ugliness. This brown paint in the hall. Good Lord!"

The big hall had been daubed a cockroach brown.

"But it's new," I said.

"It's horrid. It always used to be cream, and no one knows why they changed it. Couldn't it be changed back to cream?"

That terrible-meek demand made me stingy. "It would mean changing the wall paper."

"The wall paper's atrocious. You have taste. Choose me a nice wall paper."

This was a different tone from the one I had expected, and it had an edge of aggressiveness I didn't enjoy. At once I became cold and reasoning.

"I'm not Henry Ford," I said, "and you are not the Wayside Inn. You are a poor little house in the country, and if your brown paint in the hall is hideous, which I admit, it is no more hideous than the brown paint in a million other halls. It must remain hideous."

"It's not even grained properly. It's just abominable."

I went silent. But every time I puffed imperturbably through the hall, a glance that contained everything in itself from a sneer to a sniffle followed me in the small of my back. Being a weak man, I did not stand it very well. So one day I said, "Jez, I'm going away for six months. I've arranged that you are to have everything you want. At the present time your door knobs come off in the hand. That will be changed. New ropes will go into the windows. The floors will be stained. When I come back you'll be as good as new, and we'll live happily."

"Do you intend to repaint the hall?"

"Everything you want, cream paint, four thicknesses. You won't know yourself."

"And a washbasin in the bathroom?"

"Sure."

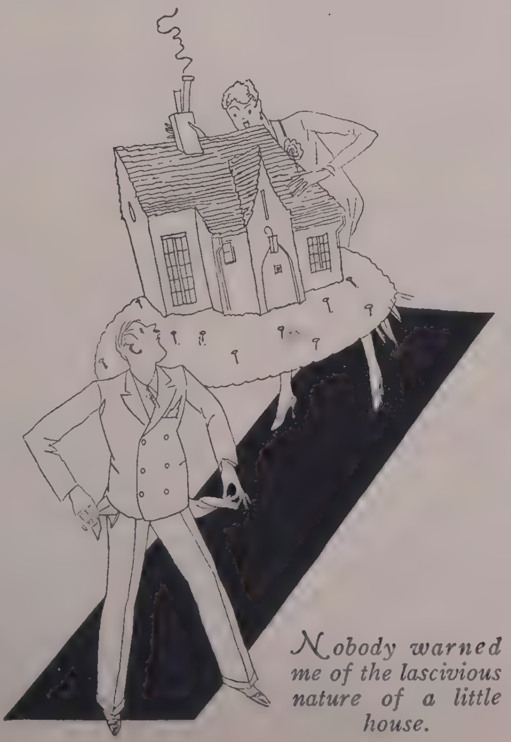
"And a new stair carpet?"

"Certes."

She flashed a smile and then went demure again.

I came back, expecting a genial reception. It was genial, but my heart sank at the difference between my dreams of this house's perfections and the sadness of the reality. So I was not surprised when a certain reserve seemed to have crept into her manner. I dug under all her complexes and pulled out the rather unpleasant news that, unaware of her defects, someone else was ravished with her—a Welshman—and that, as I had only a short lease, he was likely to buy over my head.

"With all the changes



Nobody warned me of the lascivious nature of a little house.

that you have in mind," she said, "I'm sure you'll never be satisfied with so short a lease. As for me, it's all the same to me. They say the Welshman is simply dying to get possession. He talks of nothing else and he is constantly walking up and down the road making eyes at me. Now they're foolish enough to say you'll let him have me. I know you are a determined character. I pay no attention to them. And besides, with all the improvements you have in mind. . . ."

"What improvements?"

"Why, surely you plan to repair the roof?"

"The roof's excellent."

"It's a very bad roof. Thirty-five broken tiles, and the chimneys all have to be reset. That accounts for the damp upstairs. And of course the damp in the dining room is a different thing. That's ground damp."

"Ground damp?"

"Yes, they forgot to put a damp course in me. It's like forgetting to put a diaphragm in a human being. Now they'll have to open me up and try to insinuate a new diaphragm."

"I'll chuck you," I said, but feebly. "I won't have you if they've omitted your diaphragm."

"You can't give me up so lightly," she said confidently. "I'm well painted for you. I'm beautifully papered with papers you chose yourself. But it is a pity that the damp is causing all these papers to peel off so quickly. It's a waste. You must see to the roof."

So it has gone on with Jezebel. She came to me in gingham, and now she wants silk and wool underwear, and four new parasols. She goes to bed with me, sits on my chest, harangues me into the night. She has a soft voice but a coarse will. I spent fifty dollars on a hand basin, and she insinuates, "I want another, just a little one, downstairs. Only cost sixty dollars. And what about an anthracite stove in the hall? What's a hundred and fifty dollars? You'll save that in wall paper, it's so dry."

My passion is not a grand passion. It's on rather suburban lines. But she exploits me to suit her vain and frivolous ways just as if she were Cleopatra.

Nobody warned me of the lascivious nature of a little house. Nobody told me of the lewd advances she would make to me, the desire for German stained glass, for Spanish pottery, for a Moroccan rug.

When I became involved with her, her air of simplicity fooled me. She plainly said, "You are the Master. I am your humble servant." And now she preens herself before me as if I were as servile as a looking-glass.

But that is not all. She has a new tactic.

In the dark hours of the night she says, "I am afraid of that Welshman. I don't like him. Why don't you make an honest house of me? Why don't *you* buy me?"

I say, "You little devil, you know I'm too poor."

And she answers, "But you've spent so much on me already. And I thought you thought you liked me."

◆

Third *of a* Series *of the* famous poems *of* "One-Poem Poets"

Waiting

By JOHN BURROUGHS

This only poem by the great naturalist is a beautiful expression of the rich spiritual peace of his life.

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

A strange search in the New York subways

The Man with the Good Face

By FRANK LUTHER MOTT

A subway express train roared into the Fourteenth Street station and came to a full stop, and the doors slid open. It was just at the lull of traffic, before the rush of the late afternoon, and the cars were only comfortably filled. As the train stopped, a small, unobtrusive man, sitting near one end of the third car, quickly rose from his seat on the side of the car facing the station platform, and peered through the opposite windows. All the way up from Wall Street this little man had sat quietly observing through his deep-set gray eyes every man or woman who had entered or left the car. His figure was slight, and the office pallor that overspread his serious face seemed to give to his eyes a singular intensity of gaze. Now he peered intently out at the people on the Fourteenth Street platform.

Suddenly his eyes dilated; he leaned toward the window, and raised both hands as if to shade his eyes. Then he turned and ran toward the door, which was sliding shut. The little man's face was white as chalk; his eyes were round and blazing with excitement. Against the protests of the guard, he squeezed through the door and made his escape just as the train was beginning to move. Heedless of the commotion he caused, the man dodged wildly across the platform toward a local, which stood there, gongs ringing and doors closing. For all his haste, the little man was too late to enter. He pounded on the glass of one of the closed doors imperiously.

"Next train," said the guard shortly.

"Let me on!" demanded the little man, waving his arms wildly. "Let me on! You have time!"

"Next train," repeated the guard.

The train began to move swiftly. The little man ran alongside, peering in through the windows at something or somebody inside.

"Look out!" called the guard, watching him.

The man, however, paid no attention to the warning. It is strange that he was not hurt as he ran blindly alongside the train. Perilously near the end of the platform he stopped short and put his hand to his head. The train thundered away, its colored rear-lights vanishing far-off in the black tunnel! Oblivious to the interest of the spectators, oblivious to all the hurrying and running and crowding as other trains roared into the underground station, the little man leaned limply against a pillar.

"He's gone!" he muttered to himself. "He's gone!"

For upward of twenty years Mr. James Neal had been a clerk in the offices of Fields, Jones & Houseman on Lower Broadway. Every day of these twenty-odd years, if we except Sundays and holidays, Mr. Neal had spent an hour and a half on subway trains. An hour and a half every day for more than twenty years he had spent in the great underground system of the Interborough. Its ceaseless roar benumbed his senses as he was hurtled from the Bronx, where he had a room, to the Imperial Building, where he worked, and back again. This, as he had often computed, amounted to fifty-eight and a half working days each year, or about two months' time. Such was the fee he paid to Time for the privilege of using other hours for working and living. It had seemed a cruel loss at first—this hour and a half from every working day—but that was in the early days of his experience in the city. Then he had been driven by boundless energy and hope—the same energy and the same hope that had brought him here from his little mid-western community in the first place. Year by year, however, as custom calloused him to the only part in life he seemed fit to play, he forgot about the waste of time in the Interborough cars. Destiny, he told himself, had hollowed out the subway as the rut in which his life was ordained to travel; destiny had condemned him inescapably to an underground roar.

He never confessed to anyone that he held the subway as the sign and symbol of the rut into which his life had grown. There was, indeed, nobody to whom he might impart such thoughts as he had about the deeper meanings of life. When Mr. Neal first came to Fields, Jones & Houseman's, timid and green from the country, he had been repelled by the lack of interest in his new problems on the part of his fellow clerks, and he had then put on for the first time that armor of indifference which now clung to him with the familiarity of an accustomed garment. Nor did he feel a greater kinship with the family in the Bronx with which he lodged. They were at pains not to annoy him, he kept apart from them.

Perhaps the pallid little clerk with the large gray eyes would have become very lonesome if he had not eventually found a real interest in life. This, then, was the manner and substance of his finding.

As he traveled back and forth on the subway morning and evening, day in and day out, week after week, he wasted the hours much more completely than most of his fellow travelers. The average subway passenger reads his newspaper and forgets the world; he knows by some sixth sense when the train has arrived at his station, and only then does he look up from his reading. Mr. Neal seldom read newspapers. The blatancy, the crassness of the daily prints revolted him. Perhaps there was another reason, too, which Mr. Neal himself did not realize; perhaps the settled selfishness which his manner of life had fixed upon him had destroyed a natural craving for the so-called "human interest" that is spread over the pages of the journals of the metropolis. He despised the little brawls aired in the papers, the bickerings of politics, the fights and strikes and broils of all humanity reflected in daily mirrors.

Self-deprived of the newspapers, it was natural that he should fall to watching the people on the cars. He got to studying faces. At first he did it unconsciously, and he had probably been analyzing features idly for years before he discovered and fully realized how extremely interesting this occupation was becoming. One half holiday he went up to the library and read a book on physiognomy, and after that he laid out his course of study carefully, classifying and laying away in his memory the various types of faces that he saw. He pursued his investigations in the detached, careful spirit of the scientist, but as time passed he was absorbingly interested. Every morning and every evening he worked in his laboratory — the subway trains.

F. L. Mott

THE FAMOUS EDITOR *of* Godey's Lady's Book *wrote in 1850 to delinquent subscribers:*

"*We are frequently asked for our autograph. There is one certain way of producing it: Remit us three dollars, and we will send it, affixed to a receipt, in our most flourishing style.*"

Frank Luther Mott, director of the school of Journalism of the University of Iowa, and President of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism, tells the above anecdote in the History of American Magazines *which he has recently completed. Dr. Mott not only knows more about magazine editing and writing than almost anyone in America: he himself edits an excellent literary magazine,* The Midland, *and writes exceptionally fine stories. For example,* "The Man with the Good Face."

He never had to stand up in the cars, for he boarded them, whether at one end of his trip or the other, before they were crowded; but as soon as crowds began to fill up the aisles he always gave up his seat. This naturally gained him repeated credit for courtesy, but the real reason for his apparent gallantry was that he could not see people's faces when he was sitting while others stood in the aisles. But when he hung to a strap and looked at the window in front of him, the blackness outside combined with the bright light of the car to make the glass of the windows an excellent mirror to reflect the faces of those who stood near him.

To classify faces according to nationality was not easy in the polyglot crowds of this East Side line. But Mr. Neal devised many schemes to help him. He watched the papers they read: everybody read papers! He even ventured when greatly curious, to ask a question of the object of his interest, so that the man might reveal his origin. Usually he was rebuffed, but sometimes he was successful. He read all the books on immigrants he could get his hands on. More than once he even followed a rare specimen—shadowed him to his work and there made guarded inquiries. Such investigations had several times made him late to work, so that his chief had made sarcastic remarks. The chief clerk at Fields, Jones & Houseman's was a tall, gaunt, old-young man with a hawk-like nose that carried eyeglasses perched perilously astride it, and he had a tongue that spit caustic. But the chief clerk's ugly words did not annoy Mr. Neal if his inquiry had been successful.

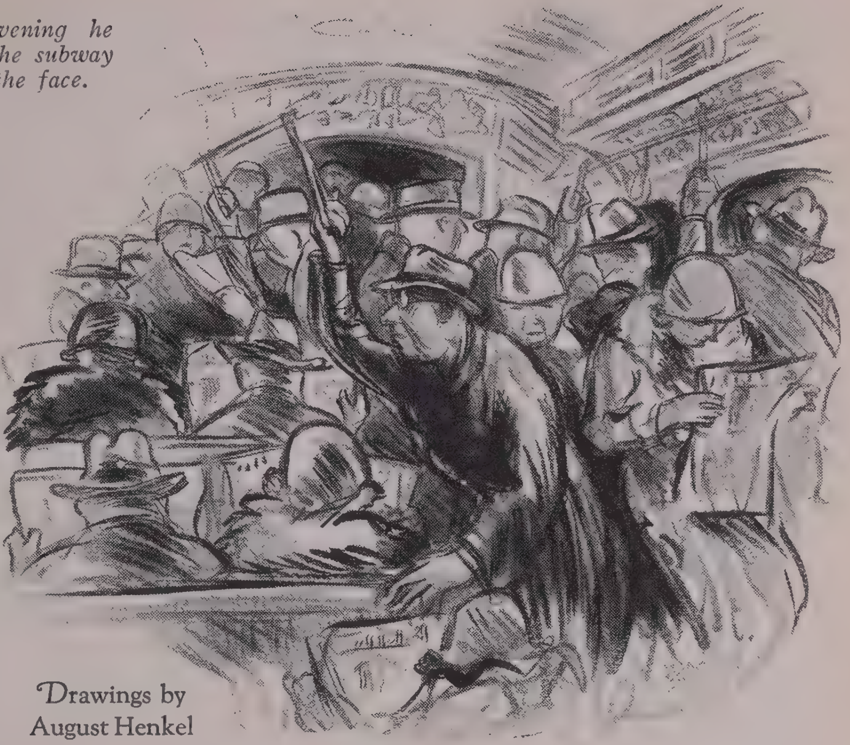
At length he became so skilful that he could separate the Slavic types into their various nationalities, and he could tell Polish, Lithuanian and Roumanian Jews apart. He could name the provinces from which Italians and Germans came with few errors.

But the most interesting set of categories, according to which he filed away the various faces he saw was that of their ruling passions. There was the scholar, the sport, the miser, the courtesan, the little shopkeeper, the clerk, the housewife, the artist, the brute, the hypocrite, the clergyman, the bar-hound, the gambler. The charm of this classification was that the categories were not mutually exclusive, and permitted infinite variation.

Mr. Neal became as devoted to this fascinating game as ever any enthusiast has been to billiards, golf, baseball or poker. He looked forward all day, while in the midst of the ancient grind of Fields, Jones & Houseman, to the moment when he could establish himself in a position of vantage on a subway car, and get back to his study of faces. All night long he dreamed of faces—faces wise and foolish, good and evil.

Yet more and more the ugliness in the subway faces oppressed Mr. Neal. Sometimes he looked into faces loosened by liquor and saw such an empty foulness looking out at him that he was heartsick. Then he would look at all the faces about him and see sin in manifold guise marking all of them. The sodden eyes of disillusion, the protruding underlip of lust, the flabby wrinkles of dissipation, the vacuous faces of women: it was a heartbreaking picture gallery.

Every face was stamped with the little passion peculiar to it—the mark of its peculiar spirit. The mouths, especially, betrayed the souls within. Somewhere Mr. Neal had once read weird stories of souls seen to escape from the bodies of dying persons, and always they had been seen to issue from the open mouths of the corpses. There was a singular appropriateness in this phenomenon, it seemed to Mr. Neal, *Every morning and evening he watched the people on the subway cars, and looked for the face.*



Drawings by August Henkel

for the soul stamped the mouth even before it marked the eyes. Lewd mouths, and cunning mouths, and hateful mouths there were aplenty. Even the mouths of children were old in evil.

"I'm sorry I've learned it," breathed Mr. Neal one day. "Now I must always look into a man's soul when I look into his face."

It was true. Men who could hide secret sins from bosom friends—even from their wives—were defenseless against this little clerk hanging to a strap—this man with the serious pale face and the large gray eyes who had learned by years of systematic observation to pierce every barrier of reserve.

His study and classification went on for several years before it occurred to him that there was one kind of face that he never saw—one type that he never found in all the Manhattan crowds. When he had first discovered that this face was missing he had called it "the good face"; and though he realized the insufficiency of this designation he could not think of a better, and the term stuck. It was not that he never saw faces with good qualities stamped upon them: he sometimes saw faces marked with benevolence, honesty and resolution, for example, and these were all good faces in a way. But they were not what Mr. Neal was looking for—what he searched for more intently with the passing months. He remembered the face of his own mother dimly through the years; it was a little like what he wanted to see here in the subway. He searched for simplicity, for transparent truth, for depth of spirituality, for meek strength and gentle power. But simplicity in the subway! Guileless transparency of any sort? Spirituality? Mockery!

The face he never saw became an obsession with Mr. Neal. He hunted for it in various parts of the city. He tried the Broadway line of the subway where the faces are notably pleasanter, more prosperous, more smug. But neither there nor about the Universities on Morningside Heights and on the banks of the Harlem, nor in Brooklyn, nor anywhere he looked, did he find the face he sought. He could always see it when he closed his eyes. At night he dreamed of it continually—of meeting it on the subway and looking into eyes of ineffable kindness.

It came finally to affect his life—this search for the unseen face. It gradually altered his attitude toward all his subway folk. He came to have a great pity for the ignorant, and pain filled his heart at all the marks of Cain he saw. He came to have an inexpressible hunger for the sight of spiritual quality lighting the faces of the people of the subway crowds. He did not express his hunger in words, as people do when they want to make a thing definite and tangible. It was perfectly clear and distinct to him when he closed his eyes; then he saw the face.

The time came when Mr. Neal could not sleep of nights for the evil faces that leered at him from every side out of the darkness. It was only when he slept that he could see, in his dreams, the "good face." Finally, he was driven to make a resolution. He would consciously seek for the good faces; evil ones he would pass over quickly. Thenceforward he was happier. As his train roared through the tunnels of night under New York, his eyes dwelt most upon the faces that were marked, however lightly, with the qualities that reached their united culmination in the "good face." He found his old faith in the perfectibility of man renewed, and he would keep his eyes closed so that he could see the face of his dreams.

SO MONTHS WENT ON, and joined together into years. Then, one day in the subway, with his eyes full open, James Neal suddenly saw the face! He had been going home in the evening quite as usual. The express train on which he was riding was ready to leave Fourteenth Street station when a tall man who was about to enter the local train standing at the other side of the station platform turned and looked directly at him. Mr. Neal's heart almost stopped beating. His eyes were blinded, and yet he saw the face so distinctly that he could never forget it. It was just as he had known it would be, and yet gentler and stronger. A moment Mr. Neal stood spellbound. The door of his own car was sliding shut; he leaped toward it, and, as we have already seen, squeezed through and ran toward the other train. Though he was too late to get in, still he could see the face within the moving car. Thinking about it later, as he did very, very often, he realized that he could not tell how the man with the "good face" was dressed; he could see only his face, and that for a moment only, as the local moved swiftly out of the station. Suddenly he found himself alone.

HE WENT HOME sick in spirit. As he lay in his bed that night, trying to go to sleep, he said to himself that if ever he should see the face again—and he prayed that he might—no merely physical barriers should keep him from seeking out the rare spirit that animated such features. Ah, but it had been much even to have seen that face; even that had been worth living for. At last he fell asleep peacefully.

The next morning Mr. Neal entered upon a new life. He had seen the face; it had not been a dream after all. He felt young again—not young with the ambition he had once felt so strongly, but glad and cleansed and strengthened by a sure faith in the supremacy of truth and goodness in the world. A happy smile lighted his serious face that morning; a faint flush touched the pallor of his cheeks; and his deep gray eyes were unusually luminous.

Even the roar of the subway did not pull his spirits down, and when he briskly entered the office of Fields, Jones & Houseman, the old-fashioned high desks and stools and all the worn, dingy furniture of the room seemed to the little clerk with the shining face to be strangely new. The chief clerk, sitting at a dusty old roll-top desk in the corner, looked up at Mr. Neal sharply as he entered. The chief clerk always looked up sharply. There was a preternatural leanness about the chief clerk which was accentuated by his sharp hawk's nose, and when he looked up quickly from his position hunched over his desk, his sharp little eyes pierced his subordinate through and through, and his glasses, perched halfway down his nose, trembled from the quickness of his movements.

"Morning!" he said briefly, and dived down again into his work, with his shoulders humped.

But Mr. Neal was more expansive.

"Good morning!" he called, so cheerily that the whole office felt the effect of his good humor.

A young man with a very blond pompadour was just slipping into a worn office coat.

"Well, Mr. Neal!" he exclaimed. "I swear you're getting younger every day!"

Mr. Neal laughed happily as he changed his own coat and climbed upon his familiar stool. His desk neighbor turned and regarded him good-naturedly.

"He'll be running off and getting married pretty soon," prophesied the neighbor, for the benefit of the whole office force.

Mr. Neal laughed again.

"You're judging me by your own case, Bob," he rejoined. Then in a lower tone, "That romance of yours, now—how is it coming?"

That was enough to cause the young man to pour into Mr. Neal's willing ear all the latest developments of Bob's acquaintance with the only girl in the world.

For a long time Mr. Neal lived in daily hope of seeing the face again. He got into the habit of changing to a local at Fourteenth Street because it was at that station he had seen the face before, but he caught not a glimpse of any face resembling the one that he could see at any time he closed his eyes. Yet he was not discouraged. He was happy, because he felt that something big and noble had come into his life—that now he had something to live for. It was only a question of time, he told himself, until he should find the face. It was but a question of time—and he could wait.

So the weeks and months passed by. Mr. Neal never relaxed his search for the face; it had become a part of his life. There was no monotony in his great game. He always found new faces interesting to classify, some unusual combination, some degree of emotional development he had not seen before. But *the* face—never.

Until one Saturday half-holiday in December. This is the way it happened.

Mr. Neal employed this particular half-holiday at Columbus Park. Long ago he had found this park, adjoining Chatham Square and near Chinatown, Mulberry Bend, and the Bowery, a great gathering place for the lower types of humanity, and such half-holidays as he did not spend at the library studying Lombroso, Darwin, Piderit, Lavater, and other physiognomists, he usually employed at Columbus Park. Sometimes he wandered over to Hester Street, or up Orchard or some other Ghetto street off Delancey, or sometimes he spent a few hours in Battery Park or in the tenement district of the lower West Side. On this particular Saturday he found Columbus Park less populous than it had been on his last visit a month before, for many of its habitués had sought warmer climes. The weather was seasonably cold, and Mr. Neal felt really sorry for some of the old, broken-down men and women he saw.

Toward the end of the short December afternoon, he found an old man, shaking with the cold, huddled up on one of the benches of the park. The haggard, unshaven face told the usual story of the derelict, but something in the face—perhaps the abject fear that glowered in the eyes—sounded before he knew it the depths of pity in the little clerk's heart. Mr. Neal tried to talk to him, but there was no ready beggar's tale to be poured into the ears of benevolence; there was only fear of the cold, and of misery, and of death. Yielding suddenly to an impulse so strong that it bore down all thoughts of prudence, Mr. Neal slipped out of his own overcoat and put it about the man's threadbare shoulders, and then hurried off toward the Worth Street station of the subway.

The wintry breeze chilled him as he hastened along, a slight figure in worn business suit, leaning against the wind, but his heart was warm and light within him. Down he hurried into the subway station, and dropped his tithe of tribute into the multiple maw of the Interborough. The train was thundering in, its colored lights growing momentarily brighter as they came down the black tunnel. The train was crammed to the doors, for it was the rush hour and even down here the trains were crowded. Mr. Neal edged into the nearest door and then squirmed over to a place against the opposite door in the vestibule, where he could see people as they came out.

The train shot again into the dark tunnels. A thousand men and women were being hurtled at terrific thundering speed, by some strange power but half understood, through the black corridors of the night that reigned under old Manhattan, to some unseen goal. It was magnificent; it was colossal; but it was uncanny. Mr. Neal had always been moved by the romance of the subway, but tonight, in his elevation of spirit, it seemed something of epic quality, full of a strange, unreal grandeur. Faint red lights here and there revealed nothing of the tunnel; they but lent mystery to dimly seen arches and darkling bastions, fleeting by the roaring train.

They stopped a minute at Canal Street, and more people pushed into the overcrowded car, and then the train was off again. The man pushing against Mr. Neal was heavy-jowled as a prize-fighter, but if ever he had followed the ring, his fighting days were over now. Good feeding had done for him; he breathed heavily in the fetid atmosphere of the car. He was almost squeezing the breath out of the little man with a heavy red mustache who stood just behind him. The red mustache made the little man's face seem out of proportion; there was not enough of chin to make a proper balance.

At Spring Street two fat and elderly women struggled to get off.

"Let 'em off!" came the admonition of the guard.

Those about the women made every effort to give them room, but at the best they had a hard fight to make their way out. Both the women were modishly dressed, and their complexions were correctly made. There was, too, that hardness about the mouths of both of them that Mr. Neal found in the faces of most of the women he saw—a hardness that even the stress of effort to get out of the car could not disturb. When they finally got out, others crowded in.

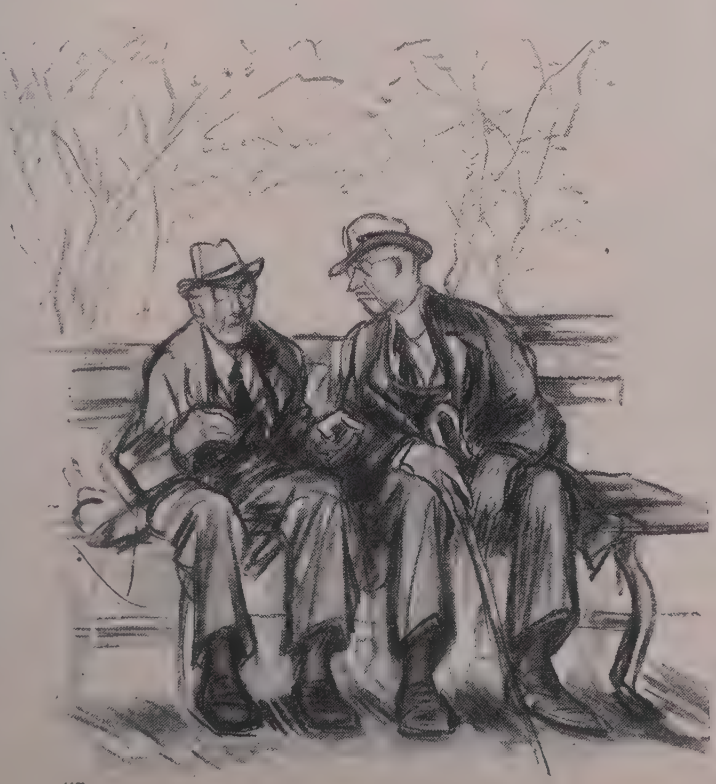
Mr. Neal was happy, and he looked about him to find other happy faces. But they were nowhere to be seen; the faces were stolid, or indifferent, or intent, or vacuous. None of them was glad. If their mouths would only turn up at the corners! Well, it was the same old story. Mouths that turned up at the corners were seldom met with in Mr. Neal's book of subway faces.

Bleecker Street, and a worse jam than ever, but there was encouragement in the thought that Fourteenth Street would soon relieve the pressure. Two girls crowded on at Bleecker, amid shrill laughter and many smothered exclamations. Their lips were carmined and their eyes bold. Every swerve of the train brought giggles or stifled screams from them.

As the train was slowing down for Astor Place station an express train passed it, speeding for Fourteenth Street. Mr. Neal turned with an effort (for he was wedged in tightly) and looked through the glass door at the brightly lighted cars as they passed, and then slowly gained upon, his own train. The express was crowded too, with people standing in the aisles, hanging to straps. The faces were very clearly distinguishable in the bright light; and Mr. Neal, strangely excited at this rapid panorama of faces, saw each one distinctly. Suddenly he leaned forward, close to the glass. He saw it! The face! It was there! But it was gone in a moment. It had been like a flash in the dark tunnel. His own train had come to a jarring stop, and the express was only thunder in the distance.

Mr. Neal felt that he must rush out of the car, must get out into the open. But the big prize-fighter still pressed against him, and in a moment they were rushing on again into the darkness.

Now the clerk had no eyes for the occupants of his car. His face was pressed against the glass door. He saw, out there in the darkness, that serenely beautiful face, beatific, transcendent. And even as he looked, he saw again the rear-lights of the express. They were going to overtake it—to pass it again. It had been halted by the block signals of the train ahead, perhaps, at any rate, it was now moving slowly. As the local shot by, the panorama of faces was unfolded much more rapidly than it had been before, but Mr. Neal caught a glimpse of the face once more. It looked directly at him, as it had before, and he thought that it even smiled upon him a little.



"I *felt I must tell you . . . I saw him again last night.*"

The little clerk was greatly excited. As soon as the local had come to a stop at the Fourteenth Street station and the doors had been opened, he darted out and hurried to the other side of the platform. There he stood leaning out to watch for the approach of the express. In a moment it came rumbling in quite as usual, mechanically and regularly, and the doors slid open to allow the flood of people to pour out. Mr. Neal squirmed through the crowd, looking in at the windows and watching the people coming out; but he did not see the face, and, frantic lest he should lose it once more, he crowded into one of the cars again at the last minute. He tried at first to pass through the train searching for the man with the "good face," but the guards rebuffed him, and the usually good-natured crowd was provoked to impatience by his squirming efforts; and he himself soon became so exhausted in his attempt that he gave it up. At Grand Central station he again hurried out upon the platform to watch the crowds getting off. The gong had begun to ring again when he caught sight of a tall figure mounting a short flight of stairs toward the upper platform, and he immediately knew that there was the man he sought. The face was turned away, yet he thought he could not be mistaken. He rushed toward the stairway, bumping into others so many times in his haste that he really made little speed. When he reached the top of the stairs he looked about. For one heartsick moment he thought he had lost the man after all. Then, away across the station, near one of the exits, he saw the tall figure again. The man was leaving the station, and as he passed out, for a moment he turned his face toward the crowd within; and Mr. Neal knew then that he had not been mistaken.

To the little clerk it seemed an age before he could reach the exit through which the tall figure had passed. He ran around people and dodged and ducked, oblivious of the curious watching of the crowd. At last he gained the exit. The tall man was nowhere to be seen.

When First My Way

By A. E. HOUSMAN

When first my way to fair I took
Few pence in purse had I,
And long I used to stand and look
At things I could not buy.

Now times are altered: if I care
To buy a thing, I can;
The pence are here and here's the fair;
But where's the lost young man?

—To think that two and two are four
And neither five nor three;
The heart of man has long been sore
And long 'tis like to be.

Mr. Neal found himself on Forty-Second Street, east of Fourth Avenue. It was night, and the December wind pierced his clothing and cut to his very bones like a knife. He buttoned his sack coat up tightly and turned up the collar. He decided to walk east down Forty-Second Street, in the hope of seeing the face again. He walked very rapidly, impelled both by the desire to keep as warm as possible, and the thought that whatever chance he had of finding the man would be lost if he did not hurry.

As he stood for a moment on the curb before crossing Lexington Avenue, halted by a long string of passing automobiles, he thought he saw the tall man at about the middle of the next block. Taking his life in his hands, he scurried across the street, dodging in and out among the vehicles with the curses of drivers in his ears. But he got across safely, and now he was certain that he had been right: there was the tall figure he could not mistake. Now he gained on the man, who turned south into Third Avenue. As Mr. Neal breathlessly turned the corner he saw the tall man mounting the stoop of a shabby four-story apartment house a little way down the street. About to enter, he turned his face toward the running clerk, and even by the dim light at the entrance to the dingy house, Mr. Neal could see how ineffably spiritual and strong the face was. Joy filled the little clerk's heart so full that tears came to his eyes. At last he was to meet the man with the "good face"—after so long! He managed to find breath to call out.

"I say!" he shouted.

But he was too late, for the door had closed almost before the words left his mouth.

Leaping up the steps, he found that the door was not locked, and he entered a dark hallway. He heard a step on the landing above, and called out again, but there was no answer. He hurried up the creaking stairs, but he was just in time to see the first door on his left closed silently but firmly.

Mr. Neal hesitated. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead, which was damp with perspiration. Then he rang the bell.

The hallway was dimly lighted with one small gas jet over against the discolored wall. Mr. Neal waited. Presently he heard footsteps. Then the door was opened and a flood of warm light poured into the dim little hall. A short, white-bearded old man stood in the doorway. He seemed the very personification of serene happiness, and over his shoulder peered an old lady whose face was lighted by the same kindly joy. There was an atmosphere of quiet goodness about them both; it flooded out into the hallway as sensibly as the glow of light itself. The old couple looked questioningly at Mr. Neal. The little clerk was somewhat embarrassed about his strange mission.

"I—I wanted to see the gentleman who just came in here," he said.

The white-bearded old man seemed surprised.

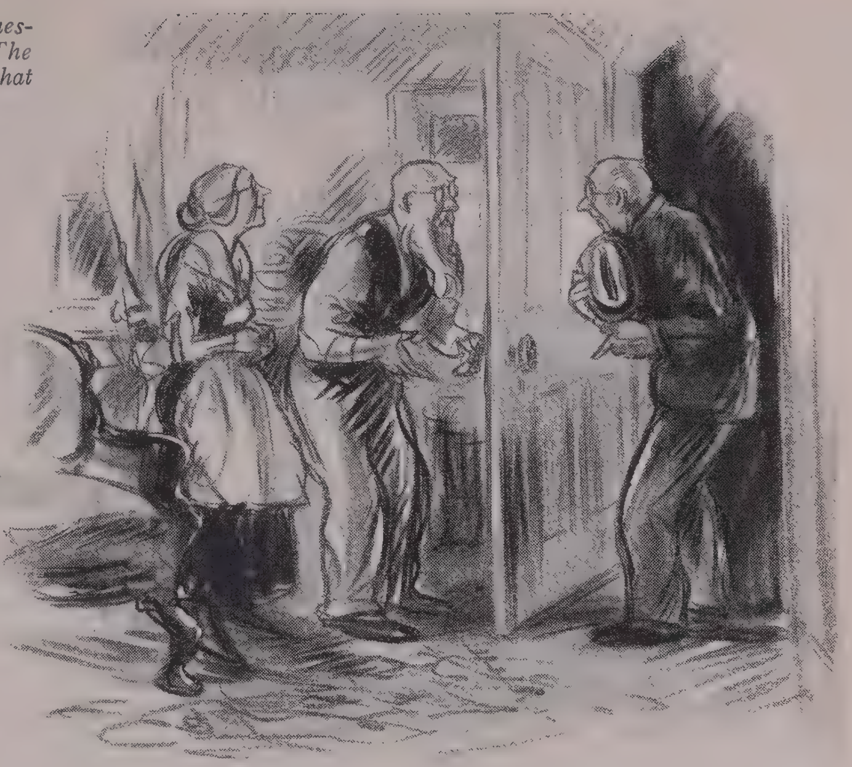
"Why, nobody has come in here," he said in a gentle voice. "Not since I came home over an hour ago."

"Oh, the tall man, with—with——"

"But nobody has come in, sir," reiterated the old man.

"Just now, you know," insisted Mr. Neal. "A tall man—"

A shadow crossed the old man's face—a shade of alarm. The woman withdrew a little. Some of the happiness seemed to leave their faces, allowing the



The old couple looked questioningly at Mr. Neal. The little clerk was somewhat embarrassed.

wrinkles of age to show themselves.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," the old man said slowly, "but we two are alone here. There is no tall man here, I assure you. Please——"

"But haven't you a lodger?" asked Mr. Neal hopefully. "This was a very tall man; that was the reason I could see him so well in the subway. He has a good face—a really wonderful face——"

Mr. Neal hesitated a moment, realizing that he had been led to reveal his secret to one who might not understand.

Pity came into the old gentleman's eyes.

"Ah," he said, and nodded. "If I could be of any help to you—— Would you come in?"

"Didn't he come in here, really? Hasn't a tall man been here?"

"Nobody is here, sir, but us. But if I could do anything for you, I'd be glad to."

Mr. Neal saw that the old gentleman thought he was dealing with a demented man; he saw, too, that the denial was an honest one.

"Thank you," said Mr. Neal. "No. I must be going. I am very sorry I troubled you."

The old man bade him a cheery goodnight, but he looked after Mr. Neal in solicitude as the clerk went slowly down the steps.

The air was bitter cold outside, and Mr. Neal realized for the first time that he did not have his overcoat. He shivered.

Hunching his shoulders up against the blast, he hurried back to the subway.

Heartbreaking though his disappointment was, Mr. Neal was not embittered. There was one thing that he knew now beyond all cavil or doubt: he knew that he should find the man with the good face. He knew that he should eventually meet him somewhere, sometime, and come to know him. How Mr. Neal longed for that time words cannot describe, but his settled faith that his desire would one day be fulfilled kept him tranquil and happy. Why should he be impatient? Perhaps today, or tomorrow—perhaps in this car he was entering, perhaps just around the next corner—he would see the face.

"It will be soon," he would say to himself. "I know it will be soon."

The beggars in front of the Imperial building came to know the little clerk and thank him in advance for his alms. The elevator men and the newsies came to watch for him. Mr. Neal himself took an interest in everybody. He formed the habit of watching crowds wherever they were greatest, partly because thereby his chance of discovering the face was enhanced, and partly because crowds thrilled him. What a tremendous mass of emotions—hopes, fears, ambitions, joys, sorrows—were in these thousand faces swirling about him in ceaseless tide! They were all individuals; that was the wonder of it! All were individuals with personalities of their own, with their own lives to live and their own problems to think out. He would like to help them all.

MR. NEAL AT LAST formed the acquaintance of the members of the family with whom he had lodged so long. One evening just outside his room he met a red-cheeked boy whom he supposed to be the son of his landlord, and it came to him with a shock that he scarcely knew these people under whose roof he had lived for many years. The boy seemed surprised and a little frightened when Mr. Neal tried to talk to him, and the clerk resolved there and then to make amends for past neglect. The very next evening he made an excuse to visit the father of the household. A fine hearty fellow he found him, sitting in the kitchen with his stockinged feet up on a chair, smoking an old clay pipe and reading the evening paper. Mr. Neal learned he was a hard-working teamster. The man seemed pleased with his lodger's attentions, and invited him to come again, and Mr. Neal did come again and often, for he liked his landlord from the start. There were three children, two of them pictures of health, but the third had a twisted leg.

Mr. Neal became a veritable member of the household, and when he discovered from a chance remark of the father that they were saving money, penny by penny, to buy a brace for the crooked leg, he insisted on "loaning" the money to make up the balance still lacking.

"Funny thing," commented the teamster one evening. "We used to think you wasn't human exactly." He laughed heartily. "Gotta get acquainted with a guy, ain't you?"

Then his wife, a thin, washed-out little woman, embarrassed the little clerk greatly by saying gravely:

"Mr. Neal, you're a good man."

In the same vein was the comment of the office force at Fields, Jones & Houseman's on the occasion of Arnold's injury in the elevator accident, when Mr. Neal took up a collection for the injured man, heading the subscription himself.

"Funny thing," exclaimed the chief clerk to a stenographer as they were leaving the office that afternoon. "Funny thing: when I first came here James Neal was close as a clam; never a word out of him. Paid no attention to anybody, all gloom. Now look at him helping everybody! Best old scout in the office!"

As he nodded his head in emphasis, his eyeglasses trembled on his nose—but they stuck.

"I've not got a better friend in the whole town than James Neal, and I know it," he added, "and I guess that's true of everybody in the office."

It was true that Mr. Neal and the chief clerk had become fast friends. They had come to spend their Sundays together, and even to share confidences, and so it was natural that when Mr. Neal saw the face for the third time he should be moved to tell his friend about it. This telling of his secret was epochal in Mr. Neal's life.

The two men sat on a bench in a more or less secluded part of Bronx Park. Mr. Neal looked off among the trees as he told the story of the face hesitatingly, often in difficulty for the right word, the light of the mystic in his glowing eyes. The chief clerk listened attentively, his cane across his knee, his lean face serious. His eyes bored into the very mind of his friend with their keen gaze. When Mr. Neal told of his failure to find the man with the good face in the house on Third Avenue, his friend shook his head definitely.

"No!" he said. "No! I'll tell you what it is: it is what they call a hallucination."

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Neal calmly. "It is real, John. There's no doubt it's real."

The chief clerk shook his head sharply again, and there was a pause.

"I felt I must tell you," resumed Mr. Neal at length, "because I saw him again last night."

His friend looked quickly at the little clerk, who gazed away among the trees, his eyes luminous.

"I saw him in the Pennsylvania subway station, and I followed him out. There was no doubt about it: I saw his face. He went down Eighth Avenue, and I saw him turn in at a door. I wasn't far behind him. The door was right next to a pawnshop. It was unlatched, and I went in. I found myself in a dark hallway, but toward the other end there was light coming from a half opened door. I was excited, John. Tremendously. You see, John, it was the great experience of my life—no wonder I was trembling.

"I stepped quietly back to where the light was, and looked into the room that it came from. What do you think I saw, John? There was a young mother and two fresh-cheeked boys; one of the boys was reading at the table, and the other one sat in a low chair at his mother's knee and she was talking to him—telling him stories, I think. The room was poor, John, but the mother's face! It was wonderful! It reminded me of my own mother's. There is just one word to describe it, John: it was a Madonna's face—a Madonna of Eighth Avenue!"

Mr. Neal paused and glanced at his friend. The chief clerk said nothing, but dug at the turf with his stick.

"But the tall man was not there," resumed Mr. Neal. "I knocked at the door and asked about him. The woman didn't know; no man was in their rooms, she said. She was a poor widow. She wanted to know how I got in. I could see I was frightening her, so I left, and I could hear the door locked behind me."

The little clerk sighed, and passed his hand over his eyes.

His friend rose suddenly.

"Come," he said. "Let's walk—and talk about something else."

This was but the first of many talks the two clerks had about the face. Mr. Neal's friend became more and more sympathetic toward the quest. One afternoon Mr. Neal detained the chief clerk as he was leaving the office after work. The little clerk's eyes were very serious, and his voice was low as he said:

"John, I know that I am going to find him very soon. I know it."

"How do you know it?" asked the chief clerk. "Something—well—psychic?"

"Oh, no. It's not mysterious. It's just a—a certainty, John. I know I shall find him very, very soon."

"Well, you know—" and the chief clerk looked at Mr. Neal steadily, "you know that I—I should like to know him, too."

Mr. Neal wrung his friend's hand. They went down together in the elevator, and parted. Mr. Neal hurried down into his subway station. There were not many waiting on the platforms. Far down the black tunnels in either direction the little white lights glimmered. The echoing silence of a great cave was in the station. Then suddenly the red and green lights of a train appeared far away; then a rumble and a roar, the doors of the train slid open and Mr. Neal stepped in. All the way home he kept his eyes shut. The hurtling roar, the crush of people growing greater as they approached the great business sections, the calls of the guards, did not disturb Mr. Neal. He kept his eyes closed so he might see the face.

It was about one o'clock of the next day that the accident occurred of which James Neal was the victim. He had been trying to cross the street in defiance of traffic regulations, and had been struck by a heavily loaded truck and knocked down, with some injury to his skull. He had been taken, unconscious, to St. Cecilia's Hospital.

Little work was done by the clerks of Fields, Jones

& Houseman that afternoon. One of the clerks had seen the accident; indeed he had been talking to Mr. Neal just before the latter had rushed into the street. He had seen the little clerk suddenly raise his hand and point across the street.

"I see it! There he is!" Mr. Neal had said in a voice exultant with joy, and then he had dodged into the traffic, reckless of life and limb.

The chief clerk was greatly distressed. He could not work. He would sit with his lank form huddled up in his office chair, gazing fixedly over his eyeglasses at nothing in particular. About two o'clock he bethought himself to look up in the telephone directory the family with whom Mr. Neal lodged and to inform them of the accident. The whole office force listened to the conversation over the telephone, and heard the chief's voice break as he told of the seriousness of the injury. Then the chief clerk shut his books sharply, clapped on his street coat and rusty straw hat, and set out for the hospital.

Long before the chief clerk arrived at the hospital, a white-coated doctor, standing momentarily in a doorway of the ward in which Mr. James Neal lay, met a nurse coming out. The doctor's face was such a one as would have delighted Mr. Neal if he had been able to see it. It was a benevolent face. A profound knowledge of the problems of humanity had marked it with a depth of understanding, and withal, a kindliness and sympathy, that made it worthy a second and a third glance in any company, however distinguished that company might be.

"How about the skull fracture?" asked the doctor in a low voice, as the nurse was passing out.

"He is dead," said the nurse.

"When?" asked the doctor.

"Just now. I just left him."

"There was no chance," said the doctor.

The nurse was about to pass on when the doctor detained her.

"That tall man," he said, "who was with him: where has he gone?"

The nurse looked at the doctor in surprise.

"There was no one with him but me," she said.

"Oh, yes," said the doctor. "I saw a man bending over the bed—a very tall man with a remarkable face. I wondered who he could be."

The nurse turned, and with the doctor looked over toward the bed where the body of James Neal lay.

"That is strange," said the nurse.

"I saw him there," said the doctor, "just as you were leaving the patient; now he is gone."

"Queer! I saw no one," said the nurse, and moved away to attend to other duties.

The doctor walked over to the bed where the body of the little clerk lay.

"It *is* strange," he mused. "I surely saw him—the most beautiful face I ever saw."

Then he looked down at what had been James Neal.

"He was very fortunate," said the doctor in a low tone, "to die with a face like that looking into his."

There was a smile on the death-white lips of the little clerk.

Men's Thoughts on Women

I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT that there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are women than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjustment of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery and their greatest drudgery the preparations of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women. . . . —JOSEPH ADDISON.

Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. Their natural passion for being loved, beloved even, their unwillingness to give a denial, the excitement of mind produced by an affair of gallantry, all these make them imagine they are in love when they are only coquetting.

In love the one who is first cured is best cured.

All women are flirts. Some are restrained by timidity, some by reason.

The greatest miracle of love is the reformation of a coquette.

Jealousy is born with love, but does not always die with it.

—FRANÇOIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

An unfaithful woman is a woman who has ceased to love.

A lighthearted woman is a woman who already loves another.

A fickle woman is a woman who does not know whether she loves or not, nor whom!

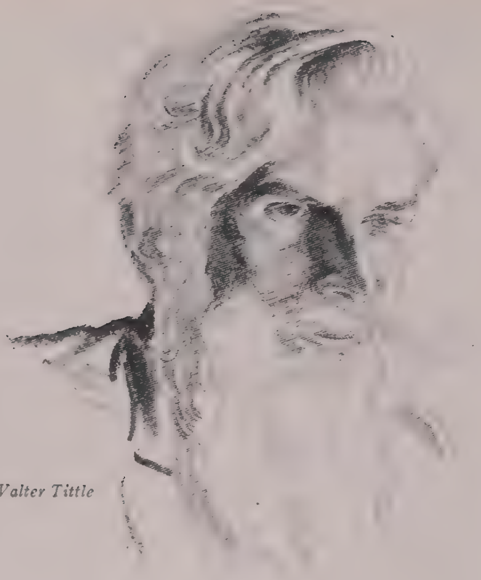
From the age of thirteen to the age of twenty-one a girl wishes she were beautiful; afterwards, she wishes she were a man.

Women go to extremes. They are better—or worse—than men.

Women go further than men, in love, but men make better friends.

It is because of men that women dislike one another.

—JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.



First of a series by the contemporary thinkers who have most changed the mind of modern man, and who are the potential classics of the future.

What have our leaders of modern thought to say?

¶ *A*MONG *those who have most greatly influenced modern life Havelock Ellis is a prominent and arresting figure. He is one of the great social philosophers of our day—the philosopher of love.*

To the complex modern problems of the relations of the sexes he has brought a scientific, sane, and courageous attitude. Since a time when to do so brought down upon him a breathless and displeased public opinion, he has been writing about the many phases of sex with honesty, intelligence, and beauty.

This serene and happy gentleman of 71—now secure in the affection and honor of thousands to whom his doctrine of beauty in nature has brought inspiration—has served a long apprenticeship. He was born in Croyden, England, in 1859, of seafaring folk, and went first to teach in Australia. In 1877 he returned to England to study medicine, to edit books, to write criticism. In 1890 The New Spirit *appeared, followed by other pioneer volumes in a new social criticism and a new morality: Scientific studies such as* Man and Woman; *philosophical and critical essays such as* Affirmations, Little Essays of Love and Virtue, Sex in Relation to Society *and* Impressions and Comments. *Finally the magnificent* Dance of Life, *published when Ellis was 64, culminated his philosophy of living as a happy art.*

I. HAVELOCK ELLIS

ELLIS HAS SURVEYED the sexual world of men and women more wisely than any one else and he has presented his observations in masterly order. Yet it is not a vast collection of details, however well classified, that is his greatest contribution to contemporary civilization. Primarily, he has given us a new perspective, a decent way of looking at the poisoned and slandered heart of experience.

He has seen that the most exotic anomalies are marvelously human, not to be blindly dismissed as "perverse" or "unnatural." He has traced to their primordial roots the finest dreams and desires, without degrading them. He has, to an immeasurable degree, taken the leer out of love's language. In dealing with clouded tabooed questions, it is easy to be seductive or terrifying or anemically neutral. It is easy to be a preacher or a procurer, to win crude condemnation or approval. It is not easy to be persistently and passionately curious, to compel sympathetic understanding in a realm of antique shadows and imagined monsters. That is the method as well as the magic of Havelock Ellis. Those who know him, those who read him, acquire not only new facts but a new vision. . . .

He is not bewildered about religion, overawed by science and obsessed with sex. He is not made cynical by man's animal origin and dusty end. . . . Under the grim sea-oaks besides Sparkes Creek he passed beyond the dilemmas and antitheses which have enfeebled the modern mind. He passed from an alien world to the World of Beauty, as a Living Whole which no doctrine of mechanism or logical analysis can destroy. Since then he has walked his serene path alone, not so much an eclectic who puts things imperfectly together as a mystic who cannot see things apart; not so much a descendant of Goethe as a more articulate Blake, who has blended the fires within his soul and made his work a genuine Marriage of Heaven and Hell.

—HOUSTON PETERSON.

Husbands *and* Wives

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

It has always been common to discuss the psychology of women. The psychology of men has usually been passed over, whether because it is too simple or too complicated. But the marriage question today is much less the wife-problem than the husband-problem. Women in their personal and social activities have been slowly expanding along lines which are now generally accepted. But there has been no marked change of responsive character in the activities of men. Hence a defective adjustment of men and women, felt in all sorts of subtle as well as grosser ways, most felt when they are husband and wife, and sometimes becoming acute.

It is necessary to make clear that, as is here assumed at the outset, "man" and "husband" are not quite the same thing, even when they refer to the same person. No doubt that is also true of "woman" and "wife." A woman in her quality as woman may be a different kind of person from what she is in her function as wife. But in the case of a man the distinction is more marked. One may know a man well in the world as a man and not know him at all in his home as a husband; not necessarily that he is unfavorably revealed in the latter capacity. It is simply that he is different.

The explanation is not really far to seek. A man in the world is in vital response to the influences around him. But a husband in the home is playing a part which was created for him long centuries before he was born. He is falling into a convention, which, indeed, was molded to fit many masculine human needs but has become rigidly traditionalized. Thus the part no longer corresponds accurately to the player's nature nor to the circumstances under which it has to be played.

In the marriage system which has prevailed in our world for several thousand years, a certain hierarchy, or sacred order in authority, has throughout been recognized. The family has been regarded as a small state of which the husband and father is head. Classic paganism and Christianity differed on many points, but they were completely at one on this. The Roman system was on a patriarchal basis and continued to be so theoretically even when in practise it came to allow great independence to the wife. Christianity, although it allowed complete spiritual freedom to the individual, introduced no fundamentally new theory of the family, and, indeed, reinforced the old theory by regarding the family as a little church of which the husband was the head. Just as Christ is the head of the Church, St. Paul repeatedly asserted, so the husband is the head of the wife; therefore, as it was constantly argued during the Middle Ages, a man is bound to rule his wife. St. Augustine, the most influential of Christian Fathers, even said that a wife should be proud to consider herself as the servant of her husband, his *ancilla,* a word that had in it the suggestion of slave. That was the underlying assumption throughout the Middle Ages, for the Northern Germanic peoples, having always been accustomed to wife-purchase before their conversion, had found it quite easy to assimilate the Christian view. Protestantism, even Puritanism with its associations of spiritual revolt, so far from modifying the accepted attitude, strengthened it, for they found authority for all social organization in the Bible, and the Bible revealed an emphatic predominance of the Jewish husband, who possessed essential rights to which the wife had no claim. Milton, who had the poet's sensitiveness to the loveliness of woman, and the lonely man's feeling for the solace of her society, was yet firmly assured of the husband's superiority over his wife. He has indeed furnished the classical picture of it in Adam and Eve,

> "He for God only, she for God in him,"

and to that God she owed "subjection," even though she might qualify it by "sweet reluctant amorous delay." This was completely in harmony with the legal position of the wife. As a subject she was naturally in subjection; she owed her husband the same loyalty as a subject owes the sovereign; her disloyalty to him was termed a minor form of treason; if she murdered him the crime was legally worse than murder and she rendered herself liable to be burnt.

The husband seats himself on the ancient domestic throne.

We see that all the influences on our civilization, religious and secular, southern and northern, have combined to mold the underlying bony structure of our family system in such a way that, however it may appear softened and disguised on the surface, the husband is the head and the wife subject to him. We must not be supposed hereby to deny that the wife has had much authority, many privileges, considerable freedom, and in individual cases much opportunity to domineer, whatever superiority custom or brute strength may have given the husband. There are henpecked husbands, it has been remarked, even in aboriginal Australia. It is necessary to avoid the error of those enthusiasts for the emancipation of women who, out of their eager faith in the future of women, used to describe her past as one of scarcely mitigated servitude and hardship. If women had not constantly succeeded in overcoming or eluding the difficulties that beset them in the past, it would be foolish to cherish any faith in their future. It must, moreover, be remembered that the very constitution of that ecclesiastico-feudal hierarchy which made the husband supreme over the wife, also made the wife jointly with her husband supreme over their children and over their servants. The Middle Ages, alike in England and in France, as doubtless in Christendom generally, accepted the rule laid down in Gratian's *Decretum*, the great mediæval text-book of Canon Law, that "the husband may chastise his wife temperately, for she is of his household," but the wife might chastise her daughters and her servants, and she sometimes exercised that right in ways that we should nowadays think scarcely temperate.

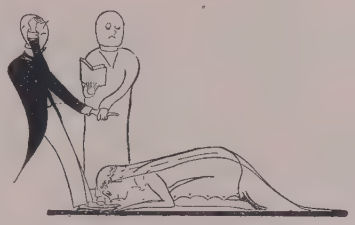
On the whole, the fundamental traditions of our western world concerning the duties of husbands and wives are well summed up in what Pollock and Maitland term "that curious cabinet of antiquities, the marriage ritual of the English Church." Here we find that the husband promises to love and cherish the wife, but she promises not only to love and cherish but also to obey him, though, it may be noted, this point was not introduced into English marriage rites until the fourteenth century, when the wife promised to be "buxom" (which then meant submissive) and "bonair" (courteous and kind), while in some French and Spanish rites it has never been introduced at all. But we may take it to be generally implied. In the final address to the married couple the priest admonishes the bride that the husband is the head of the wife, and that her part is submission. In some more ancient and local rituals this point was further driven home, and on the delivery of the ring the bride knelt and kissed the bridegroom's right foot. In course of time this was modified, at all events in France, and she simply dropped the ring, so that her motion of stooping was regarded as for the purpose of picking it up. I note that change for it is significant of the ways in which we modify the traditions of the past, not quite abandoning them but pretending that they have other than the fundamental original motives. We see just the same thing in the use of the ring, which was in the first place a part of the bride-price, frequently accompanied by money, proof that the wife had been duly purchased. It was thus made easy to regard the ring as really a golden fetter. That idea soon became offensive, and the new idea was originated that the ring was a pledge of affection; thus, quite early in some countries, the husband also wore a wedding ring.

The marriage order illustrated by the Anglican Book of Common Prayer has never been definitely broken; it is a part of our living tradition today. But during recent centuries it has been overlaid by the growth of new fashions and sentiments which have softened its hard outlines to the view. It has been disguised, notably during the eighteenth century, by the development of a new feeling of social equality, chiefly initiated in France, which, in an atmosphere of public intercourse largely regulated by women, made the ostentatious assertion of the husband's headship over his wife displeasing and even ridiculous. Then, especially in the nineteenth century, there began another movement, chiefly initiated in England and carried further in America, which affected the foundations of the husband's position from beneath. This movement consisted in a great number of legislative measures and judicial pronouncements and administrative orders—each small in itself and never coördinated—which taken altogether have had a cumulative effect in immensely increasing the rights of the wife independently of her husband or even in opposition to him. Thus at the present time the husband's authority has been overlaid by new social conventions from above and undermined by new legal regulations from below.

Yet, it is important to realize, although the husband's domestic throne has been in appearance elegantly recovered and in substance has become worm-eaten, it still stands and still retains its ancient shape and structure. There has never been a French Revolution in the home, and that revolution itself, which modified society so extensively, scarcely modified the legal supremacy of the husband at all, even in France under the Code Napoléon and still less anywhere else. Interwoven with all the new developments, and however less obtrusive it may have become, the old tradition still continues among us. Since, also, the husband is, conventionally and in large measure really, the economic support of the home—the work of the wife and even actual financial contributions brought by her not being supposed to affect that convention—this state of things is held to be justified.

THUS WHEN A MAN enters the home as a husband, to seat himself on the antique domestic throne and to play the part assigned to him of old, he is involuntarily following an ancient tradition and taking his place in a procession of husbands which began long ages before he was born. It thus comes about that a man, even after he is married, and a husband, are two different persons, so that his wife who mainly knows him as a husband may be unable to form any just idea of what he is like as a man. As a husband he has stepped out of the path that belongs to him in the world, and taken on another part which has called out altogether different reactions, so he is sometimes a much more admirable person in one of these spheres—whichever it may be—than in the other.

We must not be surprised if the husband's position has sometimes developed those qualities which from the modern point of view are the less admirable. In this respect the sovereign husband resembles the Sovereign State. The Sovereign State, as it has survived from Renaissance days in our modern world, may be made up of admirable people, yet as a State they are forced into an attitude of helpless egoism which nowadays fails to commend itself to the outside world, and the tendency of scientific jurists today is to deal very critically with the old conception of the Sovereign State. It is so with the husband in the home. He was thrust by ancient tradition into a position of sovereignty which impelled him to play a part of helpless egoism. He was a celestial body in the home around which all the other inmates were revolving satellites. The hours of rising and retiring, the times of meals and their nature and substance, all the activities of the household—in which he himself takes little or no part—are still arranged primarily to suit his work, his play, and his tastes. This is an accepted matter of course, and not the result of any violent self-assertion on his part. It is equally an accepted matter of course that the wife should be constantly occupied in keeping this little solar system in easy harmonious movement, evolving from it, if she has the skill, the music of the spheres. She has no recognized independent personality of her own, nor even any right to go away by herself for a little change and recreation. Any work of her own, play of her own, tastes of her own, must be strictly subordinated, if not suppressed altogether.



The bride knelt and kissed the bridegroom's right foot.

In the old days, from which our domestic traditions proceed, little hardship was thus inflicted on the wife. Her rights and privileges were, indeed, far less than those of the modern woman, but for that very reason the home offered her a larger field; beneath the shelter of her husband the irresponsible wife might exert a maximum of influential activity with a minimum of rights and privileges of her own. To many men, even today, that state of things seems the realization of an ideal.

Yet to women it seems increasingly less so, and of necessity since the cleavage between the position of woman in society and law, and the position of the wife in the sacramental bonds of wedlock, is daily becoming greater. Today a woman, who possibly for ten years has been leading her own life of independent work, earning her own living, choosing her own conditions in accordance with her own needs, and selecting her own periods of recreation in accordance with her own tastes, whether or not this may have included the society of a man-friend—such a woman suddenly finds on marriage, and without any assertion of authority on her husband's part, that all the outward circumstances of her life are reversed and all her inner spontaneous movements arrested. There may be no signs of this on the surface. She loves her husband too much to hurt his feelings by explaining the situation, and she values domestic peace too much to risk friction by making unexpected claims. But beneath the surface there is often a profound discontent, and even in women who thought they had gained an insight into life, a sense of disillusion. Everyone knows this who is privileged to catch a glimpse into the hearts of women—often women of distinguished intelligence as well as women of quite ordinary nature—who leave a life of spontaneous activity in the world to enter the home.

It is not to be supposed that in this presentation of the situation in the home, as it is today visible to those who are privileged to see beneath the surface, any accusation is brought against the husband. He is no more guilty of an unreasonable conservatism than the wife is guilty of an unreasonable radicalism. Each of them is the outcome of a tradition. The point is that the events of the past hundred years have produced a discrepancy in the two lines of tradition, with a resultant lack of harmony, independent of the goodwill of either husband or wife.

Olive Schreiner, in her *Women and Labor,* has eloquently set forth the tendency to parasitism which civilization produces in women; they no longer exercise the arts and industries which were theirs in former ages, and so they become economically dependent on men, losing their energies and aptitudes, and becoming like those dull parasitic animals which live as blood-suckers off their host. That picture, which was of course never true of all women, is now ceasing to be true of any but a negligible minority; it presents, moreover, a parasitism limited to the economic side of life. For if the wife has often been a lazy gold-sucking parasite on her husband in the world, the husband has yet oftener been a helpless service-absorbing parasite on his wife in the home. There is, that is to say, not only an economic parasitism with no adequate return for financial support, but a still more prevalent domestic parasitism, with an absorption of services for which no return would be adequate. There are many helpful husbands in the home, but there are a larger number who are helpless and have never been trained to be anything else but helpless, even by their wives, who would often detest a rival in household work and management. The average husband enjoys the total effect of his home but is usually unable to contribute any of the details of work and organization that make it enjoyable. He cannot keep it in order and cleanliness and regulated movement, he seldom knows how to buy the things that are needed for its upkeep, nor how to prepare and cook and present a decent meal; he cannot even attend to his own domestic needs. It is the wife's consolation that most husbands are not always at home.

"In ministering to the wants of the family, the woman has reduced man to a state of considerable dependency on her in all domestic affairs, just as she is dependent on him for bodily protection. In the course of ages this has gone so far as to foster a peculiar helplessness on the part of the man, which manifests itself in a somewhat childlike reliance of the husband on the wife. In fact it may be said that the husband is, to all intents and purposes, incapable of maintaining himself without the aid of a woman." This passage will probably seem to many readers to apply quite fairly well to men as they exist today in most of those lands which we consider at the summit of our civilization. Yet it was not written of civilization, or of white men, but of the Bantu tribes of East Africa, complete Negroes who, while far from being among the lowest savages, belong to a culture which is only just emerging from cannibalism, witchcraft, and customary bloodshed. So close a resemblance between the European husband and the Negro husband significantly suggests how remarkable has been the arrest of development in the husband's customary status during a vast period of the world's history.

It is in the considerable group of couples where the husband's work separates him but little from the home that the pressure on the wife is most severe, and without the relief and variety secured by his frequent absence. She has perhaps led a life of her own before marriage, she knows how to be economically independent; now they occupy a small dwelling, they have, maybe, one or two small children, they can only afford one helper in the work or none at all, and in this busy little hive the husband and wife are constantly tumbling over each other. It is small wonder if the wife feels a deep discontent beneath her willing ministrations and misses the devotion of the lover in the perpetual claims of the husband.

But the difficulty is not settled if she persuades him to take a room outside. He is devoted to his wife and his home, with good reason, for the wife makes the home and he is incapable of making a home. His new domestic arrangements sink into careless and sordid disorder, and he is conscious of profound discomfort. His wife soon realizes that it is a choice between his return to the home and complete separation. Most wives never get even as far as this attempt at solution of the difficulty and hide their secret discontent.

This is the situation which today is becoming intensified and extended on a vast scale. The habit and the taste for freedom, adventure, and economic independence is becoming generated among millions of women who once meekly trod the ancient beaten paths, and we must not be so foolish as to suppose that they can suddenly renounce those habits and tastes at the threshold of marriage. Moreover, it is becoming clear to men and to women alike, and for the first time, that the world can be remolded, and that the claims for better conditions of work, for a higher standard of life, and for the attainment of leisure, which previously had only feebly been put forward, may now be asserted drastically. We see therefore today a great revolutionary movement, mainly on the part of men in the world of labor, and we see a corresponding movement, however less ostentatious, mainly on the part of women, in the home.

Separation

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

Stop—Not to me, at this bitter departing,
Speak of the sure consolations of Time.
Fresh be the wound, still-renew'd be its smarting,
So but thy image endure in its prime.

But, if the stedfast commandment of Nature
Wills that remembrance should always decay;
If the lov'd form and the deep-cherish'd feature
Must, when unseen, from the soul fade away—

Me let no half-effac'd memories cumber!
Fled, fled at once, be all vestige of thee—
Deep be the darkness, and still be the slumber—
Dead be the Past and its phantoms to me!

Then, when we meet, and thy look strays towards me,
Scanning my face and the changes wrought there,—
Who, let me say, is this Stranger regards me,
With the gray eyes, and the lovely brown hair?

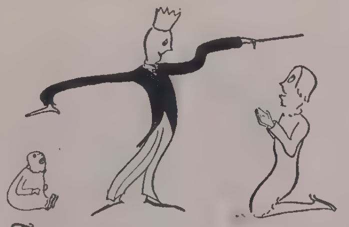
It may seem to some that this new movement of upheaval in the sphere of the home is merely destructive. Timid souls have felt the like in every period of transition, and with as little reason. Just as we realize that the movement now in progress in the world of labor for a higher standard of life and for, as it has been termed, a larger "leisure-ration," represents a wholesome revolt against the crushing conditions of prolonged monotonous work—the most deadening of all work—and a real advance towards those ideals of democracy which are still so remote, so it is with the movement in the home. That also is the claim for a new and fairer allotment of responsibility, of larger opportunities for freedom and leisure. If in the home the husband is still to be regarded as the capitalist and the wife as the laborer, then at all events it has to be recognized that he owes her not only the satisfaction of her physical needs of food and shelter and clothing, but the opportunity to satisfy the personal spontaneous claims of her own individual nature. Just as the readjustment of labor is really only an approach to the long recognized ideals of democracy, so the readjustment of the home, far from being subversive or revolutionary, is merely an approximation to the long recognized ideals of marriage.

How in practice, one may finally ask, is this readjustment of the home likely to be carried out?

In the first place we are justified in believing that in the future home men will no longer be so helpless, so domestically parasitic, as in the past. This change is indeed already coming about. It is an inestimable benefit throughout life for a man to have been forcibly lifted out of the routine comforts and feminine services of the old-fashioned home and to be thrown into an alien and solitary environment, face to face with Nature and the essential domestic human needs (in my own case I owe an inestimable debt to the chance that thus flung me into the Australian bush in early life), and one may note that the Great War has had, directly and indirectly, a remarkable influence in this direction, for it not only compelled women to exercise many enlarging and fortifying functions commonly counted as pertaining to men, it also compelled men, deprived of feminine services, to develop a new independent ability for organizing domesticity, and that ability, even though it is not permanently exercised in rendering domestic services, must yet always make clear the nature of domestic problems and tend to prevent the demand for unnecessary domestic services.

But there is another quite different and more general line along which we may expect this problem to be largely solved. That is by the simplification and organization of domestic life. If that process were carried to the full extent that is now becoming possible a large part of the problem before us would be at once solved. A great promise for the future of domestic life is held out by the growing adoption of birth-control, by which the wife and mother is relieved from that burden of unduly frequent and unwanted maternity which in the past so often crushed her vitality and destroyed her freshness. But many minor agencies are helpful. To supply heat, light, and motive power even to small households, to replace the wasteful, extravagant, and often inefficient home-cookery by meals cooked outside, as well as to facilitate the growing social habit of taking meals in spacious public restaurants, under more attractive, economical, and wholesome conditions than can usually be secured within the narrow confines of the home, to contract with specially trained workers from outside for all those routines of domestic drudgery which are often so inefficiently and laboriously carried on by the household-worker, whether mistress or servant, and to seek perpetually by new devices to simplify, which often means to beautify, all the everyday processes of life—to effect this in any comprehensive degree is to transform the home from the intolerable burden it is sometimes felt to be into a possible haven of peace and joy. The trouble in the past and even today, has been, not in any difficulty in providing the facilities but in prevailing people to adopt them. Thus in England, even under the stress of the Great War, there was among the working population a considerable disinclination—founded on stupid conservatism and a meaningless pride—to take advantage of national kitchens and national restaurants, notwithstanding the superiority of the meals in quality, cheapness, and convenience, to the workers' home meals, so that many of these establishments, even while still fostered by the government, had speedily to close their doors. Ancient traditions, that have now become not only empty but mischievous, in these matters still fetter the wife even more than the husband. We cannot regulate even the material side of life without cultivating that intelligence in the development of which civilization so largely consists.

Intelligence, and even something more than intelligence, is needed along the third line of progress towards the modernized home. Simplification and organization can effect nothing in the desired transformation if they merely end in themselves. They are only helpful in so far as they economize energy, offer a more ample leisure, and extend the opportunities for that play of the intellect, that liberation of the emotions with accompanying discipline of the primitive instincts, which are needed not only for the development of civilization in general, but in particular of the home. Domineering egotism, the assertion of greedy possessive rights, are out of place in the modern home. They are just as mischievous when exhibited by the wife as by the husband. We have seen, as we look back, the futility in the end of the ancient structure of the home, however reasonable it was at the beginning, under our different modern social conditions, and for women to attempt nowadays to reintroduce the same structure, merely reversed, would be not only mischievous but silly. That spirit of narrow exclusiveness and self centered egoism—even if it were sometime an *égoisme à deux*—evoked, half a century ago, the scathing sarcasm of James Hinton, who never wearied of denouncing the "virtuous and happy homes" which he saw as "floating blotches of verdure on a sea of filth." Such outbursts seem extravagant, but they were the extravagance of an idealist at the vision which, as a physician in touch with realities, he had seen beneath the surface of the home.


The husband as lord and master in the home.

It is well to insist on the organization of the mechanical and material side of life. Some insist on nothing else. In old days it was conventionally supposed that women's sphere was that of the feelings; the result has been that women now often take ostentatious pleasure in washing their hands of feelings and accusing men of "sentiment." But that wrongly debased word stands for the whole superstructure of life on the basis of material organization, for all the finer and higher parts of our nature, for the greater part of civilization. The elaboration of the mechanical side of life by itself may merely serve to speed up the pace of life instead of expanding leisure, to pile up the weary burden of luxury, and still further to dissipate the energy of life in petty or frivolous channels. To bring order into the region of soulless machinery running at random, to raise the superstructure of a genuinely human civilization, is not a task which either men or women can afford to fling contemptuously to the opposite sex. It concerns them both equally and can only be carried out by both equally, working side by side in the most intimate spirit of mutual comprehension, confiding trust, and the goodwill to conquer the demon of jealousy, that dragon which slays love under the pretence of keeping it alive.

This task, it may finally be added, is always an adventure. However well organized the foundations of life may be, life must always be full of risks. We may smile, therefore, when it is remarked that the future developments of the home are risky. Birds in the air and fishes in the sea, quite as much as our own ancestors on the earth, have always found life full of risks. It was the greatest risk of all when they insisted on continuing on the old outworn ways and so became extinct. If the home is an experiment and a risky experiment, one can only say that life is always like that. We have to see to it that in this central experiment on which our happiness so largely depends, all our finest qualities are mobilized. Indeed the discipline of the home demands not only the best intellectual qualities that are available, but often involves—and in men as well as in women—a spiritual training fit to make sweeter and more generous saints than any cloister. The greater the freedom, the more complete the equality of husband and wife, the greater the possibilities of discipline and development. In view of the rigidities and injustices of the law, many couples nowadays dispense with legal marriage and form their own private contract; that method has sometimes proved more favorable to the fidelity and permanence of love than external compulsion; it assists the husband to remain the lover, and it is often the lover more than the husband that the modern woman needs; but it has always to be remembered that in the present condition of law and social opinion a slur is cast on the children of such unions. No doubt, however, marriage and the home will undergo modifications which will tend to make these ancient institutions a little more flexible and to permit a greater degree of variation to meet special circumstances. We can occupy ourself with no more essential task, whether as regards ourselves or the race, than to make more beautiful the house of life for the dwelling of love.

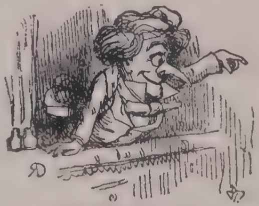
Our House in Our Street

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

We must begin our little descriptions where they say charity should begin—at home. Mrs. Cammysole, my landlady, will be rather surprised when she reads this, and finds that a good-natured tenant, who has never complained of her impositions for fifteen years, understands every one of her tricks, and treats them, not with anger, but with scorn—with silent scorn.

On the eighteenth of December, 1837, for instance, coming gently downstairs, and before my usual wont, I saw you seated in my armchair, peeping into a letter that came from my aunt in the country, just as if it had been addressed to you, and not to "M. A. Titmarsh, Esq." Did I make any disturbance? Far from it: I slunk back to my bedroom (being enabled to walk silently in the beautiful pair of worsted slippers Miss Penelope J—— worked for me: they are worn out now, dear Penelope!) and then, rattling open the door with a great noise, descended the stair singing "Son vergin vezzosa" at the top of my voice. You were not in my sitting-room, Mrs. Cammysole, when I entered that apartment.

You have been reading all my letters, papers, manuscripts, *brouillons* of verses, inchoate articles for the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle*, invitations to dinner and tea—all my family letters, all Eliza Townley's letters, from the first in which she declared that to be the bride of her beloved Michel-agnolo was the fondest wish of her maiden heart, to the last, in which she announced that her Thomas was the best of husbands, and signed herself "Eliza Slogger"; all Mary Farmer's letters, all Emily Delamere's; all that poor foolish old Miss MacWhirter's, whom I would as soon marry as ——: in a word, I know that you, you hawk-beaked, keen-eyed, sleepless, indefatigable old Mrs. Cammysole, have read all my papers for these fifteen years.


By Richard Doyle, in *Punch* (1849)

I know that you cast your curious old eyes over all the manuscripts which you find in my coat-pockets and those of my pantaloons.

I know that you count the money in my green and gold purse, and speculate on the manner in which I have laid out the difference between today and yesterday.

I know that you have an understanding with the laundress (to whom you say that you are all-powerful with me), threatening to take away my practice from her unless she gets up gratis some of your fine linen.

I know that we both have a pennyworth of cream for breakfast, which is brought in in the same little can; and I know who has the most for her share.

I know how many lumps of sugar you take from each pound as it arrives. I have counted the lumps, you old thief, and for years have never said a word, except to Miss Clapperclaw, the first-floor lodger. Once I put a bottle of pale brandy into that cupboard, of which you and I only have keys, and the liquor wasted and wasted away until it was all gone. You drank the whole of it, you wicked old woman. You a lady, indeed!

I know your rage when they did me the honor to elect me a member of the "Poluphloisboiothalasses Club," and I ceased consequently to dine at home. When I *did* dine at home—on a beefsteak, let us say—I should like to know what you had for supper. You first amputated portions of the meat when raw; you abstracted more when cooked. Do you think *I* was taken in by your flimsy pretences? I wonder how you could dare to do such things before your maids (you a clergyman's daughter and widow, indeed!) whom you yourself were always charging with roguery.

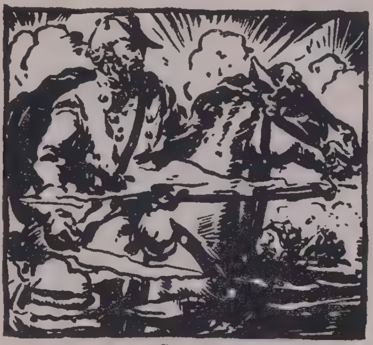
My dear Miss Clapperclaw, I hope you will excuse me for having placed you in the title-page of my little book, looking out of your accustomed window, and having your eye-glasses ready to spy the whole street, which you know better than any inhabitant of it.

It is to you that I owe most of my knowledge of our neighbors; from you it is that most of the facts and observations contained in these brief pages are taken. Many a night, over our tea, have we talked amiably about our neighbors and their little failings; and as I know that you speak of mine freely, why, let me say, my dear Bessy, that if we have not built up Our Street between us, at least we have pulled it to pieces.

A dramatic and moving incident of the Civil War

A Horseman *in the* Sky

By AMBROSE BIERCE



Courtesy *Atlantic Monthly.*

Ambrose Bierce

ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON in the autumn of the year 1861, a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in western Virginia. He lay at full length, upon his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge box at the back of his belt, he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty. But if detected he would be dead shortly afterward, that being the just and legal penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending, southward, a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting out from the ridge to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it. It might well have made him giddy to look.

The country was wooded everywhere except at the bottom of the valley to the northward, where there was a small natural meadow, through which flowed a stream scarcely visible from the valley's rim. Away beyond it rose a line of giant cliffs through which the road had somehow made its climb to the summit. The configuration of the valley, indeed, was such that from our point of observation it seemed entirely shut in, and one could not but have wondered how the road which found a way out of it had found a way into it, and whence came and whither went the waters of the stream that parted the meadow two thousand feet below.

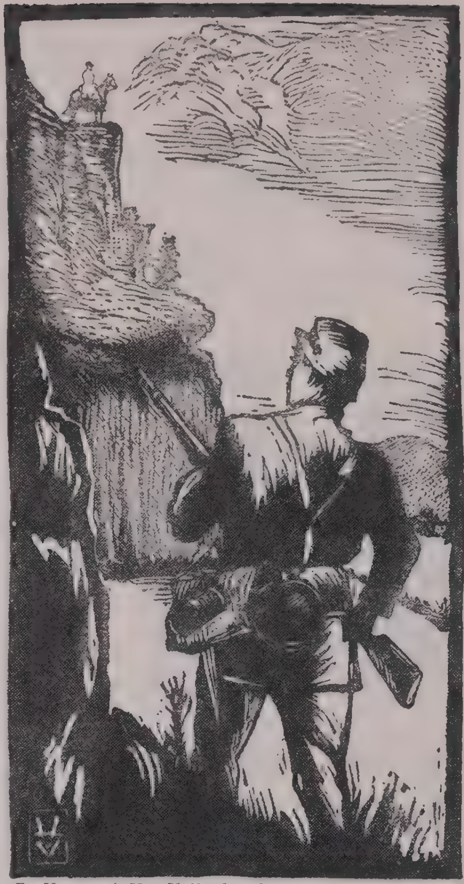
No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theater of war; concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night, and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and, descending the other slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure their position would be perilous in the extreme; and fail they surely would should accident or vigilance apprise the enemy of the movement.

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly and gravely: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his leonine head, looked at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Go, Carter, and, whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition; at the best she cannot be with us longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy which masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution, and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unsealing finger the eyes of his consciousness—whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips have ever spoken, no human memory ever has recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the stems of the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was a keen artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal, the cliff, motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock and sharply outlined against the sky, was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of a Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume harmonized with its aerial background; the metal of accouterment and caparison was softened and subdued by the shadow; the animal's skin had no points of high light. A carbine, strikingly foreshortened, lay across the pommel of the saddle, kept in place by the right hand grasping it at the "grip"; the left hand, holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face of the rider, turned slightly to the left, showed only an outline of temple and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky, and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidableness of a near enemy, the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.


By Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh

The duty of the soldier was plain.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war and was looking upon a noble work of art reared upon that commanding eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the group; the horse, without moving its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remained immobile as before. Broad awake and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and, glancing through the sights, covered a vital spot of the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head and looked in the direction of his concealed foeman—seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes, into his brave, compassionate heart.

Is it, then, so terrible to kill an enemy in war—an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of one's self and comrades—an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers? Carter Druse grew deathly pale; he shook in every limb, turned faint, and saw the statuesque group before him in black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was near swooning from intensity of emotion.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised from earth, his hands resumed their places on the rifle, his forefinger sought the trigger; mind, heart, and eyes were clear, conscience and reason sound. He could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would but send him dashing to his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was plain: the man must be shot dead from ambush—without warning, without a moment's spiritual preparation, with never so much as an unspoken prayer, he must be sent to his account. But no—there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing—perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. It may well be that his fixity of attention—Druse turned his head and looked below, through the deeps of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses—some foolish commander was permitting the soldiers of his escort to water their beasts in the open, in plain view from a hundred summits!

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sights of his rifle. But this time his aim was at the horse. In his memory, as if they were a divine mandate, rang the words of his father at their parting. "Whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's—not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty had conquered; the spirit had said to the body: "Peace, be still." He fired.

At that moment an officer of the Federal force, who, in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge, had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and, with aimless feet, had made his way to the lower edge of a small open space near the foot of the cliff, was considering what he had to gain by pushing his exploration further. At a distance of a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringes of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering to so great a height above him that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. Lifting his eyes to its summit, the officer saw an astonishing sight—a man on horseback riding down into the valley through the air!

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His right hand was concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof stroke encountered the resistant earth. Its motions were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of alighting from a leap. But this was a flight!

Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a horseman in the sky—half believing himself the chosen scribe of some new Apocalypse, the officer was overcome by the intensity of his emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees—a sound that died without an echo, and all was still.

The officer rose to his feet, trembling. The familiar sensation of an abraded shin recalled his dazed faculties. Pulling himself together, he ran rapidly obliquely away from the cliff to a point a half-mile from its foot; thereabout he expected to find his man; and thereabout he naturally failed. In the fleeting instant of his vision his imagination had been so wrought upon by the apparent grace and ease and intention of the marvelous performance that it did not occur to him that the line of march of aerial cavalry is directed downward, and that he could find the objects of his search at the very foot of the cliff. A half-hour later he returned to camp.

This officer was a wise man; he knew better than to tell an incredible truth. He said nothing of what he had seen. But when the commander asked him if in his scout he had learned anything of advantage to the expedition, he answered:

"Yes, sir; there is no road leading down into this valley from the southward."

The commander, knowing better, smiled.

After firing his shot Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a Federal sergeant crept cautiously to him on hands and knees. Druse neither turned his head nor looked at him, but lay without motion or sign or recognition.

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. You see it is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

The man's face was white, but he showed no other sign of emotion. Having answered, he turned away his face and said no more. The sergeant did not understand.

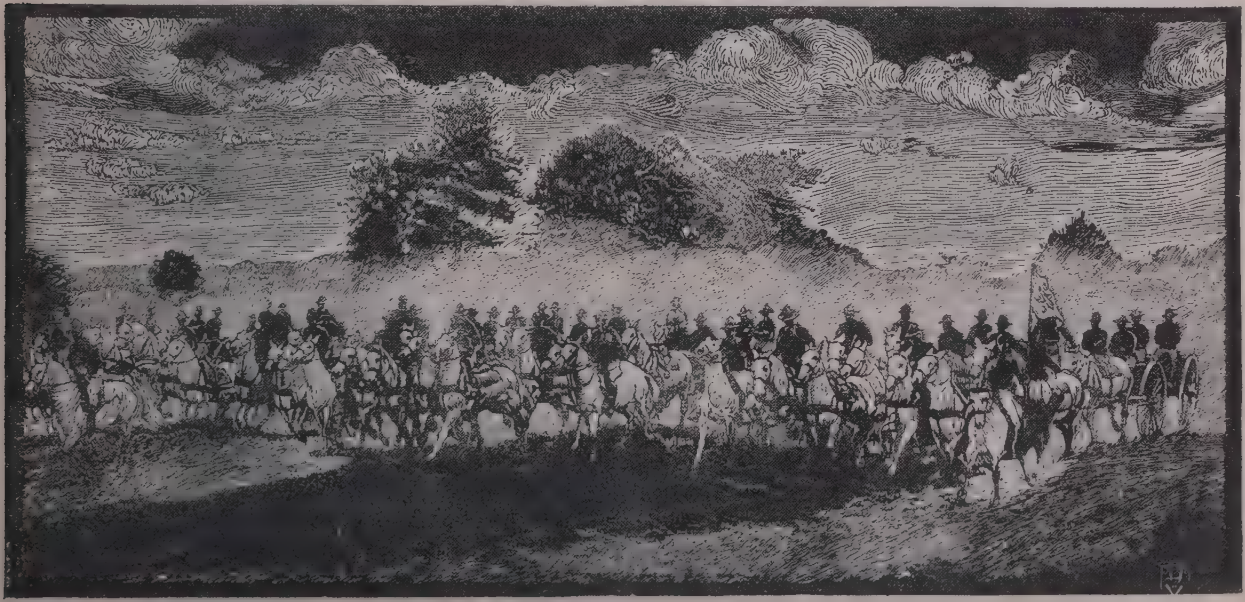
"See here, Druse," he said, after a moment's silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. "Good God!" he said.



By Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh

A weird tale

The Moths

“It’s usually so cruel hard on the girl,” said Gilbraith.

“They quickly recover, I am told,” remarked Vedder. “In this case——”

“In this case he marries her.”

“He is a fool. He ruins himself socially. She from the first should know that nothing permanent——”

Nichols interrupted in a keen voice of contempt. “Maybe he’s honest. Maybe he loves her.”

“Oh, honest!” Vedder waved a fat hand. “He should be more honest—keep away. But one mistake demands not another. She would forget—hm, yes—in six months, is it not?”

“Never,” said Nichols quietly. “You haven’t learned your East yet, Vedder. Your mind is still full of the superiority and inferiority of races. Concerning this matter, I happen to know the facts, and I happen to know the boy. *He* wouldn’t have forgotten, either. They would both have soon died, perhaps tragically—perhaps to meet after death.”

Vedder looked up, surprised out of his heavy composure. “At your age to believe—*das Unwirkliches!*”

“No, the commonplace,” Nichols replied. “The simple, the universal—that’s the issue to tax our faith. The soul. How will you throw it aside? Who’ll determine which souls are to be thrown aside? Will you take that office upon yourself, Vedder? It would be embarrassing when you came to your own case, wouldn’t it? Nonsense. Here are man and woman; and here is love. All the elements of God and life, pain and destiny, are melted in that pot. I can tell you a story to illustrate my point; a story from behind the veil.”

We were four: Gilbraith, of the P. & O. Service stationed at Singapore; Vedder, a traveling German whom Gilbraith had brought aboard; Nichols, and myself. We sat under the *Omega’s* awning in the light of a lurid sunset, and talked in general of the old problem of the West in the East, which is also the problem of the world, and in particular of a young chap who had recently stubbed his toe over an Eurasian girl up Jahore way.

“I’ll ask you to bring to my story,” said Nichols, “your most primitive and unreasoning credulity. Don’t smile: you’re full of it, if you would set it free. What do you know?—what do you think you know? Life, a short span, a few experiences, a few joys, disappointments, good-bys; very intricate, of course, and very important to us, the subjects, but trivial enough when compared with the Dynasties of China, or with a good-sized hill. Isn’t it, now? And so it would seem to us, nothing more nor less, if the unknown didn’t begin at our door. If you’ve ever, in the depths of night, thought your way to the brink of an abyss, and suddenly fallen over it for a moment, for only a moment, into the dream of things which may be; then you’ll perhaps be prevailed upon to believe with my friend who died because he believed. But be credulous, I beg of you; for I saw with my own eyes what I’m about to tell you, and it was amazing beyond words.”

I

Nicholas lighted a fresh cigar, and smoked reflectively. The sun had vanished behind the Sumatra hills; a cool wind blew in from Malacca waters, bringing a hint of rain.

“A number of years ago,” he began, “I was bound in the *Omega* from Batavia to Singapore. Some men prefer to come up through Gaspar Strait; but I’ve fallen into the habit of using Banka—have found it more satisfactory. It was in September, the trip I’m speaking of; the wind was becoming uncertain in the Java Sea; and after I’d run by Lucipara Island and fairly entered Banka, I found that the southwest monsoon had already broken in that vicinity. The second afternoon put me no farther along than the Karang Brom-Broms. Night was at hand, the wind was gone, and a swift current was setting me back through the Strait. I decided to drop anchor and wait for the breeze off the land.

“The place where I’d fetched up lay some miles short of the Brom-Broms, and near a wooded point which I’d often noticed in passing through Banka Strait. I now saw that there was a native village in

of terror in the South Seas

By LINCOLN COLCORD

No one is better fitted than Lincoln Colcord to depict the strange life of white men who are derelicts in and around the seaports of the world. Born in a gale off Cape Horn, young Lincoln until fourteen knew only the quarterdeck of a vessel and the fringe of shoreline to which a sailor's adventures took him. In Moths, *he has depicted with tremendous power the sheer terror which the supernatural holds for a white man outside the pale of civilization*

the lee of the point; and my anchor had hardly touched bottom when several dug-out canoes put off from shore. A crowd of chattering natives soon came alongside, greatly desiring to sell fruit, vegetables, parrots and monkeys. I always encourage natives to come aboard. While I purchased a supply of yams and coconuts, they told me about their village, about the Dutch officials who occasionally visited them, about the crops, about the terrible rains; all of which I'd heard in substance many times before. I was thinking of driving them off for the night, when my interest was aroused by something entirely new.

"'A strange man lives on the point,' one informed me, tapping his head significantly.

"'Malay, or Dutchman?' I asked.

"'One of your race,' was the answer. 'Neither Malay nor Dutch.'

"'What is his business?'

"'He has none,' they told me, gathering in a wide-eyed group. 'By day he sleeps. By night it is said he works evil. Bold ones have watched, and beheld him invoking unseen powers. Also he speaks aloud, though the room be empty. We have desired to kill him, fearing calamity to the village; but we are afraid.'

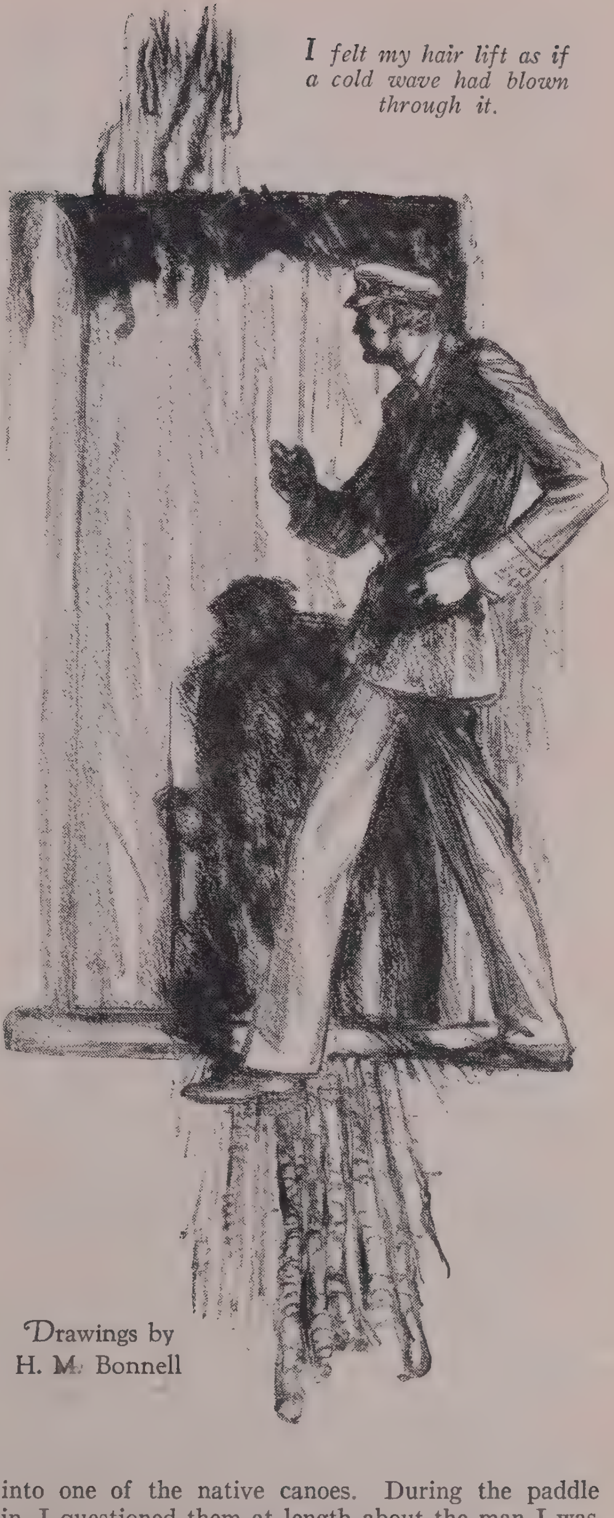
"'How does he live?'

"'He comes to the village for food, paying good measure for what he takes. We know not whence he has his gold, unless the Evil Ones hold him in fee.' They drew closer about me, in genuine distress. 'Captain, visit this strange man,' they begged. 'Speak with him, and tell us true; for we are much afflicted in the village, not daring to go abroad in that direction.'

"'Why don't you take the matter to your officials when they call?' I asked.

"The natives smiled. 'Officials cannot understand,' they said. 'They might chastise us; they might harm the man. It is not certain that he should be harmed. Might not calamity from that come upon us? Likewise, he pays us well for what he buys. We wish to learn what ails him, that we may no longer travel the forest in terror of unknown things.'

"It was a singular request, a request hard to refuse. The breeze wouldn't spring up for several hours, the ship lay within a mile of the village; I resolved to go ashore. Telling the mate not to worry, I climbed into one of the native canoes. During the paddle in, I questioned them at length about the man I was to see; they were full of fanciful and incoherent tales. He seemed to be a hermit; he burned a light all night, sleeping by day; he talked to himself: I could learn little more. Some unaccountable proceeding took place behind his door; they spoke of a fight, a struggle. 'What with?' I asked. They shrugged their shoulders. 'He lives alone,' they said. 'He cries aloud.' It wasn't a rational account; their superstitions, I figured, had



I felt my hair lift as if a cold wave had blown through it.

Drawings by H. M. Bonnell

run away with them. I formed a mental picture of the man:—some poor devil, cast aside by the world, perhaps a little mad; in exile, at any rate, for a greater or lesser crime.

"We landed at a rickety bamboo staging, passed through the village, turned a corner at the head of the cove, and entered a jungle-path that ran close beside the shore. Five minutes' traveling brought us to an open space in front of a tumble-down hut. There the natives left me, vanishing like shades into the growing night.

"A queer feeling crept down my spine. The place was lonely, and silent as the grave. On three sides stood the jungle, an unbroken wall of ebony blackness; fronting the enclosure, an arm of Banka opened on clear water, where the *Omega's* lights hung in the offing like low stars. I suddenly yearned for those lights, as a man in the toils of a dream yearns for some indefinite safety just beyond his reach. I wasn't exactly afraid; but, till then, I hadn't stopped to think of the possible consequences of the adventure. There I waited, confronting the house. It was nothing but a shack of bamboo and thatch, set on posts near the water's edge. Holes that had once been windows were stuffed with what seemed to be branches, straw, and bundles of rags. They were barricaded heavily enough to be dark; but bars of yellow light shot from chinks in the walls of the dilapidated bungalow. A lamp was burning inside.

"I listened. All at once rapid steps sounded on the floor of the hut; a low cry broke out. A voice came to my ears, a voice speaking English, a voice of anguish and despair.

"'Another! Another!' it wailed. 'God, will they never stop!'

"My hand had been raised to knock; I paused at the words. By no small effort I held my ground. While I stood, lost in wild conjecture, feet were scurrying about behind the thin wall, a scuffle seemed to be going on inside. I felt my hair lift, as if a cold wave had blown through it.

"Then some object struck the door abreast me, a soft, dull blow. I leaped away. As I moved, the voice spoke again, quite close to me, just on the other side of the panel, in a sort of weary exultation.

"'One more. . . . *What's the use?*'

"It was no time to measure qualms. That voice had to be answered; the tone of it touched the instinctive springs of action, as man spoke to man before speech was born. I took a good grip of a stick that I'd picked up as I came through the jungle, and knocked. Absolute silence fell on the house. For a full minute nothing moved or made a sound. I knocked again.

"'*Come!*' cried the voice, charged with a desperate resolution. 'I'm ready. Come.'

"I threw open the door, and stood on the threshold of a single room that made up the whole interior. A man crouched before me, hiding his face in one bent arm. The other arm hung at his side, grasping a folded towel like a weapon. Between us on the floor lay a big brown moth. I noticed it because of the quivering of its wings.

"'I couldn't help hearing——' I said. 'What is it?'

"He looked up. What had he expected to see? God knows. Even yet I have no conception. Perhaps he himself had had no definite idea. Anything. . . . He had expected *her*, of course; but in what form, a shape of darkness, a monster, a ghostly mist, a glowing ball of fire, or something worse than these, he probably hadn't dared consider. He was ready—yes! The face that he lifted to me was distorted, insane, a face of naked and nameless desperation. He gazed at me long, with a suspicious and wondering glance. I saw life slowly come back into his face, and intelligence come back into his eyes. The next instant he threw himself forward, and lay sobbing at my feet.

"I knelt beside him, putting my hand on his shoulder. 'My dear fellow, what *is* the matter?' I asked, trying to be calm.

"Some time passed before he spoke. 'Nothing, nothing,' he finally mumbled. 'Wait a minute——'

"'I came from the ship. They spoke of you in the village—— Tell me what is wrong,' I demanded incautiously.

"'You wouldn't understand,' he said. Then he smiled; the dreadful mask fell, and he became a man. 'You'll think you've struck a madhouse!' he exclaimed. 'The fact is, no one ever comes here—particularly at night.'

"'I gathered as much,' I remarked. 'You're alone?'

"'Yes,' he said. 'I'm alone . . .'

"I took a new tack. 'You must pardon me for coming in on you this way.'

"'Not at all!' he fairly shouted. 'I can't tell you how glad——'

"'You were expecting someone else,' I went on, cruelly enough; but remember, I was then still busy upon the criminal theory.

"He gave me a hurt, startled glance. 'My God, sir!' he cried. 'You don't know what you're saying!'

"He had me there; I'd never in my life been farther at sea. Beyond this, I began to realize that it wasn't any of my confounded business. But I was immensely curious; the man had rolled at my feet in agony. I had appeared on the scene opportunely—or inopportunely, whichever way it was. What in the name of all that's rational had he been up to behind that door? Whom did he fear? His last words lingered in my ears like a reproach. The chap was a gentleman; in common decency the explanation rested with him. I said no more; moved forward a step or two, and cast my eyes about the room.

"A small table stood in one corner, bare except for the lighted lamp and a few queer-looking objects littered about, which the next minute I made out to be dead moths, like the one I'd noticed on the floor. The man evidently slept on the floor in another corner of the room. Dirt lay everywhere—rinds of fruit, decaying vegetables, meat-bones. 'You'll be having fever if you don't look out,' I said.

"He made no answer; I regretted my impulsive remark. The fact was, I felt considerably unnerved. At length I turned with an apology upon my lips—and saw that he hadn't heard me. His eyes were fixed on the opposite wall in a stare of horror, as if held by an evil charm; his breath came in short gasps, his hands worked convulsively.

"'Look!' he whispered.

"I followed the direction of his finger, but could see nothing. 'Where? What?' I asked.

"'The moth!' he gasped. *'Keep it out!'* He would have leaped forward, but I restrained him.

"Then I saw what it was all about. Directly in front of us, one of these brown moths was struggling in a crack of the bamboo wall. I made out the hairy fat body, and a pair of the stout legs scrambling on the smooth surface of the bamboo. My mind moved slowly; I had no hypothesis to build on. Yes, it was a moth. What about it? Why such a fuss? . . . What quantities of them there seemed to be lying about the floor! It occurred to me that they were very large moths.

"The man struggled in my arms; his voice rose to a shriek. 'Stop it! Kill it! God, let me go!'

"The moth had struggled through the crack. It swept out into the room like water overflowing from a vessel, and darted directly toward us as we stood in front of the light. The man freed himself from me, overturning a chair as he broke away, and cowered against the opposite wall. The moth sailed once or twice about the room, then lost itself in the shadows of the ceiling. Soon I saw it again, wheeling in narrow circles above the man's head. With the cry of a lost soul he dashed into the open, and snatched the towel from the floor.

"Then I beheld a strange sight. They fought, the man and the moth! He struck at it with the folded towel, struck blindly, frantically. It circled on untouched. By Jove, the moth seemed bewitched to get at him. It dashed at his head between towel-strokes; it dodged the blows; it doubled, flanked him, attacked him in the rear. As I watched in a sort of fascination the creature's evolutions, an impression grew upon me of its shrewd intelligence, of its diabolical design. For unnatural purposes of its own, it wanted and intended to reach him. My friend uttered short cries as he beat the air—guttural syllables, in a language unknown to me. It sounded like Japanese. For the second time that evening a cold creep ran down my back; my heart thumped like a trip-hammer.

"'Take time!' I shouted. 'Here, give me the towel.'

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I intercepted a blow and disarmed him. He sank moaning to the floor. I struck out—once, twice. You have no idea of the weirdness of this affair. I was beside myself. The thing had attacked *me* now—it beset me! If it had opened its mouth and spoken aloud I couldn't have been more demoralized. I struck again, with all my strength, and caught it on the wing. It dropped to the floor: I fell upon it with the towel, smashed it flat. Then I came to my senses, and realized the spectacle I'd made.

"'Did you get him?' whimpered the man at my feet.

"'Of course!' I answered shortly. 'It's only a common moth. I was afraid, by the way you acted, that it might be something dangerous.' I had to justify myself.

"*'Dangerous!'* he repeated below his breath. 'You thought . . . my God!'

"'Look here,' I growled, 'what does this mean?'

"He lifted a drawn and bloodless face. 'They are a curse,' he said.

"I laughed skeptically, rather relieved, to tell the truth. Only a silly spiritual affair; whereas I'd really begun to fear for my body—a poisonous moth, or something of the sort, you know. 'Fiddlesticks!' I jeered—as you would have spoken, Vedder. 'See . . .' I picked up the moth and held it out to him. 'There are thousands of them,' I said.

"'Keep it away!' he cried. 'Look at the eyes. . . .'

"I looked at the moth's eyes—and shuddered involuntarily. Have any of you fellows ever been hypnotized? The moth wasn't dead yet; they're tough little devils, and die hard. It lay in my hand without motion, and its eyes searched me through and through. They peered keenly from the blank semblance of a face; two dark rings of furry stuff like eyebrows gave them a wide and expressive appearance. A soul looked out of those eyes, thoughts were going on in that little brain; by Jove, I had an absurd feeling that the thing hated me! The wormlike body trembled against my fingers; I threw it away with an impulse of utter repugnance.

"'You, too!' breathed the man behind me. 'Then I am not mad.'

"'I think that we're both mad!' I exclaimed, puzzled to account for my own sensation. 'But, I swear, I caught it from you. What are you afraid of, anyway?'

"'Madness, for one thing,' he answered. 'From the first I've imagined at times that I might be losing my mind. Now I know—I feel better. It's a fact to be faced. I've faced it; of course I knew it well enough, long ago.'

"HE TALKED STEADILY for an hour or more in a low, dispassionate voice. The man was weary, body, mind, and soul. What he told me was impossible, wildly impossible, outrageously impossible. I kept assuring myself that it was impossible. All the while the wheel of a question revolved dizzily in my own mind: 'Is he mad?—is he sane? Is he mad?—is he sane?' I'll be hanged if I could make out; sanity is such an indeterminate attribute. A hidden voice would ask uncomfortably, 'What do you know?'. I'd answer, 'Only the tangible.' And the voice would whisper, 'This is a matter beyond the touch of hands.' Then I'd come back with a start to my restricted range, and realize that to me it must forever be a thing utterly impossible. To me my friend was mad; he believed the impossible. And yet . . . the wheel turned, and once more he seemed quite sane.

"I won't repeat his story in detail. You've heard many like it; wherever your superior races come in contact with your inferior races, or your superior classes with your inferior classes, the phase appears commonly. I'll also withhold the man's name. He was known in his corner of the East; often when I have been there since then, I've listened to accounts of his strange disappearance—and said nothing, because I knew that the page was closed. It all began with a girl, who loved him well enough to hate him when he had gone.

"She was an Oriental, a native of the place. He had loved her, I gathered, had wanted to marry her. His family had interfered; his friends had rallied to the support of the convention. He was advised to pull out of it; he was finally persuaded to leave. Didn't want to hurt his friends, you know; didn't want to hurt anyone, but—— A thoroughly good fellow, soft, self-indulgent, and none too robust in the way of spiritual potentialities. All this sounds very bald; it's easy enough to skim over in a few words the pain and the fires of hell. She wrote to him after he'd gone, saying that trouble had come upon her. But he suffered at that time from a strong and uncompromising friend, who dominated him completely and wouldn't let go of him; perhaps, too, the wire edge of his feelings had somewhat worn off. One day he learned that she was dying.

"The news came to him in a second letter from her. He spoke of that letter with a sort of fatalistic, grim remorse; it seemed to have marked a turning point in his whole life. It woke him up, as you might say, changing him fundamentally, stripped him of the conventions of existence, and threw him naked into regions where he'd never before been and never prepared himself to go. I was obliged to listen closely; the man wandered and hesitated; the language of human exponents wasn't fitted for what he saw with his mind's eye.

"'Have you ever been there?" he inquired, referring to the country where the woman had lived and died. I nodded. 'Then you've heard the superstition, as you would call it?' he went on.

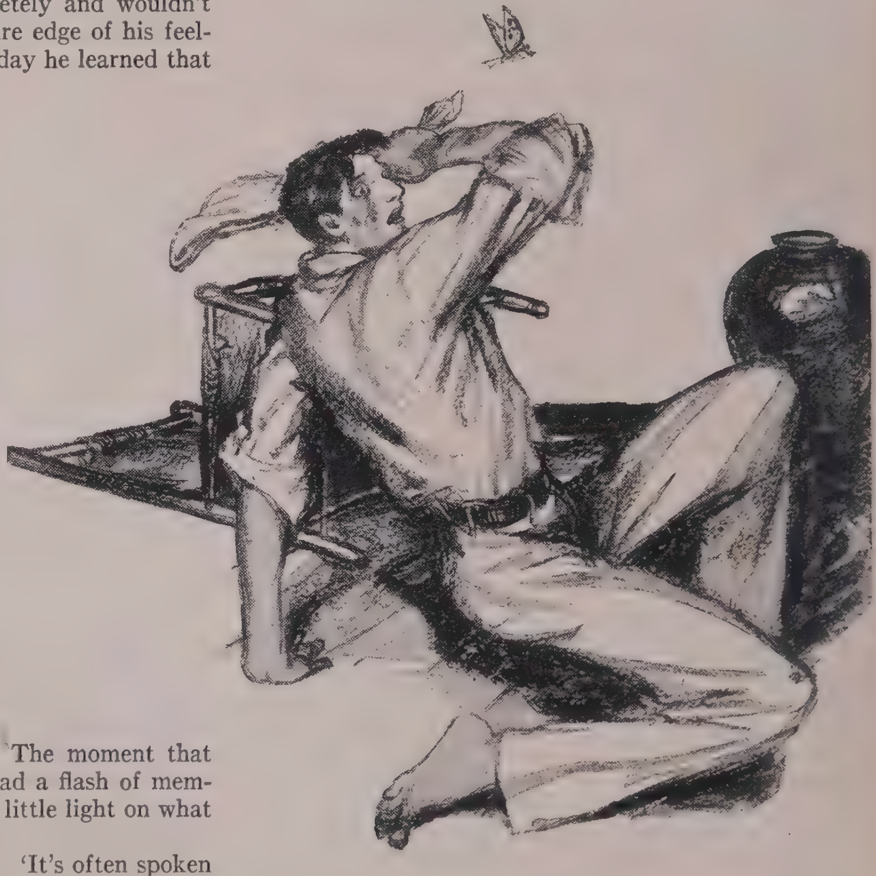
"'What superstition?' I asked. The moment that the words had passed my lips, I had a flash of memory—something, at last, to throw a little light on what I'd already seen and heard.

"'The one about moths,' he said. 'It's often spoken of. It's not a superstition, you know; it's a belief. Moths are . . . are the souls of wronged women.' He drew a deep breath, and remained silent for some time.

"While he paused, a great deal that I'd forgotten came back to me. I remembered how long ago in that country I'd heard a man say, 'The little ladies are abroad tonight.' And in answer to my question, he'd pointed to a company of fluttering moths outside a lighted *shoji,* and said with feeling, 'Woe to him who has done wrong!' And I remembered how in a later year and at the same place I'd heard a man chaffed unmercifully because, as we sat in a garden one evening, the moths wouldn't leave him alone. They flew about his head, they crawled on his garments; and so much was said that at last he left us in a dudgeon—perhaps to spend a bad night with his conscience.

"All this I remembered, before my friend again took up his tale. 'She wrote that she was dying,' he said. 'The child had been born, and had died.' He sat rigid, staring straight ahead, and went on like a man confessing under the lash. 'She said that I must suffer, that I had caused too much.' A sob choked him; he bowed his face in his hands. 'I hadn't known how much I loved her!' he cried.

"The rest of it came calmly, after the paroxysm had passed. Too calmly, I thought; mad men speak in that manner of the impossible. Can you guess what extraordinary thing this man believed? He believed that she had sent the moths. He believed more: he believed that at length she herself would come, and take him away. . . .



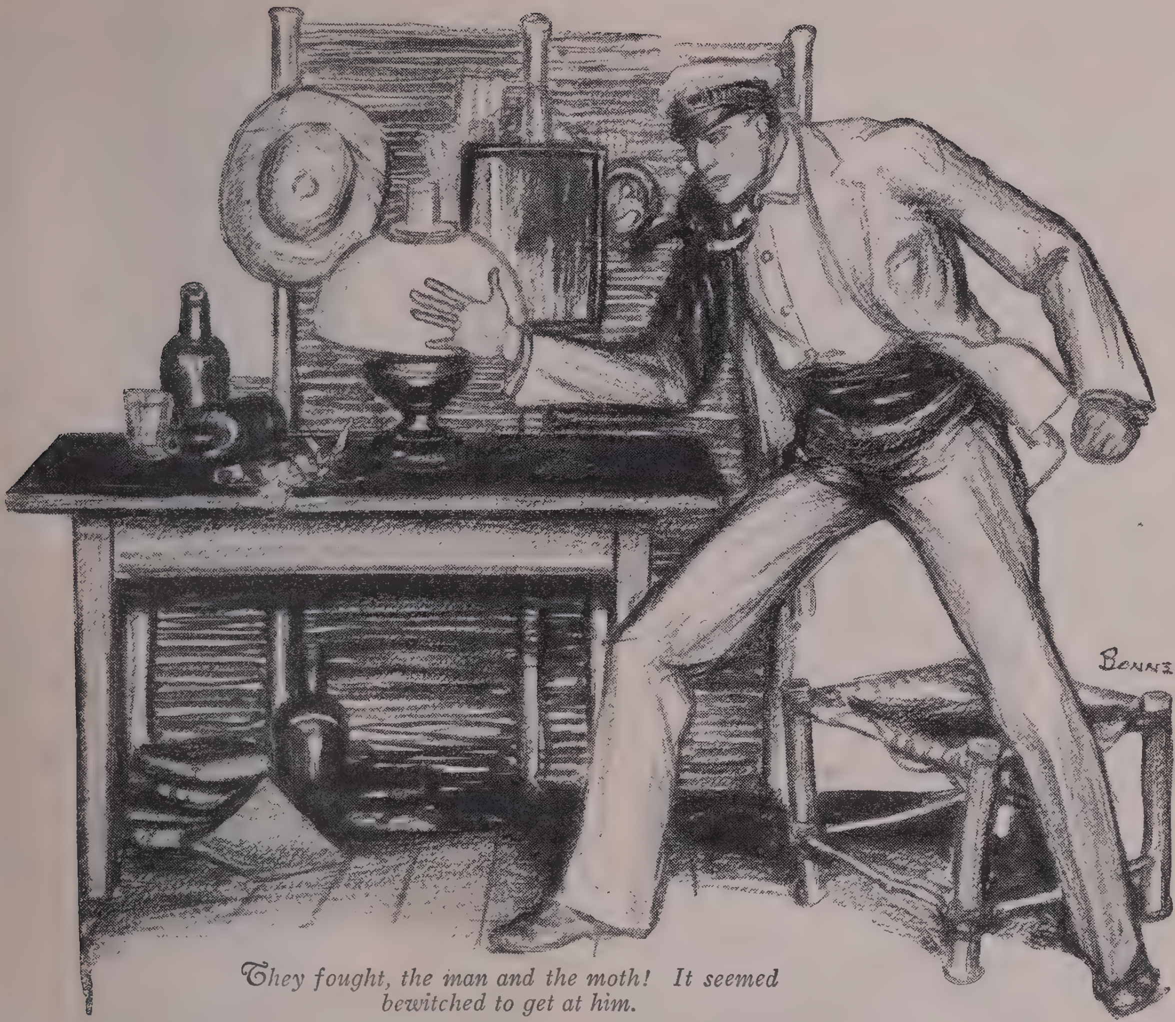
"'Then you thought—my knock——!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes—it must be nearly time. The brown moths have been coming for three months.'

"'Do you mean to tell me that you've gone through *this* every night for three months?'

"'Longer,' he said. 'More. There were gray moths, the souls of children. . . .'

"His voice became lower, almost inaudible; I bent forward to hear. The woman's last letter had reached him in Singapore, where he'd been living in seclusion. On the night after its arrival, a great many little gray moths kept flying into his room. Maybe they'd always done so; he had never before noticed them. She had said in her letter that they would come. He told me that they fluttered about his head like little dried rose-leaves; and all night long he sat thinking of the dead child. After that, for many nights the



They fought, the man and the moth! It seemed bewitched to get at him.

gray moths visited him. If by any chance he slept, they crept on his face and woke him. He could not bear to kill them or drive them away.

"'Why didn't you use a mosquito-net?' I asked.

"'I did,' he answered. 'They worked under.'

"'Couldn't you close the windows?'

"'My God, man,' he cried, 'the windows were closed!'

"'But those houses!' I remonstrated. 'Think how loosely they are built.'

"He waved the suggestion aside as unworthy of consideration. 'You don't understand. There was no escape,' he said, and went on with the tale.

"It seems that a night came when no gray moths appeared. This frightened him more than to have the room full of them; he'd had warning of some such cessation in his mysterious letter. By that time, we doubtless would have claimed that his mind had become slightly unhinged. He sat up as usual, thinking, thinking. Nothing happened all night. At dawn he fell asleep, and slept through the day. When he awoke dusk had fallen on the room. He got up quickly and lighted his lamp. The match had scarcely touched the wick when a big brown moth sailed into the room.

"'I knew what to expect——' he said.

"'*Knew what to expect?*' I interrupted.

"'Certainly,' he said. The others were harmless—little futile baby things. This one was altogether different. It flew straight at me, you know. I had to fight it, and kill it. But more came. . . .'

"'My dear fellow, what in the devil did you conceive it to be?' I asked.

"'The soul of one of her ancestors, of course,' he explained. 'They've come one after another, thousands of them—and they mean business. Thank God they don't come in swarms!' He turned away. 'That night they kept flying against the glass outside, tapping. I couldn't stand it—had to go closer and watch. Their feet pattered on the glass. Their eyes drew me, full of vengeance. . . . You see, they wanted to hold my attention; because while I was watching, one of them got into the room some way and bit me on the neck.' He shuddered from head to foot. 'Their feet stick to you,' he said.

"'I left Singapore,' he went on abruptly. 'It was no use hoping; and I preferred to be alone. I left secretly. It didn't matter where I went; I came down here. I'm trusting you not to tell. But it will soon be over now anyway.'

"I regarded him in deep concern, thinking as hard as I could. 'My dear man,' I said at last, 'this is an hallucination. You must fight yourself, not the moths. You must come away with me.'

" 'Where?' he asked.

" 'There must be some place where these things can't bother you. At sea, or in some cold climate——'

"He interrupted me impatiently. 'Is there any place where a man can't regret?' he said.

"Then I saw the truth, what he was actually fighting. Wise and ancient East—was it for me to meddle? By Jove, he had decided that it wasn't even for him!

" 'You might calk up the cracks,' I suggested. 'Make the place tight——'

" 'I've tried,' he answered. 'They push it in.'

" 'Nonsense! That's because the bamboo is slippery, and you don't drive your filling home.'

" 'You think so?' he asked, in the same weary, doomed tone. 'I've watched it fall, and a moth creep in. Maybe they do it themselves; or else fingers——'

" 'The natives, of course!' I fairly shouted. 'They told me that they were in the habit of spying on you.'

"He shook his head. 'The natives don't come now,' he said. 'They are afraid.'

II

"I DECIDED TO REMAIN at the bungalow all night. My mate wouldn't be anxious—he was used to me; time and a few more miles didn't weigh heavily on my mind; and there were strong reasons. I may have thought of the gloom of the jungle-path that lay between me and the village.

"My coming, and the chance to talk, had thrown the man into a state of relapse; I persuaded him to lie down, promising to keep a sharp watch. To pass the time I busied myself by calking the open cracks in the front wall of the hut; the other three walls seemed tighter, and showed signs of his labors in the same direction. I stuffed away with an old knife until I'd used all the available rags, now and then laughing to myself as I considered my occupation. 'That'll help to keep his infernal moths out!' I growled peevishly. The job over, I drifted back to the light, and sat down in the one chair that the establishment afforded. Time dragged slowly. I fell to examining the array of moths on the table. Some of them had been merely stunned or wounded, and were still alive. They seemed to be quietly observing me. I changed my position: the keen eyes followed my movements. 'The souls of ancestors—what a notion!' I muttered. 'Heavens, they're uncanny things!' I glanced behind me, and found that the man had dropped asleep. Loneliness settled on the room. I listened, my eyes roamed about restlessly, every sense felt strangely alert. Moths, moths . . . in the brain. I didn't wonder at him; a dozen nights like this would have driven any man mad.

"All at once a faint breeze sighed around the house, and before my eyes a section of the window-plug fell inboard, leaving a blank hole.

"I started up. A brown moth had darted through the opening, and sailed toward me. At the same moment my common sense spoke. 'That section was loose,' it said rapidly. 'The breeze blew it in. A moth saw the light, and flew toward it. Sit down and behave yourself.' Thus spoke my common sense. I sat down. By Jove, yes, *experiment*—that was the thing to do. The moth circled high above my head; it vanished momentarily among the shadows. The next instant I felt it behind my ear. Common sense moved away, still talking. 'Sit tight,' it advised me. 'See what the moth will do.' I kept my seat. The soft wings brushed my neck. Then the creature rose, wheeled, and suddenly dashed into my face. The strength of the blow was surprising. Its hairy feet tickled my lips—clung there tightly, as if they'd been dipped in glue. Common sense fled.

"Exactly what happened I can't recall. I remember that I cried out, and threshed about considerably with my arms. When I had recovered myself I stood at the middle of the floor. The moth lay dead at my feet. In my hand I held the towel, folded lengthwise. Beads of cold sweat ran down my forehead.

" 'Why did you try it?' breathed the man behind me, in a frightened voice. 'You know, it might have——'

"I stamped, and felt the fat body burst beneath my bootsole. Common sense returned, clad in skeptical indignation. 'It might have what?' I snapped. 'Use your reason. Just because I am dressed in white——'

" 'I hope that you're not mixed up in it,' he remarked cheerfully.

" 'Tommyrot!' I cried. 'If I believed what you do I swear I'd——'

" 'Don't say it,' he interrupted. 'I have thought of that. But nothing would be accomplished by such an end.'

III

"DURING THE REMAINDER of my trip to Singapore the man and his tragic fate were constantly before my mind. I'd seen the villagers, and told them a little of the truth. 'He bears a private curse,' I'd said. 'He is somewhat mad. Be kind to him.' They'd nodded gravely; they understood. The man himself had steadfastly refused my offers to take him away. So, some time in the morning after my experience in his hut, I'd left him standing on the beach. 'When I pass through Banka again I'll look you up,' I'd promised him in parting. 'Yes,' he'd answered; 'I shall be on the watch.' He'd said something more, but the noise of the oars had drowned it—something about his not being there to see. The mate had sent my own boat ashore; a breeze was coming up the Strait. In an hour's time the point had melted into the coast-line astern. I felt as if returned from a visit to another world.

"The man was cursed, unquestionably cursed. To you and me, Vedder, he was cursed by his own conscience. That's as far as we go, as far as we care to go. And we can't define conscience, haven't the faintest notion what it may be. There's nothing in our category to prove that conscience can't on occasions be the actual embodiment of the wrong done. Will you affirm that it's never visible?—and if not, why? These powers of love and hate—what are they, anyway? One thing we know: they're not of the body, they're of the soul. And only her body died. . . . My friend, it's easier to believe that moths are the spirits of the dead, than that any woman could forget her love.

"I didn't stop long in Singapore. In less than a month after I'd come up through Banka Strait I entered it again bound south, and dropped anchor one afternoon about four o'clock under the wooded point by the Karang Brom-Broms.

"A canoe at once put off from shore, paddling rapidly. I expected, from this maneuver, to see my friend in the stern of the dug-out; but, instead, three natives manned it, breathless and very much excited.

"'You are to come in haste!' they shouted, as they dashed alongside. 'He waits——'

"'Then he's alive!' I cried. I was inexplicably relieved. 'What has happened?' I inquired.

"They made gestures of dismay. 'We know not!' they replied. 'This day he came to us, and gave directions for the digging of a grave. Tomorrow at dawn we were to go to his house. Then the ship was seen; and since, he has waited. We were told to bring you without fail.'

"This was a little more than I had bargained for. I called my mate. 'Mr. Hunter,' I said, 'I'll be ashore again all night. Send a boat to the village for me the first thing in the morning.'

"The natives landed me in the lee of the point, at the notch in the jungle made by my friend's enclosure. The door of the hut stood open; the place seemed deserted. 'Where is he?' I demanded, the possibility of foul play entering my mind. At the same moment the man himself dashed out of the jungle-path and stumbled toward me.

"'Thank God!' he gasped. 'I thought that you would land at the village. I ran——'

"'It seemed to be such an urgent call that I came in here.'

"'When they sighted you I hardly allowed myself to hope. But you swung in; and then I recognized your vessel. I won't be alone!'

"'Is anything wrong?' I inquired. 'Anything new——'

"'*The brown moths stopped coming last night!*' he said.

"I took him by the arm and led him inside. He followed submissively; he was lost in his own abstractions. Alone with me, he sat down and began snapping his teeth together. Now and then he broke out into fragmentary speech; by snatches I got an account of his last month. He'd been fighting moths . . . fighting moths. The night before he'd lighted his lamp as usual and laid the folded towel beside it on the table; he always dampened the end of the towel, so that he could strike a harder and surer blow. But no moths had appeared. He'd opened the door wide, he'd uncalked the windows. He was used to the brown moths, he knew what they were; he wanted them to come. But they had deserted him. Then he knew that it was a sign. 'I sat down,' he said. 'My soul retreated to a pinpoint. . . .' What was that? retreated *where?* Along the dim aisles of the imagination—through the empty, appalling caverns of the brain. A whitish and indefinite something, terrified, lost in gloom, in the great spaces—a pinpoint, far away. . . . The dawn had found him still waiting.

"'By daylight I could think,' he said. His face had grown years older since I'd last seen him. 'I didn't want to lie here,' he went on. 'I ran over to the village and made preparations——'

"'Now you're talking like a fool!' I broke out. 'Listen to me. It's a well-known fact that a whole species of moth will suddenly disappear. They—they go into their cocoons. Everywhere, all at once, all over the world, the members of a certain species will take to cover. That's what has happened here and now.' I wasn't sure of my point; in fact, I knew nothing whatever about it, except in the most general way. But this seemed the only reasonable supposition; beyond the need of quieting his mind, *I* had to have an explanation, too, you know.

"HE SHATTERED my argument by a word of faith, the one attack that no argument can sustain. 'You don't understand,' he said.

"'Then how do you know that you haven't beaten them out?' I humored him. 'How do you know that they haven't been stopped? This may be your reward.'

"He gave me a sad glance. 'Did I reward her?' he asked.

"Night had fallen while we'd been talking. I started to make a light; the man's hand fell on my arm. 'No,' he said. 'Not yet. We'll wait. . . .' He closed the door. I began to feel a little ticklish at being alone with him in the dusk. He came back and sat beside me on the foot of the bed. I stiffened my muscles, preparing for any emergency. The next moment I felt very much ashamed of myself. The poor chap had reached out and grasped my hand.

"Words are inadequate; but we suffer under the necessity of speech. 'You've been fixing the window,' I said at last.

"'Covered it only yesterday with oiled paper. I needn't have bothered, need I? but then I didn't know——'

"'Why won't you come away with me?' I demanded. 'You'll be all right aboard my ship. I have a spare room, just the place for you.'

He made a decisive gesture. 'You don't understand,' he cried for the fortieth time. 'There is a price to be paid.'

"I saw that it was useless to urge him just then. Why did my heart sink, as if all had been lost? I can't explain, I can't be sure. The man obsessed me; the very air of the room was charged with irrationality, with a mysterious suspense. For lack of a better reason, I may have had a vague notion that he was liable at any time to go quite mad.

"I talked, trying to fill in the time. Now he heard me; now I caught him listening to something else—*for* something else. A pleasant companion, a merry evening. Nine o'clock passed—ten o'clock. The pauses grew more frequent. An awful depression settled on the room, a weird stillness, a stagnation of the living world. I couldn't stand the dark any longer.

"He made no demur when I lit the lamp. His face seemed very white; beyond that I detected no change in his general appearance. We sat on for a while in silence, our eyes meeting furtively from time to time. I was stricken dumb; I couldn't think of another blessed thing to say. How was I to get him through the night at this rate? His mind was plainly unbalanced. Useless, both for his sake and for mine, to waste more time; in the morning I would take him aboard by force, if necessary, and carry him off.

"Suddenly he gripped my knee. 'Listen,' he whispered. 'What was that?'

"I held myself rigid. Not a leaf rattled in the jungle, not a breath of wind stirred. A faint tapping sound came to my ears.

"'Do you hear it?' the man asked hoarsely.

"I nodded, listening intently. The sound was rapid and uneven, like that of a loose branch, snapping in a breeze. I got up, followed it, and found myself before the window. Upon the oiled paper I made out a spot, a blur, as of some object pressed against it outside. I heard the humming of wings. . . .

"'It's only a moth trying to get in!' I exclaimed, turning back relieved.

"A strange transformation came over my friend's manner. He pulled himself together, sat bolt upright, and tossed his head with an air of determination, as if throwing obstacles aside. White spots showed on the knuckles of his clenched hands. Then he stood up steadily, facing me across the table.

"A stroke of asinine perception was vouchsafed me. 'The brown moths have returned!' I cried.

"'No,' he said. 'Now I see.'

"The tone startled me. 'For God's sake, what?'

"He came around the table and stretched out his hand. 'I've been a coward,' he said. 'Please take into account that I was in hell.'

"I took his hand, confused by this new turn. 'Hold on,' I urged. 'What's up now? Sit down, like a good fellow.'

"He gazed at me for a long moment. 'Good-by,' he said. 'You were good to come.'

"He left me standing by the table, and went to the door. For the price of my soul I couldn't have stopped him. I saw it clearly; but I think that life and time must have been discontinued with me for a little while. The man was laboring under some fearful strain; his movements were forced and deliberate, as if controlled by a mighty effort of the will. He grasped the door with both hands and threw it open.

"Out of the framed blackness swept a great white moth. It floated through the room like a sheet of paper blown about by an impalpable breeze. The man knelt, holding out his arms. All fear had left his face. The great moth circled in narrowing spirals about his head. He didn't try to strike it; he watched it without a tremor. The moth wheeled closer . . . shadowed his face. I heard a sigh, a sharp intake of the breath. My friend's arms dropped to his sides; little by little his body relaxed, toppling forward on the floor.

IV

"I STOOD BY THE TABLE stunned, speechless, absolutely unnerved. Some time must have gone by. All at once my comprehension awoke, a surge of blood to the head and with it an abhorrence that was the most outrageous sensation I have ever experienced. As the man's body had toppled forward the moth had floated free; I saw it just above him now, creeping on the side of the open door. I gave a cry; my hand fell on the folded towel. Leaping across the body, with one tremendous blow I mashed the moth against the door. It tumbled to the floor with wings extended, kicked a moment, and lay still.

"I knelt beside my friend, feeling for his heart. It had stopped beating. I couldn't credit it—it was inconceivable. I dashed water into his face. I lifted his head and shoulders on a pillow, I pumped his arms. I was distracted—flew about for many minutes, administering what practical aid I knew. But he showed no sign of recovery; his life had gone. I suppose the effort had been too great; I suppose the strain on his nerves, the shock—I suppose, I suppose!—what in the devil do I suppose? I know only that he had said good-by to me the moment before, and he was dead.

"I laid him on the floor in front of the rickety table, and crossed his hands on his breast. Then I examined the moth. Its size was enormous; its outspread wings measured eight inches from tip to tip. They were iridescent, delicate, altogether lovely; they flanked a pair of wide and watchful eyes, of eyes sad with knowledge and pathetically courageous, as if gathering in one glance of anguish all the lost hopes and defeated days of love. They were alive, those eyes—by Jove, they were immortal, of the undying substance of dreams and souls. And the creature, too, partook in a measure of their immortality. I thought that I had killed it; a frantic regret of my rash deed swept over me, an unappeasable sorrow . . . what am I saying? But yes, I felt it so; else why should I have sighed with relief when I saw those delicate wings moving, and knew that the moth had survived my impulsive blow? They fluttered slowly, feeling their strength. Suddenly the moth floated free, rose, wheeled through the narrow room—dropped again, and rested lightly upon the dead face staring upward from the floor—pressed close upon it, covering the features, winnowing the air with its wonderful wings. Then my relief was changed to horror—to swift terror, to nameless and irresistible fear—and I fled.

"Later in the night, after a hideous experience along the jungle-path, I gained the village. There I aroused the natives, and gave them money, commanding them under threat of an awful curse to bury his body."

◆

Economy is going without something you want in case you should, some day, want something which you probably won't want.—ANTHONY HOPE.

Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Plezzures make folks acquainted with each other, but it takes trials, and grief, tew make them know each other.—JOSH BILLINGS.

A review of the 1929-30 season on the New York stage

Enter King Magnus in "The Apple Cart," by George Bernard Shaw.

¶ THE *parade of contemporary thought reflected by the stage has long seemed to us to demand comment in the* GOLDEN BOOK.

Mr. Carmer, who knows not only the New York dramatic world, but the chief trends all over the country and abroad, initiates this new department for us. Next month he will talk about the coming of age and future of the Little Theater.

New Days *for the* Theater

By CARL CARMER

Associate Editor of *Theatre Arts Monthly*

FUTURE LITERARY HISTORIANS, no doubt, will call the production of Marc Connelly's *The Green Pastures* a milestone in the progress of American drama. And if the play is as important as it would seem, they will study the 1929-30 season with scholar's zeal in the effort to find out what influences brought about, not only its making, but its amazing success.

For *The Green Pastures* is a joining of all that is best in the American theater. It would seem that all of the other fine productions of the season were but preparing audiences for the appreciation of this well-nigh perfect work. Here is a play as much a part of the country as the Mississippi itself, or the red clay of Georgia and Alabama. The amazing conjunction of spiritual imagery and the argot of life close to the land, which all who know the Negro will recognize, and which Roark Bradford has so faithfully translated in his book of sketches, *Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun*, is here given dramatic direction by an artist who understands the theater as do few contemporary Americans. Provided with a setting whose simple artificiality is a proof of Robert Edmond Jones' poetic understanding of the work and played with touching sincerity by a cast of over a hundred negroes, the play becomes one of the nation's most significant contributions to art.

The Green Pastures is a miracle play. One must go far back in the history of English drama for a prototype—but in the folk-plays on Bible stories that grew up in the 14th and 15th centuries in England something like it may be found. This modern miracle play tells the grim stories of the Old Testament as they are interpreted by a credulous and simple country folk. As the play unfolds episodically, the audience becomes gradually aware that they are seeing something infinitely greater than the amusing transcription of the Hebrew tales into the vernacular and accustomed background of the southern negro. They begin to find this process merely a gorgeously humorous decoration for the symbols which underlie it—symbols of all simple faith—the faith of children in the stories told them in Sunday School, the faith of the illiterate medieval craftsmen that lifted the soaring cathedrals. And so the laughter at the homely expression and incongruous situation, uproarious at first, slowly dies down and gives place to a lump in the throat. The spirituals, sung magnificently by a rich-voiced negro choir between every scene, act as a unifying chorus in the true Greek sense of the word.

When, in the future, that student of this country's drama mentioned in the first sentence of this article, shall look back to us for explanation of the creative influences which resulted in *The Green Pastures* and its phenomenal success, he may find a series of facts:

Like the ugly duckling, the Broadway dramatic season of 1929-30 had an unprepossessing youth. Following a season pretty generally acclaimed as the worst in history, it seemed for a time to be diving into further depths of bad drama. In fact, the new year was quite well under way before swan-symptoms began to develop.

A scene from "The Last Mile," one of the season's best plays.

Producers, managers and playwrights, in the meantime, cried out against the talkies. The vocal pictures were ruining the legitimate stage, they said—despite the fact that *Strictly Dishonorable*—that charming story of what a New York speakeasy may hold for a little ol' girl from Mississippi (played so lightly by Muriel Kirkland that the thinnest ice provides ample support)—was selling out for months in advance. Despite the fact, too, that under Mr. Belasco's direction, *It's a Wise Child* was proving to full houses nightly that while announcing that you are about to have a child out of wedlock is an effective way of getting rid of an elderly, though rich suitor, it has its disadvantages in the way of complications.

But neither of these successes was an index of the direction the theater was to take in 1930. Plays entered the city in hosts and died like flies. So did the characters in them—for the majoriy of the serious dramas centered about murders. Two young men wrote a play about the violent death of a girl at a Williams College fraternity dance. *Houseparty* it was called, and it gave one of the young men, Ronald Hargrave, ample opportunity to prove himself a very promising actor. A mystery melodrama appeared, *Remote Control*, with all scenes laid in a Chicago radio-broadcasting station, whence a "master mind" directed a gang of criminals by talking in code "on the air." Then the English put crime-ridden America to shame by bringing across the water a play so blood-curdling as to make the other blood-curdling plays seem pale. *Enough Rope* seems to have been a murder play to end all murder plays, for few have made their appearance since.

Still the producers despaired over the public's whimsicality and obstinacy. The Theater Guild tried a bad play from the German called *Karl and Anna*. Despite a distinguished cast and an Enoch Arden plot it was heavy and dull. Then they tried a bad play from the French, *The Game of Love and Death*. Again there was a distinguished cast, but the play was rhetorical and slow and served no good purpose except to prove that Claude Rains is an excellent actor.

At about this time, thanks again to the English, things theatrical began to pick up. One or two producers discovered that the hard-boiled American public—the people who had been crowding to the theater in previous seasons to see *Broadway* and *Night-stick* and *The Front Page*—this American public had a poetic soul. The change came gradually. *The Channel Road*, by Alexander Woollcott and George Kaufman, of which much had been expected, had but a short run—perhaps because it was a little slow and bookish, but it was the forerunner of success in a new field.

Another evidence of the changing mood came in the comparative success of the English sentimental comedy, *Many Waters*. In this quiet, lovely play the drama of the commonplace received a poetic treatment which, heightened by the sincere acting of Ernest Truex, brought out the handkerchiefs.

It was the production of John Balderston's *Berkeley Square*, however, which definitely reëstablished the world of fancy upon the American stage. It does not seem an unfair analogy to compare the remarkable success of this play, after "racket" plays and cruelly realistic depictions of American life had had their nights of triumph, to that of a play produced over two centuries earlier—Colley Cibber's *Love's Last Shift*—when a restoration audience accustomed to the hard and pitilessly sophisticated brilliances of Congreve and Wycherley, bedewed their laces with tears over a marital reconciliation. In *Berkeley Square's* very impossibility, in its frank giving over to fanciful speculation, audiences found a poignancy that had long been lacking in the New York theater. Here was poetry, a poetry that a theater audience could understand and appreciate.

There is little doubt that *Berkeley Square* had a definite, favorable influence on the success of *Children of Darkness*. It opened the way. The latter play continued the poetic vein and carried it even further. The prisoners of an Eighteenth Century British gaol yearn for freedom in an exquisite language which is sometimes very close indeed to free verse. This is an artificial literary comedy, hearty in its characterizations, sensitive in its moods. And its culminating incident is an act of sentiment comparable to that of Sidney Carton in Dickens' tale. Had the play been produced a year earlier, it would probably have failed. Indeed, had it antedated itself a few months it might have met the fate of *The Channel Road*.

The theater public, fed up with racy slang, and

David Belasco's "It's a Wise Child" was the first hit of the past season.

contemporary satire, was finding fancy a happy stimulant. Even the plays which a year before might have been expected to have no more literary value than *The Front Page,* plays "exposing" certain phases of contemporary life, found the poetic quality an asset—to wit, the stylized scene in the prison mess hall in *Criminal Code,* and that magnificent epic of the death cells, *The Last Mile* which ranks among the few best plays of the year. Prisons have apparently taken the place of newspaper offices as dramatic subjects this year, and it is pleasing to note how both audience and playwright have improved in taste by comparing this season's two prison plays with the rather boldly expressed *The Front Page* and *Gentlemen of the Press. Criminal Code* is a fine propagandistic conception, beautifully borne out in the direction and the remarkable impressive settings designed by nineteen-year-old Albert Johnson, while *The Last Mile* contrives to be perfect theater without artificiality, beautifully worded without being too "literary."

Further optimism for the season may be found in its extreme cosmopolitan catholicity. Rarely are the superficial plays of one country made available to the people of another. Different peoples understand each other least in their light moments. Plays that have some universality of appeal are most apt to receive production in translation. The list of foreign plays produced this season is a long and admirable one. The Civic Repertory Theater under Miss LeGallienne's direction, has kept the Spanish, the Russian, the French on the stage. Leo Bulgakov and associates gave a fine production of Chekhov's *At the Bottom;* from the German came an amusing fantastic play called *Out of a Blue Sky;* the Japanese Sword Players afforded a novel diversion; and the appearances of China's greatest actor, Mei Lan-Fang, have been among the most popular of all the year's dramatic activities.

Never has the New York theater audience seemed more intellectually alive. It has even occurred to some of the producers who have apparently had the greatest contempt for the public that the way to make money in the theater is to produce good plays.

The Green Pastures is, after all, the main proof of this article's contention that audiences today hunger for the fanciful and the poetic. It is the climax of a dramatic season that promises much. No talkies can defeat plays as great as this. It is to be hoped that it is a presage of more dramas as finely and deeply interpretative of national life. It has brought our stage to a new height of dramatic and poetic genius, although technically the play varies from what modern critics have come to describe as good play-making. It uses no artificial dramatic devices. With the impetus which it has given the playwright and producer, with the promise of a public capable of understanding appreciation, the next season should hold a realization of great beauty for the American stage.

A scene from "The Criminal Code," Martin Flavin's criticism of the present machinery of punishment.

The most discussed play and book of the moment

The Green Pastures

By WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

¶ Mr. Eaton *stands out among distinguished dramatic critics of today. A New Englander and a Harvard graduate, he is the author of many books about the theater, of essays, and books for boys. And he lectures authoritatively on the drama. His wise opinions are expressed in a beautiful, friendly but quiet, prose style.*

Two years ago Harpers published a book by Roark Bradford of Louisiana, called *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun,* a collection of Biblical stories supposed to be related by some old negro preacher. All the characters, even God, talked like darkies, and everything was reduced to the homely, everyday simplicity of darky life. The book had a fair sale among people who appreciated its quaint humor and genuine folk quality, but it wasn't a "best seller," and it might still be comparatively obscure if it had not been read by Marc Connelly.

Marc Connelly is the dramatist who collaborated with George Kaufman in writing "Dulcey," "To the Ladies," "Beggar on Horseback," and other plays. By himself he wrote a fantastic play called "The Wisdom Tooth," which showed the imaginative bent of his mind. When he got hold of Mr. Bradford's collection of negro tales, he saw them in stage terms, and the vision gave him no rest. He realized the difficulties of making a play out of them, and the even greater difficulties of persuading any manager to produce it, but still he persisted, even journeying to New Orleans to visit Mr. Bradford. When his play was finished, almost every manager in New York refused to produce it, including Arthur Hopkins and the Theater Guild. It called for a tremendously long cast of negro players, as well as a band of singers of spirituals. It called for eighteen scenes. And the leading character was God.

A producer was finally found in the person of a retired Wall Street broker. The play was shown in New York late in February, and instantly it became one of the most sensational successes of recent years. There has not been a vacant seat, nor even any vacant standing room, since the opening night.

If you will read *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun,* or Mr. Bradford's new collection of tales, *Ol' Man David an' the Philistine Boys,* you will be charmed and amused by the humor of these stories which resides in the naive reduction of Old Testament incidents to the language and ideas of plantation darkies.

"So he [the Lord] wawked along, studdyin' and a-tawkin'. 'Mankind,' he say, 'is jest right for my yearth, ef'n he wa'n't so dad-blame sinful. I'd ruther have my yearth peopled wid a bunch of channel catfish den mankind and his sin. I jest can't stand sin.'

"So about dat time de Lawd comed up on old man Noah, wawkin' long de road in a plug hat and a hammer-tail coat. . . ."

That gives a faint idea of the style of the tales. The Lord himself is a sweet old preacher, much troubled and a little bewildered by the goings on of his creatures, but able, on occasion, to "r'ar back and pass a miracle." The stories are quaint and delightful when read aloud. But you will like enough wonder how anybody could make a play out of them.

The chances are remote that you will catch in them the extraordinary beauty and sometimes the stabbing depth which Mr. Connelly and his negro players have achieved on the stage. "The Green Pastures" is Mr. Bradford's book. It even uses the very dialogue of the book. Yet it is something different from the book, and something far more moving. In the book, for instance, though the Lord represents the simple negro's idea of a good, kindly man, he does not also represent for you the magnificent image of Omnipotence. The Lord in Mr. Connelly's play is the same kindly old preacher, but he is also strangely potent over the imagination. He is received with a kind of smiling affection, as the figment of a simple-minded people's imagination, and the final result is genuine reverence and deep dignity.

The Lord has an office, a humble room furnished with an old roll-top desk and three wooden chairs. There is one great window at the back, out of which you see only a vast of blue. Two very black female angels, their wings covered to keep off the dust, clean this office, and the Lord's special servant is Gabriel, who is always polishing up his horn and yearning to play it, though of course that isn't permitted! When he is given orders, he replies, "O. K., Lord." The Lord, who is very busy, finds the heat oppressive, so he looks out of the window, and says, "Let it be a little cooler." That is amusing. You smile. But you, too, are looking through that window at Robert Edmond Jones' patch of lovely and illimitable blue, and suddenly it is Infinity, and the Creator has spoken. Your imagination is captured, as by the high words of

Genesis, and your smile vanishes as a shiver close to awe goes over you. There are many such bits of startling and reverent beauty mingled carelessly with the humor of this play.

The play begins in a negro Sunday school, with an old preacher telling the children Bible stories. That introduction puts the audience into the right mood to receive what follows as negro folk lore, or rather as the realistic terms in which they conceive their living religion. The first scene is a celestial fish fry, attended by all the angels, many of whom are singing. The Lord creates the firmament, because there isn't enough of it in his boiled custard, and of course after that he has to pass another miracle, and create Adam and Eve. But Cain and his descendants cut up so that the Lord has to go down to earth again, and finding Noah the only decent man he inspires the building of the ark, and then he makes it rain—and how! The scenes on the ark are among the most amusing in the play, and here it will be recalled, perhaps, that the Noah plays in the ancient mediæval miracles were also the most amusing in those cycles. Indeed, there is much more than a hint of resemblance between "The Green Pastures" and the old miracles, since each dramatized Biblical story in the realistic terms of folk imagination.

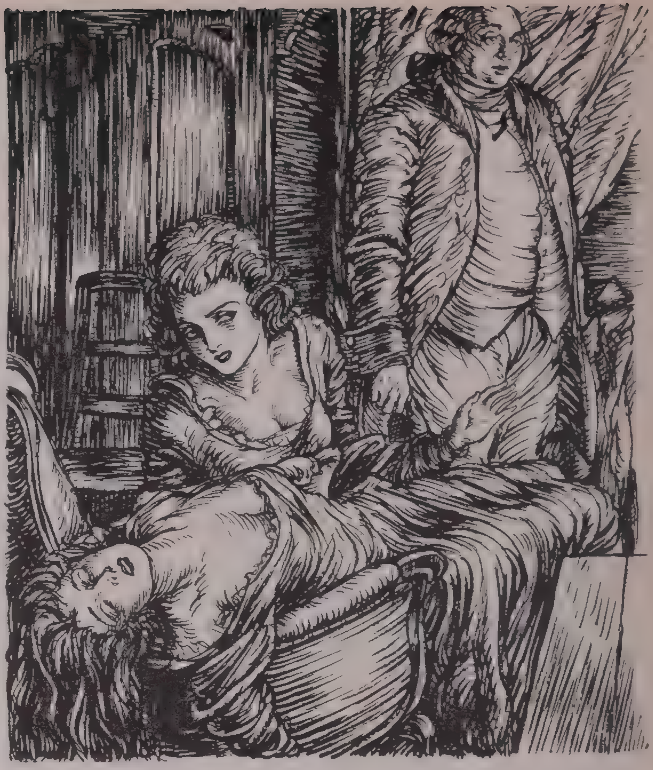
The play next shows Moses leading the Children of Israel across the desert, in a magnificent scene, and the Lord comforting Moses with a ten-cent cigar. After that Mr. Connelly departs both from the text and the spirit of Mr. Bradford's book, and in a series of final scenes depicts the continued cussedness of mankind and the growing realization by the Lord that out of sheer pity for these folks he has created he must make a yet greater and more personal effort to redeem them. Here, with the utmost delicacy and reverence, Mr. Connelly hints the coming of Christ, and does it entirely by increasing the perplexity and deepening the tenderness and suffering of his dusky Lord. He runs a danger, however, and I do not feel that he quite escapes, in taking his character of the Lord toward the end out of the region of simple-minded negro imagination and giving the play an emotional complexity a bit at variance with its beginnings. Nor does he, perhaps, gain enough of the element of suspense to justify this break in the mood.

Not the least interesting feature of the production is the setting, designed by Robert Edmond Jones. The scenes are as primitive as the play's spirit, and have the same quality of tender fun. Of great aid to the mood is the singing of spirituals while the numerous scenes are being changed, and also during the playing of some of them. The negro spirituals have these same blended elements of humor, beauty, and simple-minded faith that the play has, and are its most fitting accompaniment. But without the negro actors the whole production would be impossible. Indeed, it would be unthinkable. The negro is a natural actor, anyway. Witness the production of "Porgy" a few seasons ago. Many of the "Porgy" cast are in "The Green Pastures." The negro who plays Gabriel, with rich and delightful humor, has been many years on the stage. On the other hand, the actor who plays the Lord is a well-educated octoroon who hitherto has been a lecturer and teacher. He has to "black up" for the part, and his English is so free from accent that it took him some time to get the proper dialect. Yet on the stage his playing, like that of all the rest, has naturalness, seeming ease, and is keyed to the spirit of the play. The entire production has been directed by Mr. Connelly himself, which is as it should be.

The children of Israel seeking the Promised Land.

IT WAS NINETY YEARS ago that the American negro began definitely to contribute to our art. The so-called negro minstrels, which were of course composed of whites in burnt cork, played a large part in supplying our convention-ridden theater with fresh, spontaneous entertainment, and a still larger part in inspiring our song writers to compose the music which is our most characteristic contribution to that art, and our best loved—"Way Down Upon the Swanee Ribber," "Dixie," and all the rest.

Now, almost a century later, primitive negro faith, translated into stage terms by a white dramatist; but acted by a negro cast and with pure negro music, is giving us our most imaginative, freshest drama of many seasons, and indeed our only drama which can be called religious. It has faith, tenderness, humor, beauty. It has everything but the back-bone of a progressive story. Whether the lack of that back-bone will keep it from more than a season or two of stage life remains to be seen. But sufficient unto the day is the beauty thereof. By all means, read Mr. Bradford's book—or the text of the play itself, now published—if you cannot see the play.



The Flight

The flight of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette—one of the most dramatic events in French history—nears its tragic climax. Here for the first time in English is Dumas' account of this fatal ride.

The Third of Four Parts

By

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Translated by R. S. GARNETT

The situation is:

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION was brewing, and King Louis XVI found himself practically a prisoner in the palace of Versailles with his Queen, Marie Antoinette, and their two children. Since all hope for their safety seemed to lie outside of France, they planned to escape from Paris to the frontier.

Sixty-four years later Dumas set about to retrace, step by step, this dramatic flight. He sought to clear up certain historical details by interviewing people on the scene who had been witnesses of the great event and by consulting whatever documents he might find at Châlons, Sainte-Menehould, and Varennes. From his investigations he reconstructs the exciting days of 1791.

On the evening set for their flight, the party of eight finally slipped out of the palace by twos and reached the fiacre which was to take them out of Paris. They arrived safely at Sainte-Menehould, but there, through the indiscretion of the King, they were recognized. Though they departed in safety, the populace was in a turmoil, and Drouet and Guillaume, two young patriots, were commissioned by the Town Council to pursue the royal carriages and arrest the flight in the name of the National Assembly.

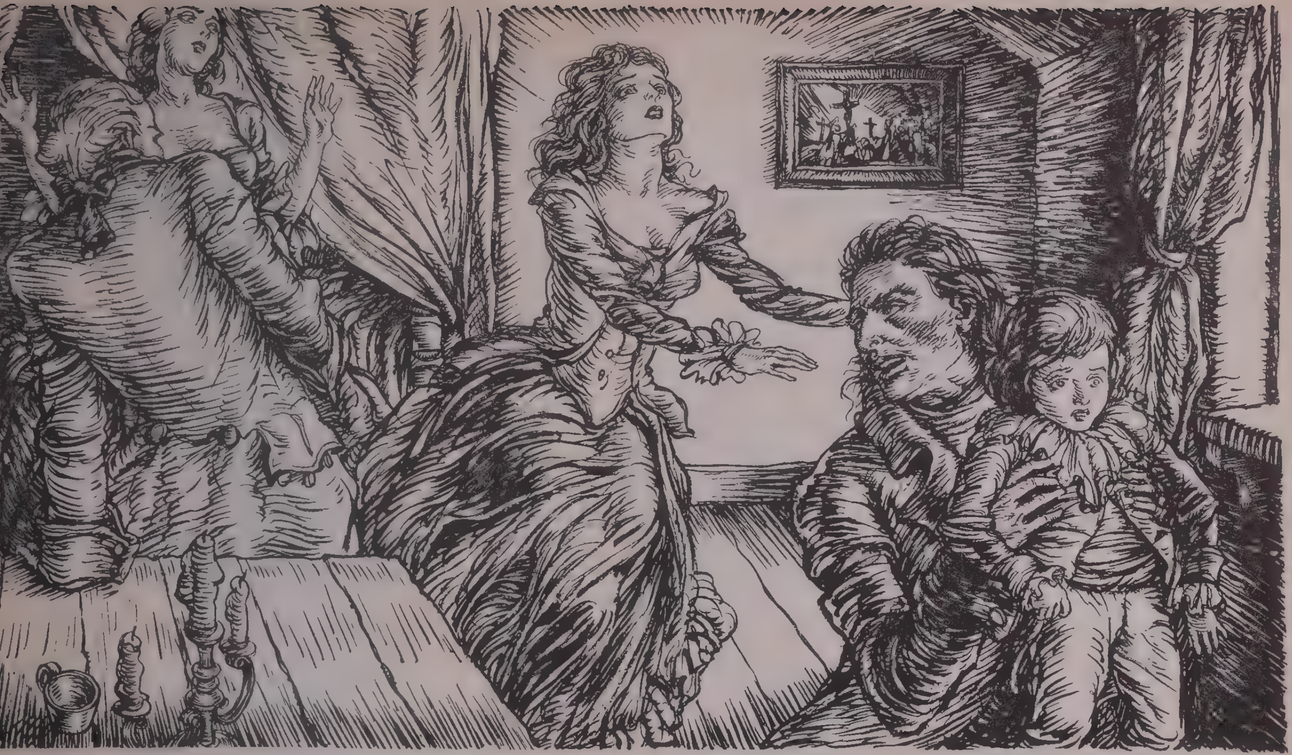
Meanwhile, M. d'Andouins, captain of the dragoons who had been stationed at Sainte-Menehould to escort the King from there to Varennes, had been unable to come to the aid of the King because of the turbulent throng of townsfolk who blocked his road. Demonstrations of the people against the King's dragoons become so excited that M. d'Andouins goes before the Town Council, and in order to pacify the people, orders his soldiers to disarm.

WHEN M. D'ANDOUINS and his lieutenant, M. Lacour, appeared on the Square as they left the Town Hall, the excitement of the populace had reached its height. There was a cry of "Traitor! He is in the secret; he has fooled the Town Council!" The two officers were hurried to the jail.

Meanwhile, citizen Legay, an officer of the National Guard, posted a picked party of his best marksmen under the trees which stand at the corner where the Rue des Marais joins the Rue de la Porte des Bois, with orders to fire on any man leaving the town or entering it at a gallop, who did not reply instantly to the challenge of the sentinels.

A few minutes after these orders were given, a rumor spread that the hussars at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle had wheeled round on the town and that Drouet and Guillaume were in danger of falling into their hands.

M. Legay asked for two volunteers to accompany him to reconnoiter the road and bring news of Guillaume and Drouet. Two gendarmes, Collet and Lapointe, came forward and the three started on their errand. After they had left, a messenger on foot arrived; he had been sent from La Neuville-au-Pont, and was taken, all breathless as he was, to the assembly room of the Town Council. He was the bearer of a letter from the municipality of La Neuville-au-Pont in these terms:



He seized the Dauphin and made for the door. The Queen rushed after him, shrieking.

to Varennes

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell

Messieurs,

There have just passed through here sixty or eighty hussars who came from the direction of Champagne and who are going to Varennes. It is not known on what errand. There is reason for apprehension, and we request you to inform us what precautions we should take. Until we hear from you we shall call out the Town Guard.

We have the honor to be, Messieurs, in all sincerity, your very humble and obedient servants,

Jobelet, Mayor.
"Soudan.—J. H. Dediogenes.
21st June, 1791. 8 o'clock in the evening.

The messenger was questioned. The hussars had gone astray; they were M. de Goguelat's and Boudet's detachment. They had got to La Neuville-au-Pont, and had engaged a guide there to lead them, by way of Florent and Chalade, to Varennes.

While the municipality of Sainte-Menehould was writing its answer to the letter of La Neuville-au-Pont, five or six shots were heard, followed by cries. The councilors rushed out of the Town Hall to see what was happening. It was an unfortunate accident.

I have said that Legay, having placed his best shots in ambush under the trees between the Rue des Marais and the Rue de la Porte des Bois, and having given them the order to fire on any man galloping past, had himself set out with the gendarmes Collet and Lapointe. The three scouts had gone as far as La Grange-au-Bois; and having fallen in on the road with the two men of Sainte-Menehould on their slow mounts who had not been able to keep up with Drouet and Guillaume and who were consequently returning, learned from them that no harm had befallen the municipal envoys, at least as far as Islettes. Eager to carry these good tidings, Legay and his companions were returning at full speed, and in their hurry omitted to reply to the challenge of the ambuscade, who fired. One was killed, another seriously wounded, and the third, Legay, received a few shots in his hand and arm. The accident made a deep impression. Many of the people wished to return to their homes, but the mob barricaded the streets; everyone in the square of the Town Hall had to stay there till the next morning. But they lighted up all the windows, so that such an accident should not occur again.

Towards midnight a picket of the National Guard brought into the town an express sent from Châlons bearing the following letter:

On the authority of the National Assembly, it is ordered that every good citizen is to endeavor to stop a berlin with six horses, which is believed to contain the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, the Dauphin, and Madame Royale. I am sent in pursuit of it by the City of Paris; but as I am too fatigued to have any hope of overtaking them, I am sending the bearer of these presents, with orders to call upon the public forces to aid him in stopping any carriage which may contain enemies of the nation.

Bayon, Commander of the battalion of Saint
Germain, for M. de La Fayette.

I certify that I have seen the authorization of M. Bayon, and I will be security for assisting the person whom we introduce.

Thuveny,
Master of Pharmacy, Châlons.

The notice herewith is to be transmitted from courier to courier as far as Sainte-Menehould, where inquiries will be made about two berlins which should have arrived there about six or seven o'clock in the evening.

The Mayor, Choré,
Roze, Procureur Général.

The Mayor of Sainte-Menehould wrote this subscription:

The two berlins passed through here at half past seven o'clock. There were in the first carriage two women; in the second, three women, a man, and two children. A courier followed immediately behind the second berlin which was drawn by six horses.

Given at the Hôtel de Ville of Sainte-Menehould, at midnight, in the presence of the National Guard.

Dupin, Mayor.

There was no more doubt about it. It was the King and the royal family who had passed through the town and who were being pursued by Drouet and Guillaume.

At one in the morning Messieurs Bayon and Romeuf arrived. Bayon, as I have said, was commander of a battalion of Saint-Germain; Romeuf was an aide-de-camp of La Fayette.

No news of the King was to be had. They had stopped at Châlons; they only paused at Sainte-Menehould to assure themselves that the King and royal family had passed; and as soon as they had made certain of this, they started again in pursuit.

Chapter Five

There were, as has already been indicated, a good number of unpublished documents to examine at Sainte-Menehould. I surmised as much, so I resolved to make a long halt there. Our driver (you remember I had hired a wagonette and driver) asked where he should set us down. I replied without hesitation, "At the Hôtel de Metz."

And why the Hôtel de Metz rather than elsewhere? Because I recalled a description of the Hôtel de Metz in Victor Hugo's "The Rhine," which had made me say to myself: "If ever I go to Sainte-Menehould, I shall certainly stay at the Hôtel de Metz."

I made my way at once to the kitchen. Everything was as Hugo had described it; the copper pans, the crockery, the clock, the bacon, the pokers and tongs of all shapes and sizes—all were there, except the little bird, which had died of old age, after a life of eleven years. It was a goldfinch. Seeing the minute attention with which I studied the kitchen, the hostess, Madame Cholet, smiled and said to me: "I see you have been reading what M. Victor Hugo said about us. He was a good friend to us in writing those lines. God bless him!"

May your blessing cross the seas, you poor grateful soul, and may it come like a breath from his native land to the exile!

I explained the object of my journey. I was taken to M. Mathieu. I found him a vigorous old man of eighty-four, who after receiving me with delightful cordiality, took his hat and walking stick and volunteered to be my conductor. I accepted most willingly. It is to the kindness of this worthy gentleman that I owe the majority of the documents which I have been fortunate enough to collect; and it is to his excellent memory that I owe a host of details, some of which I have already utilized, and others will, some day and somewhere, find their opportunity.

M. Mathieu was eighteen or nineteen when the events I am relating took place. He remembered them to the slightest details. He was on the spot when the carriages arrived and left; he was there when the non-commissioned officer of dragoons rode away, firing his pistol in the air. He saw Drouet and Guillaume start on the pursuit of the King; he helped to pick up the dead and wounded when the Town Guard, thinking they were aiming at the dragoons, fired on their fellow townsmen. Moreover he cleared up a point which, till now, has puzzled all the historians. About eleven at night, Guillaume arrived at Varennes, where Drouet joined him half an hour later. Now seeing that Drouet rode his own horse, whereas Guillaume was mounted on a post-station pony only, how was it that Drouet reached Varennes half an hour later than Guillaume?

This is what we shall see, as we follow the course of the royal carriages. They left at a gallop by the Clermont road. Remember also that it was M. de Damas who was posted at Clermont.

About eight o'clock a courier from M. de Choiseul reached him. This was the unfortunate Léonard in his cabriolet, who came to tell M. de Damas that he had left M. de Choiseul at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle at half-past four, and that no courier had yet been seen. He told him besides of the danger which threatened M. de Goguelat and M. Boudet with their forty hussars. M. de Damas himself stood in no less peril; agitation among the people was everywhere; the sight of soldiers had provoked resentment. The King was now due; and he saw that, in the face of such undisguised hostility, it would be dangerous to leave the men armed and the horses saddled all night.

While they were talking, the crack of the postillions' whips in the distance announced the arrival of the party. M. de Bouillé's order was that, half an hour after the carriages had passed, they were to mount and fall back on Montmédy by way of Varennes. M. de Damas hurried to the carriage door, told the King what were M. de Bouillé's instructions and asked for His Majesty's orders.

"Let the carriages go on without any notice being taken," replied the King, "and follow with your men."

Meanwhile—incredible as it may seem—there had been a dispute between the functionary who was to pay the postillions and the posting-master. From

Sainte-Menehould to Varennes there were double posting-rates, and he refused to pay more than the single one. Ten minutes were lost in this altercation, which alienated the good-will of those who might have assisted them. But at last, the vehicles were off. They had not proceeded half a league when Drouet arrived at full gallop.

Above Les Islettes, he and Guillaume had separated; Guillaume took the short cut through the woods and thus gained more than a league. Drouet followed the road, hoping to arrive at Clermont before the King, or, if he could not succeed in that, at least to reach Varennes in advance of him. And thanks to the short cut he had taken, it was certain that Guillaume would succeed in arriving at Varennes well before the King. You see now how it was that Guillaume and Drouet arrived separately. Drouet arrived too late to stop the King, but in time to prevent M. de Damas and his dragoons from following him.

The dragoons were on their horses. M. de Damas gave the order to form fours, to draw sabers, and start. But the men did not stir and their sabers remained in their sheaths. At this moment the municipal officers appeared. They called upon M. de Damas to march his men back into the barracks, as it was past the hour for retiring.

M. de Damas made a desperate resistance. His dragoons refused to draw their sabers or to follow him, in the presence of the Town Council who summoned him to lead his men back into the barracks. He harangued them, pleaded, entreated, threatened; and at last when he saw there was no hope, he struck spurs into his horse's flanks and charged through the threatening crowd, shouting: "Let those who love me, follow me!"

Three men only responded to this appeal, and followed M. de Damas at a gallop down the slope towards Clermont.

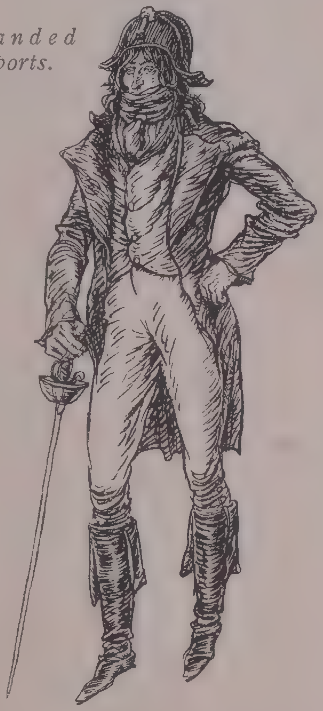
Drouet had a three quarters of a league start of them; but he was pursued by a brave man well-mounted.

Just outside Clermont the road forked; one branch leading to Verdun, the other to Varennes. It did not seem likely to Drouet that the King would go by Varennes, where there was no posting-station. Besides, Guillaume was going to Varennes. He, therefore, took the road to Verdun. He had gone hardly two hundred paces when he met a postillion returning to Clermont.

"Have you seen two berlins, one of them drawn by six horses?" asked Drouet.

"No."

Then the King had taken the Varennes route. Drouet determined to rejoin the Varennes highway by a cross-cut. He leapt his horse over the ditch and rode across the fields.



He demanded their passports.

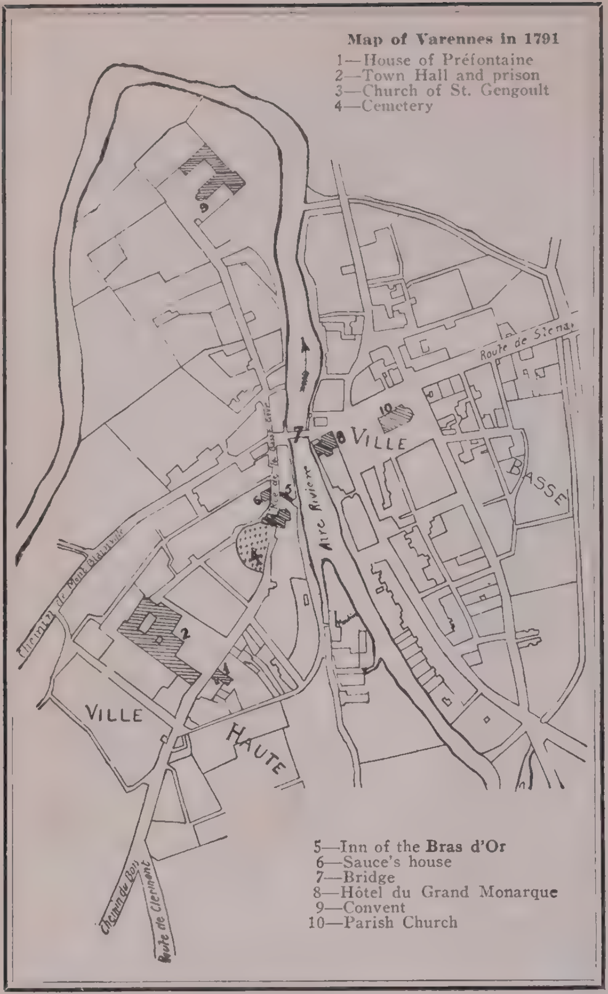
CHAPTER SIX

And now, having dealt with Pont-de-Somme-Vesle, Sainte-Menehould, and Clermont, let us see what happened at Varennes.

It was there, you will remember, that the King was to find relays of horses ready prepared for him, as there was no posting-station at that place. These relays were sent by M. de Choiseul. There were to be likewise sixty mounted and armed hussars. The horses arrived on the 20th, the hussars on the 21st. There, as all along the route, the hussars were supposed to have come to escort treasure.

And now, that no detail of the scenes before us may escape my readers or remain obscure, let me say a few words on the topography of Varennes.

Varennes is divided into the upper and lower town. The upper portion is called the *Château*. Coming from Clermont, one enters Varennes by the upper town; one descends the principal street, which is called the Rue des Rèligieuses, till one comes to the Place de Latry, which is shaped like the knife of a guillotine. Formerly it was a cemetery. At this date — June, 1791 — it was obstructed by a church whose entrance faced the Rue de l'Horloge, and whose apse joined the right wall of the street — the right as you come from Paris. It was the church of St. Gengulphus. Travelers reaching this square would have had to go round the church and along its front in order to get into the Rue de la Basse-Cour, if a vaulted passage had not been contrived under the body of the church itself, an arch through which one could drive a carriage, provided it was not too high. Emerging from this vault one sees, on the right, the Hôtel du Bras d'Or; twenty paces further, on the other side of the street, stands the house of the Procurator of the Commune, M. Sauce. This house today is numbered 287. The Hôtel du Bras d'Or is now a grocer's shop, bearing the number 343. After passing the Bras d'Or, kept by one Leblanc, the street changed its name and became the Rue de la Basse-Cour, and with a steep fall descends lower and lower to a little square where several streets meet, the Rue de la Basse-Cour, the Rue Neuve, and the Rue Saint-Jean. The river Aire intersects the square. A little bridge, narrower even than that which stands there today, united the upper with the lower town. Immediately after crossing the bridge, on turning the corner of the Grand Monarque Inn, one emerges on the



Great Square, of which the center is occupied by the parish church. A wide, important street, the Rue de l'Hôpital, leads into the road to Cheppy, which, three hundred yards after the last of the houses, branches off from the road to Stenay. The Stenay road rises to the left, through vineyards. And now I think I have said enough to enable my readers to follow, even without the help of the accompanying map.

It was in the upper town that the drama was enacted: the King and royal family did not get further than M. Sauce's house. M. Thiers is in error in making them pass over the bridge, in speaking of an archway on its further side, and locating the King's arrest before the windows of the Hôtel du Grand Monarque. It was on the near side of the bridge, before the Hôtel du Bras d'Or, that the arrest took place. Michelet takes care not to fall into this error, which strangely enough is shared by M. Neveu-Lemaire, of Sainte-Menehould, who has written the *History of the Arrest of the King*, and who, though living at only nine leagues distance from Varennes, never had, in all probability, the curiosity to go and view the place. Lamartine makes the same mistake, or one very similar, when he places the arch at the head of the bridge. The archway, as we have said, is on the Place de Latry, and leads under the church of Saint Gengulphus. The King's carriage did not even pass through; it was too high; and the two body-guards sitting on the box would have hit their heads against the vaulting. For this, too, and for all the details I shall relate, I have an eye-witness, M. Bellay.

I said that the hussars arrived on the 21st. On the arrival of the relays, the Town Council began to entertain suspicions, and these suspicions were redoubled by the arrival of the hussars. They were quartered in the ancient convent of the Cordeliers (Franciscans), at the further side of the bridge. Their commander, M. Rohrig, a young man of eighteen, was lodged at the house of a townsman on the same side of the town. As for the relays, they should have been stationed at a farm on the near side of Varennes; but instead of being there, they were sent to the further side of the town. Who committed this error? M. de Goguelat? . . . No, it was the hand of Fate!

On the morning of the 21st, M. de Bouillé dispatched his son and M. de Raigecourt to Varennes; they were ordered, if the horses were not already on the near side of the town, to move them to the place fixed upon. They arrived; they found the town in a ferment; they dared not make any movement before the arrival of the courier. He was to precede the King's carriage by two hours; there would, therefore, be sufficient time. But we have told how it came about that instead of galloping on in front, the courier rode at the coach side. However, on nearing Varennes, the courier pushed on ahead.

The first houses of the town were reached; no horses! Unbroken darkness! (It was half past eleven at night.) M. de Valory did not know Varennes. He himself has left us the most circumstantial details of the events.

He shouted; no answer. He knocked at doors; some would not answer; others did not understand what he wanted. What was to be done? Nothing but wait and take the King's orders. He could hear the sound of the carriage wheels as they approached.

When the royal berlin arrived at the upper end of Varennes, weariness had overcome anxiety. Everybody was asleep. At M. de Valory's signal, the two carriages stopped. The King and Queen put their heads out of opposite windows.

"Well," said the King, "are the fresh horses there?"

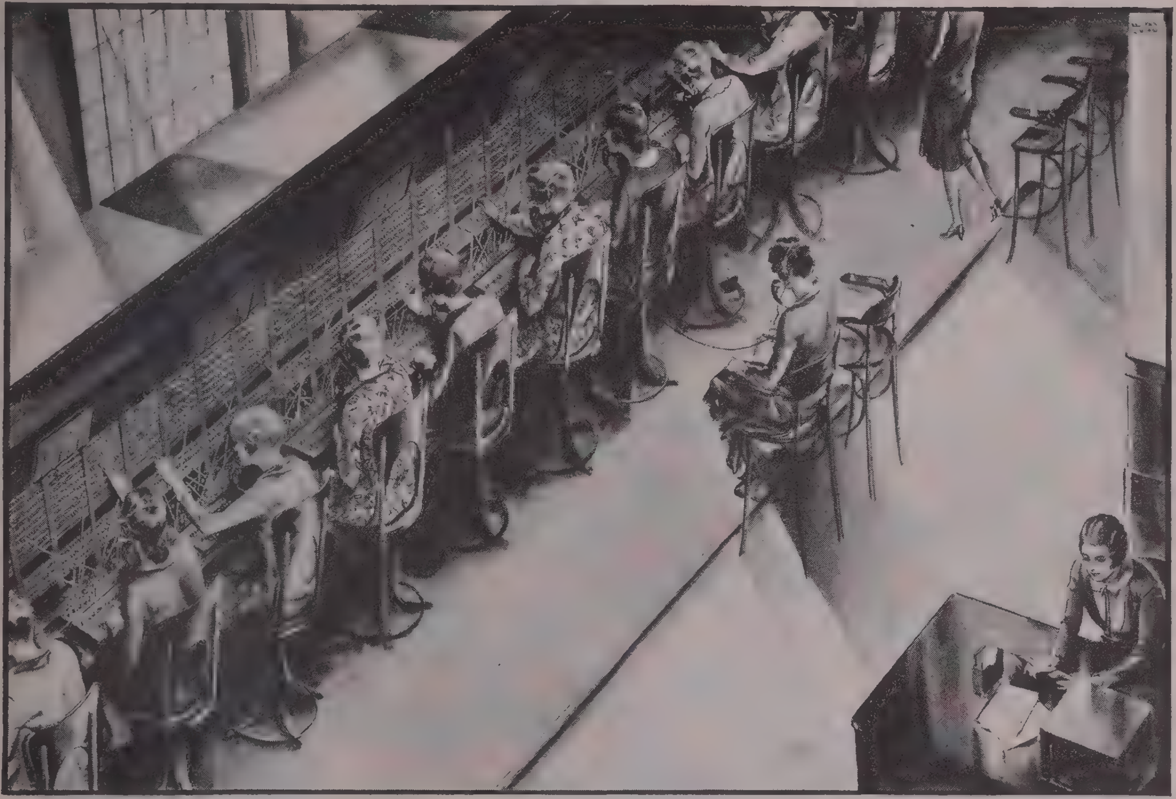
"No, sire," replied M. de Valory, "for the last ten minutes I have been calling and looking for them in vain."

"We will get out and make inquiries," said the King. He was about to leave the carriage, but the Queen stopped him, got out herself, and took M. de Valory's arm.

At the noise of the approach of a carriage, a door had opened and a light shone out; the Queen and M. de Valory advanced towards it, but on their approach the door was shut in their faces. M. de Valory sprang forward and pushed it open. He found himself facing a man of fifty in a dressing gown, with bare legs and his feet in slippers.

"What do you want, and why do you force my door open?" he demanded.

"Monsieur," replied M. de Valory, "we do not know Varennes; we are going to Stenay. Would you be so very good as to show us the way?"



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"Even if you were to find yourself in trouble, monsieur, you would not hesitate to do this kindness to a woman who finds herself in a position of some danger."

"Monsieur," replied the gentleman—for by his language and manners it could be seen he was of good standing—"the lady standing behind you is no ordinary woman." Here he lowered his voice. "She is the Queen!"

M. de Valory was about to deny it, but the Queen drew him back.

"We will not lose time in disputing it," she said; "only tell the King that I have been recognized."

M. de Valory darted to the carriage, and in a word or two told the King what had passed.

"Ask the gentleman to come and speak with me," said the King.

The man obeyed and advanced to the carriage door, but not without showing signs of lively apprehension.

"Your name, sir?" said the King, facing the situation with frankness.

"De Préfontaine, sire," replied the questioned one with some hesitation.

"And what is your rank and standing?"

"I am a major of cavalry and Chevalier of the royal and military order of St. Louis."

"In the two-fold character of major and Chevalier of Saint-Louis, you have twice sworn fidelity to me," said the King; "it is therefore your duty to help me in the difficulty in which I find myself."

The major stammered a few words. The Queen tapped her foot impatiently.

"Monsieur," continued the King, "have you heard it reported that some hussars and posting-horses are here waiting for treasure which is to pass through Varennes?"

"I have, sire."

"Where are the hussars? Where are the horses?"

"In the lower town, sire; the officers have put up at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque."

"I thank you, monsieur," said the King. "Now you may return to your house. No one has seen you; no one has heard you; nothing therefore can happen to you."

The major availed himself of the permission and went back into his house. And indeed nothing ever transpired of this interview, which would be still unknown, if M. de Valory had not related it in detail in his pamphlet.

"Messieurs, to your seats!" said the King to Messieurs de Malden and de Moustier, whilst giving his hand to the Queen to assist her into the carriage. "To horse, M. de Valory! Forward for the Hôtel du Grand Monarque!"

"Postillions, to the Hôtel du Grand Monarque!" cried the three young men with one voice. But at this moment a remarkable apparition drew up before the travelers. It was a man covered with dust, mounted on a horse flecked with foam, who posted himself across the middle of the road shouting,

"In the name of the Nation! Stop, postillions! You are carrying off the King!"

The postillions, who had already put their horses in motion, stopped as if thunderstruck.

The Queen saw that the crisis had come.

"Speak to him," she besought the King.

"Who are you, monsieur, to give orders here?"

"A plain citizen, sire; but I speak in the Nation's name; I represent the law. Postillions, not one step further. You know you must obey me; I am Jean-Baptiste Drouet, posting-master of Sainte-Menehould."

And, as soon as he had spoken, setting spurs to his horse he seemed to sink into the ground, so rapidly did he vanish down the hill of the Rue de Religieuses.

All this passed in a few seconds. The guards had not time to draw their hunting-knives; perhaps they had not even thought of it.

"Postillions!' repeated the King, "to the Hôtel du Grand Monarque!" But the postillions did not stir.

"Don't you hear, you rascals?" said M. de Valory.

"Oh, yes," said the postillions, "but you, too, heard something. M. Drouet forbade us to stir a step."

"Wretches, the King commands you!"

"M. Drouet is king over us. Besides, he said 'In the name of the Nation!'"

"Here, my friends," cried M. de Malden, "we'll rid ourselves of these three rascals and take the carriage on ourselves."

And they laid hands on their hunting-knives.

"Messieurs, messieurs!" cried the Queen, checking them with a gesture. Then to the postillions, "My friends, fifty louis to each of you and a pension of five hundred francs if you obey me."

And whether it were from fear of the hunting-knives or the attraction of the bribe, the postillions set off at a gallop. But they had lost nearly ten minutes, and these ten minutes Drouet had put to good use.

Drouet, as we have seen, had dashed down into the town. He descended the Rue des Religieuses at a gallop; he passed under the archway, and in front of the Hôtel du Bras d'Or, he found himself facing another horseman who was coming at full speed by the Rue de la Basse-Cour, after having rounded the corner of the Rue Neuve. These words only were exchanged.

"Is it you, Drouet?"

"You, Guillaume!"

"Yes——"

"Yes——"

They both leaped from their horses, which they led towards the stables through the great gateway of the inn.

Then, entering the kitchen, Drouet cried:

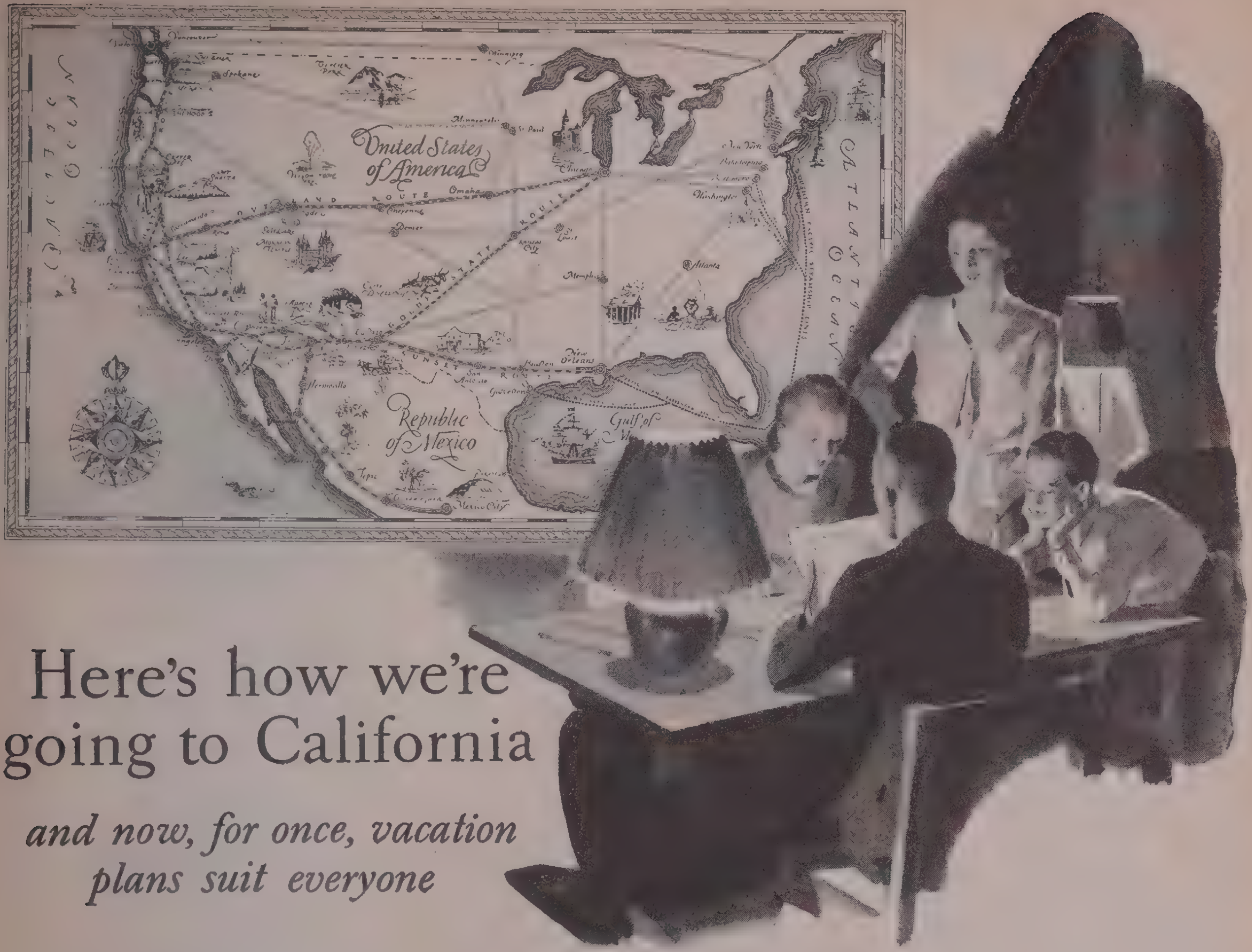
"Wake up! Give the alarm; spread the news; the King and royal family are escaping! They are passing through the town in two carriages; they must be stopped!"

Then, as a bright idea struck him, he cried:

"Come, Guillaume, follow me!"

In every affair of this sort there is one man who takes the lead before anyone invests him with it; he is obeyed, no one knows why. Only, it is for him to answer before God for the orders he has given.

Drouet ordered; Guillaume obeyed. They both dashed out of the hotel. Drouet had recognized that the most important point was to seize the bridge which united the upper and the lower town, where the relays and the hussars were stationed. Chance—I can find no other word—caused them to fall in with a cart loaded with furniture. They stopped the cart,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"We" are two grown-ups; one youngster, and our daughter, growing up. White Plains, N.Y., is home. Usually vacations have to be combined with business; on that account we've been to Europe several times and South America once.

This trip to California is not the first for me, but very much first for the rest of the family. I didn't dare tell them that it might continue on to Hawaii—and the Orient. As it was, there were ideas enough for ten long trips. "Really we can't go all the way to California and miss. . . ." If you've ever planned a trip you know how intense and numerous those "we-can't-miss" places can be. It looked as if a dozen little disappointments were going with us to the West . . .

Then Tom (champion coupon-clipper of the neighborhood) struts out an illustrated railroad map he had received in answer to an ad. Four routes across the country seemed to take in almost everything and this railroad's lines traversed the whole West Coast. The smartest strategy, the caption told us, is to *go one way, return another; and on a single roundtrip ticket see all of the Pacific Coast.*

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To Tom the trip we've planned beats any story's pages. Betty's dreaming of a hundred million miles of beaches, real Hollywood stars . . . and San Francisco's Chinatown. Mary, probably, is wondering just how many times she'll need a whole new change of costume along the way from Vancouver down to Agua Caliente.

That last is not quite fair. More likely, Mary's mind is seeing Betty . . . before the background of Del Monte and Santa Barbara;—watching Tom and wondering who'll know the answers to a thousand questions . . . what about Kit Carson, Davy Crockett and the Alamo, Lewis and Clark, Conquistador and *padre* . . .

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took it to the bridge and, aided by a townsman called Regnier, they upset it in the middle of the bridge. The most important point was thus secured; the passage was blocked.

At this instant they heard shouts of "Fire!" One of the two brothers Leblanc had run to the grocer, Sauce, Procurator to the Commune, made him get up and told him what was happening. He, in turn, aroused his children, and sent them just as they were, in their nightshirts and bare-footed, to cry "Fire!" along the Rue Neuve and the Rue Saint-Jean. It was these shouts that Drouet, Guillaume, and Regnier heard while barricading the bridge.

JUST AT THIS TIME the postillions made up their minds to go down into the town. They turned aside from the archway—where, as I have said, the guards on the box would have knocked their heads against the vaulting—rounded the church and began to descend the Rue de la Basse-Cour. The smaller carriage preceded the big one, as a corvette precedes a vessel of 74, to herald its course. Scarcely had the lesser carriage turned the corner of the square to enter the Rue de la Basse-Cour than two men sprang to the horses' heads. They were the two brothers Leblanc.

This first carriage, we know, contained only Mesdames Brunier and de Neuville. The Procurator of the Commune, Sauce (who had had time to dress himself), presented himself at the carriage door and asked for their passports.

"We have not got them," replied one of the ladies. "They are with the persons in the other carriage."

So M. Sauce went up to the other. A considerable crowd had already gathered round. Without counting Drouet, Guillaume, and Regnier—who had been guarding the bridge and now hurried up to the scene of action—there were four National Guards with their guns; these were Messieurs Leblanc, Coquillard, Justin Georges, and Soucin, and they were joined by two travelers staying at the Hôtel Bras d'Or; M. Thevenin from Les Islettes, and M. Delion from Montfaucon. These latter were armed with sporting guns.

The Procurator of the Commune approached the door of the second carriage; and, as he was unaware that it contained the King and the royal family, he demanded their names and destination.

"I am the Baroness de Korff," replied Madame de Tourzel, "and I am going to Frankfort."

"Madame la Baronne will perceive that she is taking the wrong road," said Sauce. "But," he added, "that is not the point. You have without doubt a passport?"

The false Madame de Korff drew the passport from her pocket and offered it to the official. We have seen already what it contained. No doubt the Procurator would have been satisfied if he had not been warned; but during these questions, which hardly occupied five seconds, he raised his lantern so as to shine on the faces of the travelers, and he recognized the King.

The King meanwhile made an attempt at resistance.

"Who are you?" he asked, "What is your position? Are you a National Guard?"

"I am Procurator of the Commune," answered Sauce. He took the passport and glanced at it; then, addressing not the King but the pretended Madame de Korff, said:

"Madame, it is too late to visa your passport at this hour; it is my duty to forbid the continuance of your journey."

"And wherefore, monsieur?" asked the Queen in curt, commanding tones.

"There is danger, Madame, on account of the rumors now flying about."

"And what may be these rumors?"

"People are talking of the flight of the King and the royal family." The travelers were silent; the Queen sank back out of sight.

Meanwhile a discussion had arisen. The passport had been taken into the Hôtel du Bras d'Or, where it was examined by the light of the candles. One of the council observed that it was in order, since it was signed by the King and the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"Yes," said Drouet, who had just come up, after having barricaded the bridge, "But it is not signed by the President of the National Assembly."

And thus this great social question which had been debated for the last seven years—"Is there in France any authority above that of the King?"—found itself decided in the kitchen of an inn of a little town hidden in the outskirts of the forest of the Argonne.

Drouet returned to the carriage.

"Madame," he said, addressing the Queen, and not Madame de Tourzel, "if you really are Madame de Korff, that is to say a foreigner, how is it that you have sufficient influence to have yourself escorted by a detachment of dragoons at Sainte-Menehould, another detachment at Clermont, and a detachment of hussars at Varennes? Be pleased, I beg you, to descend from your carriage and come to explain yourself to the Town Council."

There was an instant's hesitation among the illustrious travelers. It was at this moment that, according to the Queen's valet-de-chambre, Drouet placed his hand on the King to hasten him in leaving the carriage. And at this juncture also, the tocsin began to ring.

The Procurator of the Commune was greatly embarrassed. Here, he was not the treacherous deceiver, *the malignant but timorous Jacobin* of whom M. de Lacretelle speaks. He was nothing but a worthy citizen, very far from being the man to create such a situation. In order to estimate the man, one must have the patience to read the two procès-verbal drawn up under his eyes—and probably under his dictation—one of the 23rd of June and the other of the 27th. This is what embarrassed M. Sauce: if he had the King conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, he compromised himself with royalty; if he left the King in his carriage, he compromised himself with the patriots. He decided on the middle course. Humbly, with his hat in his hand, in the midst of the sound of the tocsin and the tumult which began to fill the streets, he approached the carriage door.

"The Municipal Council," he said, "is consulting in order to decide whether you may continue your journey; but the rumor has spread that it is the King and his august family that we have the honor to see within our walls. I entreat you to accept of my house as a place of safety, while awaiting the result of the consultation. In spite of our authority, as you can understand, the tocsin has been ringing for a quarter of an hour; the crowds of town-folk are being augmented from the neighboring districts; and possibly the King—if it is the King to whom I have the honor of speaking—might see himself exposed to insults which we would be unable to prevent and which would overwhelm us with grief."

They had no means of resistance. The bodyguards armed with their small hunting-knives were at the mercy of scores of men with guns in their hands, whilst the tocsin shuddered through the air and through every heart. Louis XVI. accepted the offer, descended from his carriage, and after taking fifty steps entered Sauce's shop with his wife, his sister, Madame de Tourzel and the two children.

Sauce showed the King the utmost respect, and insisted on addressing him as Your Majesty. The King, on the other hand, continued to insist that he was M. Durand, a plain *valet-de-chambre*. The Queen had not the strength to support the humiliation to which her husband submitted.

"Well," she exclaimed, "If he is your King and I am your Queen, treat us with the respect due to us!"

At these words, the King himself felt some shame. He drew himself up and, endeavoring to assume an air of majesty, said: "Why, yes; I am the King, and here are the Queen and my children."

But in that unfortunate costume—with his steward's coat, his maroon pantaloons and gray stockings and his lackey's wig, Louis XVI., a common-place figure, even in the costume of royalty, could not recover his lost dignity. It was as astonishing to hear him say, "I am the King!" as it was pitiable when he said, "I am not."

He was seized with a sudden inspiration, which failed to save him, however.

"Surrounded in the capital by swords and bayonets," he said, "I have come to seek, in the provinces, amongst my faithful subjects, the peace and liberty which you all enjoy. My family and I can remain no longer in Paris, unless we are to perish there." And, opening his arms, he

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clasped the Procurator of the Commune to his breast. All present felt the tears spring to their eyes. Even the official report expresses the general sentiment by a pretentious but convincing phrase: "This affecting scene," it says, "drew upon the King a look of heartfelt devotion which his subjects knew and felt for him for the first time, and which they could only express by their tears."

* * *

AT THE VERY moment when the King extended his arms to Sauce and everyone shed tears, a loud clatter of horses' hoofs was heard. It was M. de Goguelat, M. Boudet and the forty horsemen from Pont-de-Somme-Vesle who were approaching. The King foresaw a rescue. Sauce comprehended the danger; he led his illustrious guests upstairs and took them into a room situated at the back of his house. Sounds of a great tumult made themselves heard. Voices shouted. "The King! The King!" and others shouted back, "If you want the King, you shall only get him dead!" Then there was an instant's silence, as if a parley was agreed. Sauce went down, and ascended again in a few moments, followed by a man who said he was aide-de-camp to M. de Bouillé, and who asked to speak with the King. This man was M. de Goguelat. The King, delighted, clapped his hands. This was the first familiar face presented to his view; he evidently was the advance guard of a rescue-party. Behind M. de Goguelat he recognized M. de Choiseul. Steps were again heard ascending the staircase; they were the steps of M. de Damas.

The three officers, as they entered, cast a glance around. This is what they saw. A small room; in the midst of the room a table; on the table a sheet of paper and some glasses; in a corner, the King and the Queen; by the window, Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale; at one end the Dauphin, worn out with fatigue, asleep on a bed; at the foot of the bed, Madame de Tourzel and the two ladies-in-waiting, Madame de Neuville and Madame Brunier. At the door stood two sentinels, or rather, two peasants armed with pitch-forks. The first sentence the King spoke was:

"Well, Messieurs, when do we start?"

"Sire, when Your Majesty pleases."

"Give your orders," said M. de Choiseul. "I have with me forty hussars; but do not waste time, for we must act before the hussars have been won over."

"Then, messieurs," said the King, "open a passage for us; but no violence!"

Just as M. de Goguelat reached the threshold, the National Guard ordered the hussars to dismount.

"Hussars!" cried M. de Goguelat, "remain in the saddle!"

"And for what purpose?" demanded an officer of the National Guard.

"To guard the King," replied the ever gallant and loyal M. de Goguelat.

"We will take good care of him without you," said the officer.

M. de Goguelat went upstairs again with M. de Choiseul, and both addressed the Queen.

"Madame," they said, "there is now no hope of leaving with the carriages; but there is still one means of escape."

"And what is it?"

"Are you willing to leave with the King on horseback? The bridge is blocked, but at the end of the Rue Saint-Jean the river is fordable; with our forty hussars we shall get by. In any case, let us decide on something; the people are beginning to treat the hussars, and in a quarter of an hour they will be fraternizing with them."

The Queen recoiled. That iron heart gave way at the decisive moment. She was a woman again, afraid of a scuffle, a fray, a bullet.

"Speak to the King, messieurs," she said. "It is the King who decided on this attempt; it is for the King to order; my duty is to follow him." Then she added timidly, "After all M. de Bouillé cannot fail to arrive before long."

The three bodyguards stood there, alert and ready to attempt anything. M. de Choiseul and M. de Goguelat insisted. M. de Damas was below with two or three dragoons. If the King assented, there was yet a chance.

"Messieurs," said the King, "can you answer to me that in the skirmish some ball shall not hit the Queen, my sister or my children?"

One sigh escaped from the lips of all the King's defenders as they felt him give way in their hands.

"And," continued the King, "let us consider the situation calmly. The municipality does not refuse to let me go; the worst is that we shall be forced to remain here till day. Now, before daylight, M. de Bouillé will receive word of our situation. He is at Stenay, and Stenay is eight leagues from here; two hours are sufficient to go, and two to return. M. de Bouillé therefore cannot fail to arrive here by morning. Then, without any danger we can leave."

He had hardly concluded speaking when the Town Council appeared. The decision of the municipality was brief and decisive. "The people are absolutely opposed to the resumption of the King's journey. We have resolved to send a courier to the National Assembly to inquire its intentions."

And, indeed, a citizen of Varennes, M. Mangin, a surgeon, had departed at full speed for Paris.

Goguelat saw there was not an instant to lose. He dashed down the staircase and out of the house, leapt on his horse and cried: "Hussars! Are you for the King or for the Nation?"

The hussars were Germans and understood but little. Some replied "The Nation! The Nation!" and others "Der König! Der König!" (The King!)

Drouet, with his gun in his hand, then advanced on M. de Goguelat.

"You want the King," he said, "but I swear to you you shall only have him dead!"

"If you advance a step," added the Commander of the National Guard, M. Roland, cocking a pistol which he held in his hand, "you are a dead man!"

M. de Goguelat set his horse at him. M. Roland fired, at such short range that the explosion blinded the horse, which reared and fell over upon its rider. This accident has given certain historians the belief that M. de Goguelat was brought down by the shot. The man who fired was the first to believe this error; he went out of his mind, and died as a result of the shot which he had fired against another.

Seeing their chief fall, the hussars resolved to take action; but Drouet shouted "Gunners, to your posts!" And the hussars, seeing through the darkness matches approaching the two small cannon placed in a battery at the foot of the Rue Saint-Jean, believed themselves between two fires and shouted "Vive la Nation!"

The two guns had been spiked; rust had wasted their carriages. They had been for more than ten years entirely useless. But the desired effect had none the less been produced. The National Guards threw themselves on Messieurs de Choiseul and de Damas and disarmed them. M. de Goguelat, who was thought to be more hurt than was actually the case, was left at liberty. He profited by his liberty to return to the King, and entered the chamber bleeding freely. He had cut his head on the paving stones, but did not feel his hurt.

The aspect of the room had changed. It had become heart-rending. Marie Antoinette, who was in reality the life and strength of the family, had broken down. She had heard cries and shots; she saw M. de Goguelat come in all bloody; her woman's nature overcame her. The King, on his feet, was entreating the grocer Sauce, as if that man had the power, even if he desired, to change anything in the situation. The Queen, seated on a bench, between two cases of candles, was entreating the grocer's wife and saying:

"Oh, Madame! have not you two children and a husband and a family?"

But she, with the coarse selfishness of her class, responded:

"I should like to oblige you certainly, but, while you are thinking of the King, I am thinking of M. Sauce."

THE QUEEN turned away, shedding tears of impotent anger. Never had she been so rebuffed.

Day began to break. The crowd thronged the street, the square of the Rue Neuve and the Place de Latry. The windows were full of townsmen crying, "To Paris! To Paris! Take the King to Paris!"

(*Continued on page* 119)

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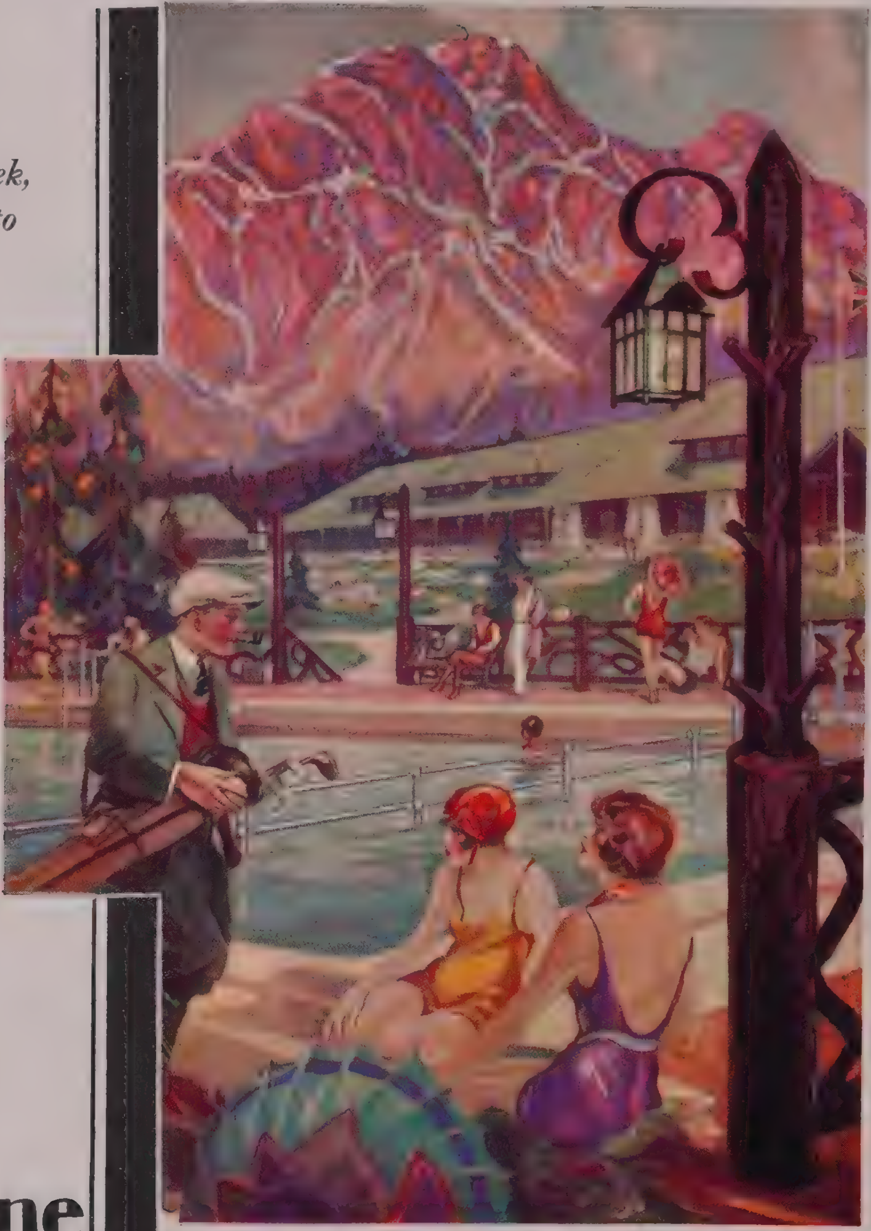

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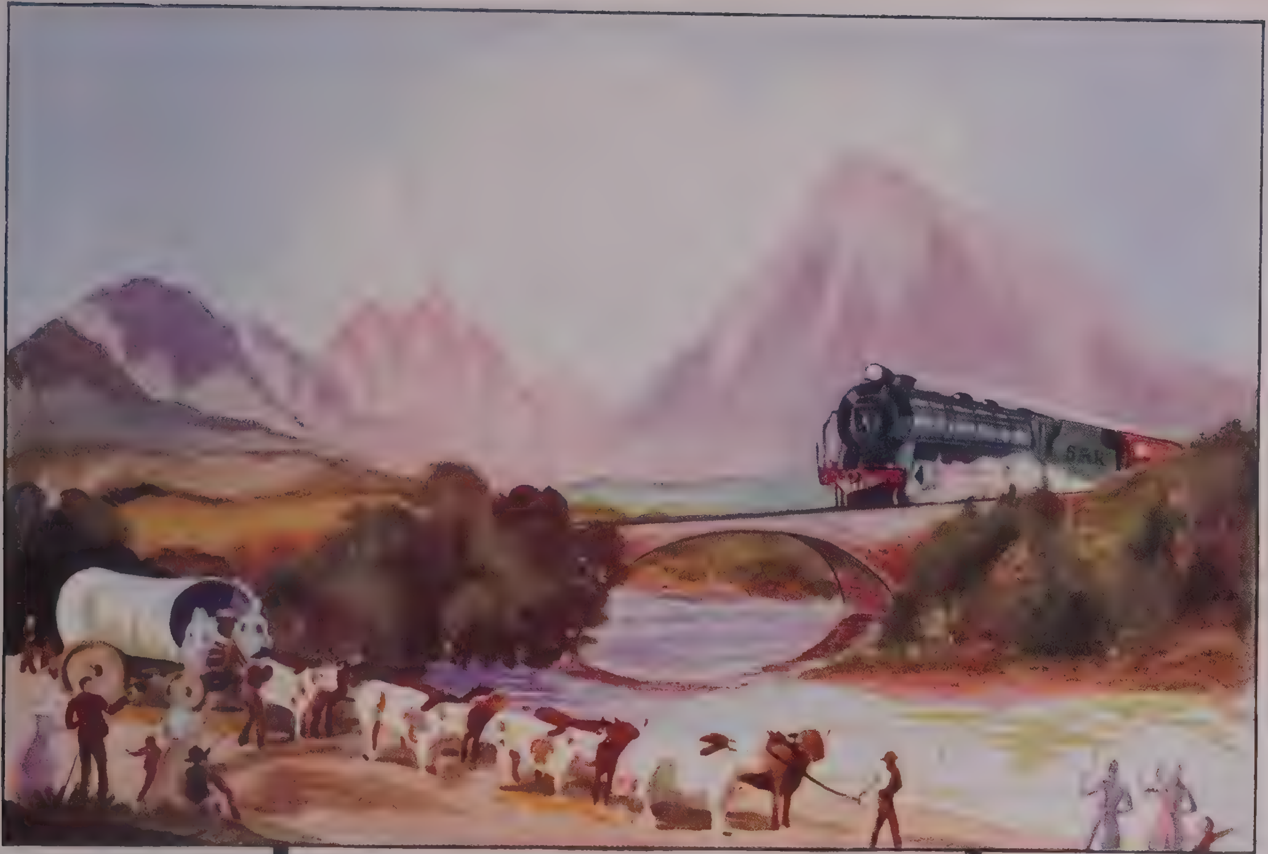

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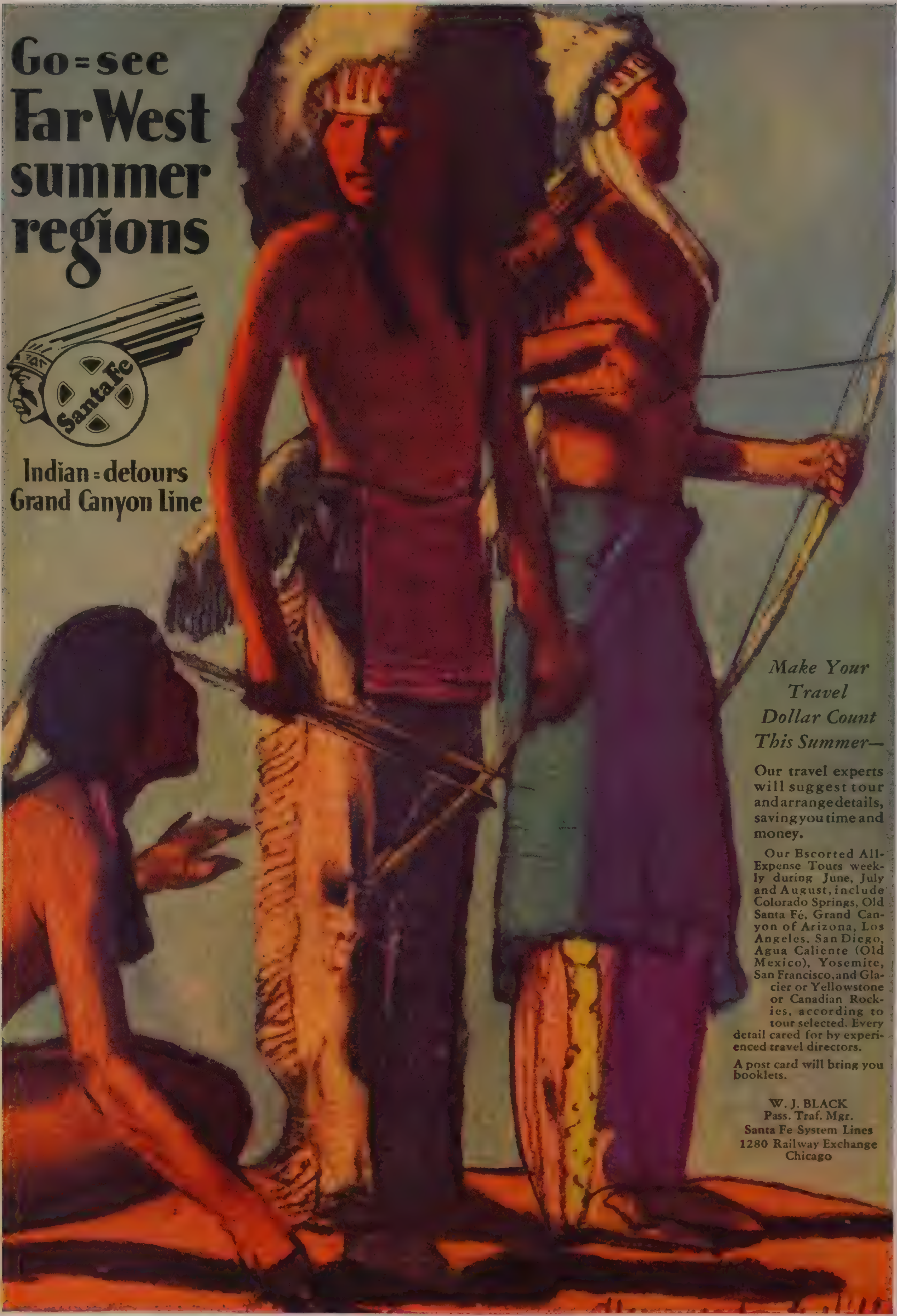

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The Flight to Varennes

(*Continued from page* 114)

They invited Louis XVI. to show himself in order to calm the crowd. Alas! it was no longer as on the 6th of October, on the balcony of the Marble Court that he was to show himself; it was at the grocer Sauce's window.

Louis had fallen into a profound torpor.

The cries redoubled. Five or six persons only had beheld the King. The rest were wild to see him. At that period, when it took six or seven days by diligence to go from Varennes to Paris, it was a remarkable thing to see the King. Everyone had formed his own idea of his appearance. And thus there was great stupefaction when Louis XVI. showed himself, looking heavy and dull, with swollen eyes, and proving to the crowd a fact that could not be denied that a King might be a big man, pale, fat, and silent, with a dull eye, a hanging lip, a shabby wig, and a gray coat.

The crowd thought at first that they were being scoffed at and howls were raised. Then, when they were assured that this was really the King, they exclaimed, "Oh, *mon Dieu!* Poor fellow!" Pity stole upon them. Hearts softened and tears began to flow. "Long live the King!" the crowd cried.

If Louis XVI. had known how to seize this moment, if he had called this crowd to his assistance to save him and his children, perhaps it would itself have escorted him past the barricaded bridge and put him into the charge of his hussars. But he derived no advantage from this pity, these softened hearts.

An instance was given at this juncture of the compassion which the royal family aroused. Sauce had a mother, an old woman of eighty who was born in the reign of Louis XIV., and brought up in the Royalist faith. The old woman entered the chamber; and when she saw the King and Queen overwhelmed, when she saw the two children asleep on the bed, on that family bed which she had little imagined would be one day destined for this melancholy honor, she fell on her knees before the bed and prayed; and then, turning to the Queen, said, "Madame, will you permit me to kiss the hands of these two innocents?"

The Queen bowed her head. The good woman kissed their hands, blessed them and left the room sobbing.

Towards half past six, M. Deslon was announced. M. Deslon arrived from Dun with a hundred men. He found the Rue de l'Hôpital barricaded; he had parleyed, asked to speak with the King and had obtained this permission. He told the King how he had hurried up at the sound of the tocsin, and that M. de Bouillé, who had been informed by his son and M. de Raigecourt, without doubt would soon arrive.

The King did not understand him, and indeed did not seem to be listening. Three times M. Deslon repeated the same information, and the third time, in a tone almost impatient, he asked. "Sire, don't you follow me at all?"

"What do you want of me, monsieur?" asked the King, as if waking from a reverie.

"I ask for your orders for M. de Bouillé, sire."

"I have no more orders to give, monsieur," said the King, "I am a prisoner."

"But even then, sire?"

"Let him do what he can for me."

M. Deslon retired without being able to obtain any other answer.

Indeed, the King was really a prisoner. The tocsin had accomplished its ominous task; every village had sent its contingent, and four or five thousand men crowded the streets of Varennes.

About seven in the morning, two men arriving by the Clermont road on horses dripping with sweat, pushed their way amid the multitudes. The shouts of the people announced to the King that something fresh was taking place. Soon the door opened and admitted an officer of the National Guard. It was Rayon, the same who, after taking a short rest at Châlons, had sent an express to Sainte-Menehould. He entered the royal presence, weary, excited and almost out of his mind, without cravat, without powder.

"Ah, sire," he said in a strangled voice, "Our wives! Our children! They are cutting throats in Paris!—Sire, you must go no further! — The interest of the State——" And he dropped almost fainting into an armchair.

"Eh, monsieur," said the Queen, taking him by the hand and showing him Madame Royale and the Dauphin asleep on the bed. "Am I not a mother, too?"

"And now, monsieur," asked the King, "what has happened and what have you to tell me?"

"Sire, a decree of the Assembly."

"Where is it?"

"My comrade is bringing it."

"Your comrade?"

The officer made a sign for the door to be opened. One of the bodyguards opened it, and there was seen M. de Romeuf leaning against the window of the outer room and weeping. He came forward with lowered eyes. You will recollect that M. de Romeuf accompanied La Fayette on the visit he paid the King a quarter of an hour before the flight.

"What! Monsieur, is it you?" cried the Queen. "Oh, I should never have believed it!"

M. Romeuf held in his hand the decree of the Assembly. The King snatched it from him, ran his eyes over it, and exclaimed:

"There is no longer a King in France!"

The Queen took it in her turn, read it and gave it back to the King.

The King read it again, then laid it on the bed where the Dauphin and Madame Royale were asleep. "Oh no, no!" cried the Queen, beside herself with resentment and anger, "I will not have that infamous paper touching and defiling my children!"

"Madame," said Romeuf, "you were reproaching me just now for being entrusted with such a mission; but is it not better that I should be the witness of your passion rather than any other?" And there was, at this action of the Queen, an ominous murmur among those present.

"I hastened," says M. de Choiseul in his narrative, "to pick up the decree and lay it on the table."

"At least, monsieur," said the Queen addressing Romeuf, "I recommend M. de Choiseul, M. de Damas, and M. de Goguelat to your care when we shall have gone."

And indeed the Queen perceived that they would have to go. It was seven o'clock in the morning. M. de Bouillé had not appeared. The peasants from the country round were still streaming into the town, armed with guns, forks, and scythes, and each new arrival cried louder than the last: "To Paris! To Paris!"

The carriage was ready harnessed.

The King was raising every obstacle, counting every moment, expecting Bouillé's arrival. But, at last he had to make up his mind.

The King rose first; the Queen followed. One of the women—either really, or pretending, in order to gain time—fainted. "You may cut me in pieces if you will," said the Queen, "but I will not stir without her whom misfortune has made my friend."

"All right, stay if you will," said a rough fellow, "but I'll taken the Dauphin." And he seized the prince in his arms and made for the door. The Queen snatched the child from him and descended shrieking. All the family were beside themselves. On reaching the street, Madame Elizabeth saw with terror that half the Queen's hair had turned white. The other half was to whiten in a night no less terrible at the Conciergerie.

THEY ENTERED the carriage. The three bodyguards again took their seats on the box. M. de Goguelat had found means to escape by an alley behind the Procurator's house. M. de Choiseul and M. de Damas were taken to the town prison, along with M. de Romeuf, who had himself locked up with the others in order to protect them more effectively.

And so the coach got into motion, escorted by the National Guards under the command of M. de Signement, by M. de Choiseul's hussars sent to protect the royal family in their flight, by the four thousand citizens of Varennes and the neighborhood, armed with guns, forks and scythes.

The King's carriage never got further than the house of the grocer, Sauce. There is the historic terminus of that fatal journey.

(*To be concluded*)

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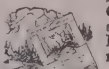

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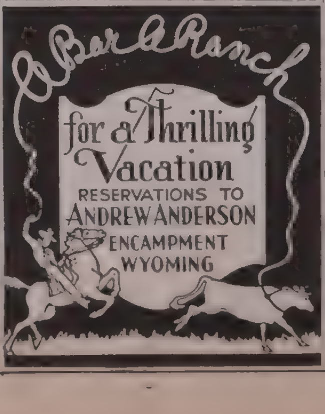

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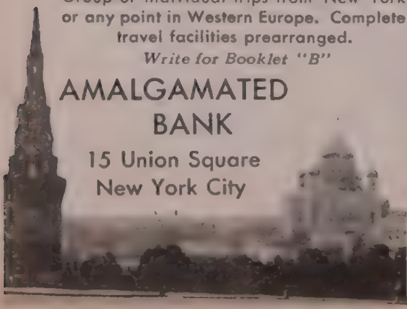

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One day there was a terrible scene. Oh, ladies! One day the Emperor came unexpectedly into the music-room and found the Empress alone with a—*man!* A real, live, bearded, professional teacher of music. Her Majesty's lady in attendance had, by some extraordinary piece of misfortune, just left the room to fetch a handkerchief. No explanations stayed the storm. It was terrible.

When the lady returned—as quick as ever she could—her blue-lipped sovereign literally caught her by the arm and shook her violently.

"Madame," he said, "I honor and respect the Empress, but she must be placed beyond the reach of suspicion."

One day the story spread like wildfire round St. Cloud that Léger, the Emperor's tailor, when fitting Her Majesty's new dress, had respectfully admired her shoulders, in the hearing of practically the whole Court. A shocking piece of impropriety which might have cost him his place. Not a word of truth in it! Why? Léger never approached the Empress. Napoleon would never have permitted a man to "measure the waist and fashion the taste" of his second Empress. He had a model executed (from a costume) of Her Majesty's figure for the guidance of her tailors. They had to submit their patterns through the post. If any alterations were necessary they had to be done by her maids. The same rule held good with all the imperial purveyors. No man was allowed to speak or look at the Empress in private.

Storm. DÉONIE AMINOFF.

THE MACHINE AND MANKIND

"Why did you go away from your country many years ago?" said Shun Ti.

"In order to learn things I did not know and bring the knowledge back to my people," answered Ku Han Yu.

"Why did you forsake the worship of Buddha for the worship of white Jeus?" said Princess Shun Ti.

"I worship neither Buddha nor white Jesus," said Ku Han Yu, "but respect both these men. The religion of advanced people is the machine. Also the worship of the machine makes advance. Therefore I worship that."

"What is the good of a machine?"

"It will do all a man can do but these two things; it cannot experience joy—it cannot feel pain. Therefore it leaves the senses of man free for these two achievements."

Winds of Gobi.
("Prayer-Wheel of Mo Pi")
ROBERT HYDE.

CONCERNING SENTIMENTALITY

Albert said reflectively: "Ever since I first read Mencken I've been scared to death of being sentimental, but . . . I don't know. Who's to define sentimentality? What he calls sentimentality appeared to our great-grandfathers as the most exquisite sensibility. It may strike our great-grandchildren the same way. Under the circumstances I don't see what we can do but trust to our emotions and hope for the best. I mean to say, I have an idea that our emotions often represent what is best and deepest in us. They're apt to be generous—generous to the point of folly, according to rationalistic standards. They spring from impulses of kindliness, and fidelity and affection. I'm referring, of course, to the emotions usually associated with sentimentality. Something beautiful or tender breaks down the barriers and lets them out, and they reveal themselves without reticence. If they are expressed with taste, they are 'sensibility.' If not, they are labeled 'drool.' But fundamentally they're the same thing.

Huntsman in the Sky.
GRANVILLE TOOGOOD.

[THE GOLDEN BOOK *Editorial Department, as a service to readers, will be glad to furnish information as to publisher, price, etc., of any volume mentioned here.*]

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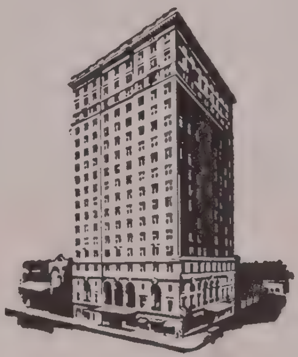

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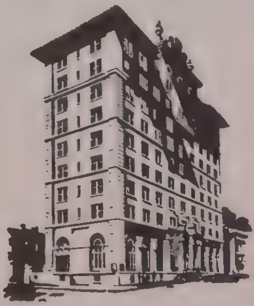

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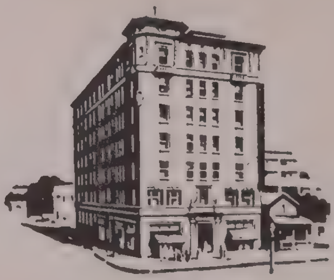

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The 100 Books Most Worth Reading

(*Continued from page* 60)

Virgil is the Roman counterpart of Homer. Those who can come to him freshly without years of Latin drill to blunt their first exquisite pleasure, will have the best of introductions to Roman literature and civilization. The *Æneid* is a great national epic, a pattern of perfect poetry, martial and melodious. Horace added to Virgil's charm a great approachableness. Wickham's translation is perhaps the best. His odes are graceful, sane, and witty: "the consummate expression of the pride, the reserve, the tragic playfulness, the epicurean calm, the absolute distinction of the Imperial Roman spirit." Epictetus was a Phrygian slave in the house of Epaphroditus, Nero's favorite. Like Marcus Aurelius, he was a Stoic who preached serenity and resignation. "We do not choose our own parts in life, and have nothing to do with those parts; our simple duty is to play them well," is the burden of his philosophy. The wisdom of his everyday maxims, set forth in his handbook or *Enchiridion*, has worn for nearly 2000 years.

Marcus Aurelius, "the noblest of pagan emperors," kept a diary or notebook which has survived as his *Meditations*. Its random opinions, speculations, and confessions form a "common creed of wise men," which has provided a satisfactory philosophy of life for thousands of persons. Aurelius is lofty and gentle, Stoic and practical. George Long's translation in the Bell edition is both reliable and readable.

Plutarch, though a Greek, spent much time in Rome, and the *Lives*, upon which his fame rests, treat of as many Romans as Greeks. This book is among the most alive of all classics. With a masterly ability to paint vividly, albeit a bit too fond of pointing a moral by the side, Plutarch brackets such Greeks and Romans as Alexander and Cæsar, Demosthenes and Cicero.

The Middle Ages

There is not more than a handful of names that it is necessary to know in order to bridge the cultural gap from Roman times to the age of Shakespeare—but these few are extraordinarily brilliant, as though to make up in magnitude what they lack in numbers. Dante, Chaucer, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Cervantes and some of the greatest of the world's folk literature date from this period. One of these books at least comes out of the Orient. The *Arabian Nights* is the most famous work of Oriental literature to have been adopted as our own. Scheherezade was faced with the task of telling stories so entertaining that even death would wait, and the verdict of thousands of readers,

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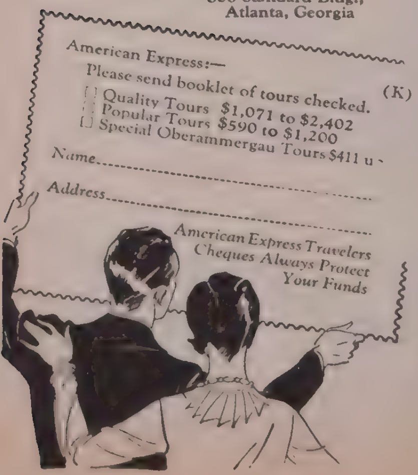

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child and adult, has been that she succeeded. These tales exist in many English versions for readers of every degree of sophistication. Best perhaps for the adult library is Lane's translation.

Dante's extraordinary achievement, *The Divine Comedy,* is a matchless blending of realism and poetry which is "at once a vision of the other world, an allegory of the Christian life, a spiritual autobiography, and a cyclopedic embodiment of all the knowledge of its day." Read part at least of the "Inferno," preferably in the translation by C. E. Norton, although Cary's in the Everyman is satisfactory.

Boccaccio is the other name which stands out inescapably from this pre-Renaissance period in Italy. His lusty, zestful collection of tales produced many plots for Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, and Molière. Frequently not listed because of his merry indecency, he merits a place because of his great influence on other writers, and as first and unexcelled of short story writers. J. M. Riggs's version is satisfactory in Dutton's edition.

Gentle Chaucer, with his manly hilarity and his marvelous ability to tell a good tale, is generally considered the father of English poetry. Between him and the modern reader there is an almost insurmountable barrier of language, and it is probably best to become familiar with him in some "translation," such as that of Frank Ernest Hill, published by Longmans Green, before trying the original, which will then capture your heart with its quaint charm and beauty of sound. For the *Canterbury Tales* in the original Old English, W. W. Skeat's "The Student's Chaucer" is best. Skeat's edition is also published in the Modern Library. The *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory is the true English epic in prose. It is impossible to say that one knows English literature unless one knows these tales of King Arthur and his knights as Malory tells them. Here is the epitome of chivalry and romance.

Folk Cycles

This brings us to other epics and folk-cycles, most of them infinitely old in origin, first written down during the tenth century and later. The *Niebelungenlied,* story of Siegfried and the Teutonic Gods; the *Song of Roland,* oldest and noblest of the French *chansons de geste* sung by the minstrels of mediæval France; the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana,* the Hindu epics probably far antedating these others. Each of these is the key to a people, and each is fascinating in itself. All of these, are to be found in an Everyman volume, with the exception of the *Chanson de Roland,* which has, however, been published in an excellent translation by C. Scott Moncrieff (Dutton).

Back to France, and that mirth-making giant, Rabelais, author of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel,* standing half in the darkness of the Middle Ages, half in the brilliance of the Renaissance. Rabelais, making the sixteenth century laugh at its own maladies, creating unforgettable characters and incidents, is boisterous and beautiful, gross and idealistic, ribald and profound. The heartiest laugh, the strongest blast of fresh air, the ripest wisdom in literature can be found here. An excellent translation is in Lippincott's Foreign Classics for English Readers, and Donald Douglas has condensed these exuberant books into one volume not unsuccessfully for the Modern Library.

Immortality on the same grand scale has been achieved by another satirist (this time of the age of chivalry), another creator of ageless characters: Miguel de Saavedra - Cervantes. Not to have journeyed at least part of the way with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza is to have missed an experience which can profoundly and permanently stir your imagination, as it has stirred men's imaginations for hundreds of years. There are inexpensive editions both in the Modern Library and the Everyman.

Turn from these sweeping broad-sword strokes to the fine rapier thrust of Montaigne, urbane, skeptical philosopher, whose brief essays read like conversation. Read particularly "That We Should Not Judge Our Happiness until after Our Death," "That to Philosophize Is to Learn How to Die," "Of the Institution and Education of Children," "Of Friendship," "Of Books." His adopted daughter said of him, "He unteaches foolishness."

MONTAIGNE IS one of the few "essayists" on our list: Bacon, who wrote only a few years later, is another. He too, spoke simply: "He talked to plain men," says Macaulay, "in language which everybody understands, about things in which everybody is interested." His *Essays, Advancement of Learning,* and *Novum Organum* laid the foundations of modern experimental philosophy, teaching that all knowledge is based upon experience. Both Bacon and Montaigne are on the Everyman list.

We come at last to Shakespeare, of whom Goethe complained, "he has already exhausted the whole of human nature in all its tendencies, in all its heights and depths. . . . In fact, there remains for the aftercomer nothing more to do." Shakespeare has been well-nigh ruined by school-teaching; read him without pedantry if you can; find for yourself the rich human qualities which have set him next to the Bible among the great books of the world. The Macmillan Globe edition in one volume, or the charming Temple edition, with a separate volume for each play, is recommended.

This is a rich period in English literature, in poetry and drama. Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella,* and his *Apology for Poetry,* Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Thomas Dekker, Philip Massinger, and Christopher Marlowe are a few of the names which might find a place on their own account, were they not so dwarfed by the one so much greater than they.

Next looms the grand and austere figure of John Milton. Most of his *Paradise Lost*, his *Samson Agonistes* we read with duty rather than pleasure. Here is magnificence too elaborate, too little human for most modern appetites. But Milton has lifted human hearts to their heights. He has stirred the imaginations of great men. And through the unmatchable poetry of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* and of other isolated, beautiful passages, we are led to an understanding of his power.

THE EVERYDAY England in which Milton lived is better known to us today than is almost any other period because of Samuel Pepys' immortal diary. These chunky volumes covering the years 1660-1669 are filled with the life and gossip of Restoration London, and quite the most delightful part of them is Mr. Sam Pepys himself, "a worthy, industrious, and curious person . . . universally beloved, hospitable, generous. . . ." Pepys' Diary, condensed by Richard Le Gallienne, appears in the Modern Library.

Pepys' England was the England of John Bunyan as well, and *Pilgrim's Progress from This World to That Which Is to Come* was published in 1678. Bunyan was a devout and inspiring Christian; he was also a story-teller without equal, and the combination resulted in a volume which is woven into the close fabric of our cultural being. As everyone knows, it was written while Bunyan was serving a prison sentence for his religious beliefs, and its simple allegory touches the life of all of us.

In the meantime, on the continent, Pedro Calderôn de la Barca had established a new day in classic Spanish drama. His *Life Is a Dream* has proved the model for hundreds of other dramatists, and makes good reading in Fitzgerald's translation; Blaise Pascal's brilliant scientific mind had illuminated new facets of life and human emotion in his *Letters* and *Thoughts;* Madame de Sévigné had written her inimitable letters to her daughter, picturing the glittering Seventeenth Century French world; Racine had recreated the classic ideal of dramatic beauty in *Andromaque.* Turning once again to Spain, there is the human and humorous picaresque romance, the *Adventures of Gil Blas,* by Alain René Le Sage, translated by Smollett and issued in the Bohn Library with the original Cruikshank illustrations.

The Eighteenth Century in English literature, which the Nineteenth Century somewhat contemptuously dubbed "The Age of Reason," is most memorable perhaps for its lively spirit of satire, and for the birth of the English novel. Of poetry there was almost none until the end of the century and the dawn of the great Romantic period. Pope's dyspeptic couplets were philosophy rather than poetry. It was an age of talk: coffee houses flourished; there were 3000 of them in London alone. This talk was transmitted onto paper by such delightful gentlemen as Joseph Addison and Richard Steele in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler.* Daniel Defoe represented the more sensational forms of journalism, but his startling comments on current events have been long outlived by his realistic novel—of the first of its kind—*Robinson Crusoe.* Then there was Jonathan Swift, the Irish dean, greatest figure of all, with his ironic attacks on church and state, in the *Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels,* fantastic burlesque adventure story that is at bottom a biting satire on man's foibles, and which is read —and how this, too, would rouse Swift's fierce indignation!—by children everywhere for its story alone.

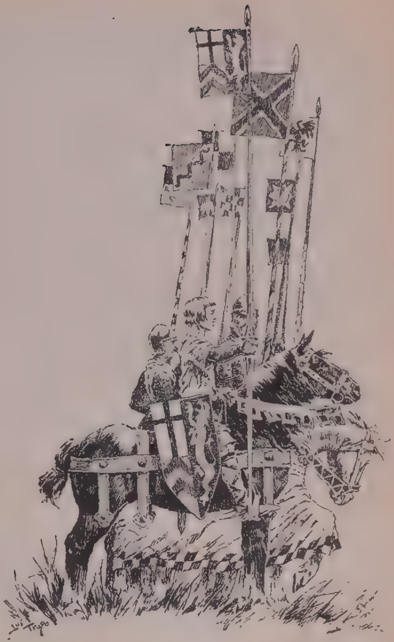
In France Voltaire played much the same part as Swift. With less sympathy for the mankind he despised, and a more academic interest in its reform, Voltaire attacked the foibles of his day with mordant, polished wit. *Candide,* a novel ridiculing the Pollyanna-ism of his day, has recently been brought out in an excellent edition with illustrations by Rockwell Kent; there is also an inexpensive one in the Modern Library.

Among these earliest of English novels a few have never been surpassed. Fielding's *Tom Jones* is a picture of a gay young man that is as delightful as it is veracious, and it is as rich as an English plum-pudding with adventures by the way.

Tristram Shandy, full of "the lovely mischievousness of Laurence Sterne," must have made more pleasant the long muddy winters in the inaccessible English countryside. It is a book to be read with leisure in order to relish its thousand wanton digressions.

The Vicar of Wakefield, by "that inspired idiot" Oliver Goldsmith (the description is Horace Walpole's), brings simple people and simple life before us with a charm and reality that many a modern novel has attempted unsuccessfully. It is still one of the most lovable novels in the language. The novels of the adorable Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility,* though they date actually of the Nineteenth Century, belong here with these witty, slyly satiric and very human men who knew how to create characters that lived and stories that moved.

The life of the century in England and perhaps its greatest personality have been given an imperishable flesh and blood by the little, prosy scotchman, James Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson,* one of the few great biographies of the world. Jean Jacques Rousseau's amazing *Confessions,* that most candid revelation of a human soul and of a brilliant mind, and the serene and polished *Letters* of Horace Walpole, "most whimsical of triflers and wittiest of fops," are also perfect mirrors of their times as well as great achievements in prose.



At the Court of King Arthur

Cornwall? Go interested in tennis or golf and find yourself a devotee of Celtic crosses. Go for a holiday and you will be in an atmosphere of ancient magic and wonder-working saints.

St. Austell is pronounced St. Ossle, but you will like it the more for that. The Phoenicians came to Falmouth for tin, the Romans for corn, and the Danes for blood. The silver Cornish beaches are supposed to be full of hidden treasure but golf balls are more often found than Spanish dollars. There are palm-shaded walks at Tresco. Palms in England? Goodness, yes! And St. Ives, named for St. Ia who came to Cornwall on a miraculous leaf in the fifth century.

Through ancient Camelot rises Tintagel, the capital of King Arthur's Land. Only the bones of his castle and St. Julitta's chapel remain, but you can stand where Tristram and Iseult loved and gaze into the days of the ageless heroes.

The new Guide No. 31 will be gladly mailed free on request

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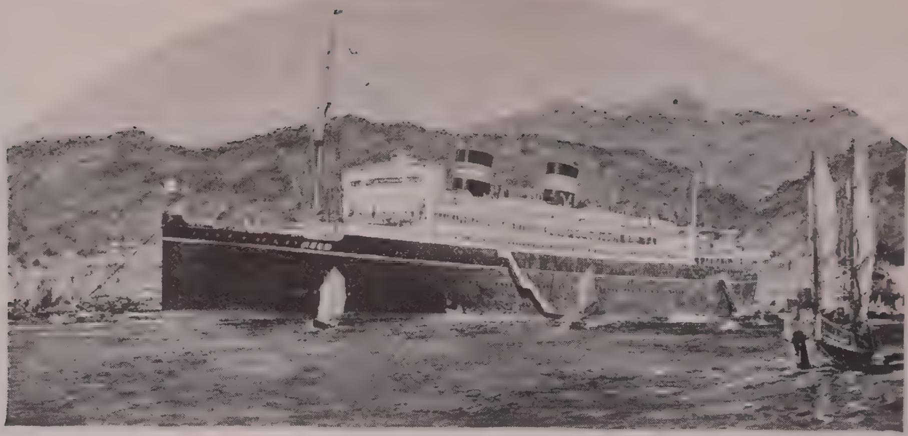


The "Asama Maru" in the harbor of Hongkong

By ROGER SHAW

Discover *the* Pacific!

In the year of Grace 1513, Señor General Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean and since that time the vast Pacific region has been plugging steadily along until today it is well worth anybody's discovery. And furthermore, large numbers of people have been very busy of late exploring its manifold ramifications—Hawaii, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, the Dutch East Indies, Tahiti, Fiji, China, Mexico, the South American West Coast, and our own West Coast. It's a big area, in a big ocean—from Alaska to Tasmania, from Cape Horn to Japan—in short, a big opportunity.

Australia, for instance, is as big as the United States and much the same shape. Sydney and Melbourne, the leading towns of the island, are the fourth and sixth largest cities in the British Empire. Fishing and hunting are there to supplement golf and camel-riding. Even buffalo and crocodile shooting are to be had in remoter Australia.

New Zealand is not a part of Australia, but an independent British Dominion larger than the British Isles and four days by steamer from the island continent. Deer-stalking, geysers, and the glow-worm grotto in Waitomo caves are among the attractions. The Australian National Travel Association and the New Zealand Tourist Bureau are doing good work in guiding the discoverers of today through the two commonwealths.

Then there is Japan, the realm of flowers. Fujiyama, most beautiful of mountains, looms like some benevolent guardian spirit. The cities of Yokohama and Tokio, with their modern hotels, contrast strangely with the old shrines of Shintoism at Nikko and elsewhere. Imported baseball vs. old ritualistic native wrestling is another of the interesting variances to which the Japan Tourist Bureau calls attention.

Honolulu in Hawaii is probably the most famous Pacific rendezvous of them all. Hence have come the ukulele, the hula-hula, the beach at Waikiki (words and music), the outrigger canoe, the song "Aloha Oe," and lots besides. Here is found an earthly paradise for swimmers. Sugar and pineapple plantations abound; the scenery is charming.

Other members of the South Seas group are Tahiti, which is French, and which is associated with Robert Louis Stevenson; Rarotonga and the western Samoan Islands which are New Zealand's. Eastern Samoa is American, and the Fijis are British. The Philippines, by the way, aren't far from Siam, Hongkong, or the Dutch East Indies. Most people think they are just off California, but the Philippine Tourist Bureau will tell you differently. Siam means White Elephants, and the Dutch Indies produce a goodly share of the world's rubber and occasionally an air-minded Anthony Fokker.

Among the many companies whose ships are cruising in the smooth Balboa sea which lies west, the Japanese Nippon Yusen Kaisha provides sailings to the Orient from many parts of the globe, as does also the Canadian Pacific. The big Matson liner "Malolo" is undertaking inclusive Pacific cruises which cover 24,000 miles each and take three months. The Los Angeles Steamship Company "cruise" circumnavigates South America, with eight stops on the Pacific Coast. Los Angeles is the starting and finish point. . . . 17,402 miles in 71 days. Of course, both Matson and Lassco also have their regular Pacific service. Then, too, the Dollar Line operates to the East from both New York and San Francisco, and from New York, the West Coast of South America is served by the Grace Line, and the West Coast of the United States by the Panama Pacific Line.

Off for the Orient!

I have been asked by THE GOLDEN BOOK to join a party of American magazine editors and writers, to take a four months' tour in Japan, China, Korea and Manchuria.

The trip is for observation, conferences and exchange of views with leaders in these countries, that we may all know and appreciate each other better, understand the interest and outlook of the New Japan, and comprehend the evolving life and institutions of other far-eastern lands.

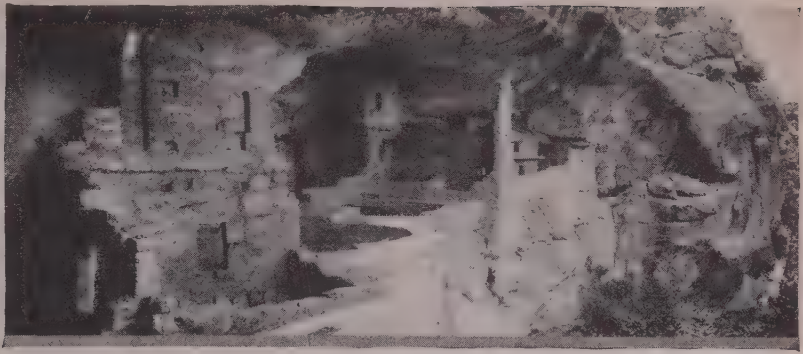
We do not yet know our exact itinerary. Sailing from San Francisco March 29th, by the "Asama Maru," we get full directions in Yokohama from our hosts, the Japan Tourist Bureau.

More anon.

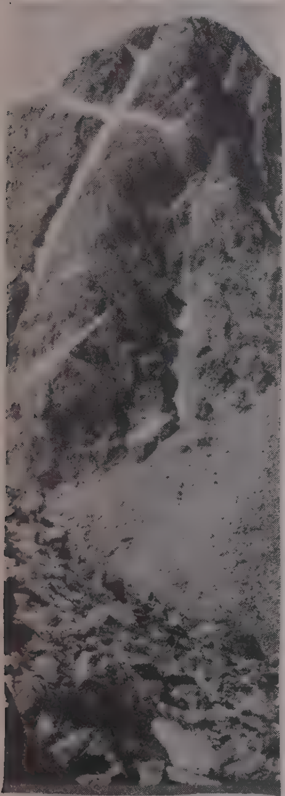
Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay.

According to George T. Armitage, Pacific travel expert and an authority on Australasia, this quarter of the globe holds incomparable charms. Says he: "When one considers the growing friendliness and understanding between these various countries, the mounting faith in their own multifarious attractions and resources, and their increasing willingness to express that conviction in tremendous outlays for development and promotion, it is not difficult to understand why an outlook on the Pacific today is as surprising and as gratifying as it was to Balboa."

And so, my friends, if you would grouch with the gauchos of Chile, or squat with the squatters of New South Wales, or merely set with the "Burma gals a-settin'" around Mandalay—then hie you to the Pacific by boat through the Canal, by one of our transcontinental trains or by airplane, and be off on your voyage of discovery.



COLORFUL COLORADO



UPPER LEFT: A Grand Valley Apple Orchard.

UPPER RIGHT: Balcony House, Mesa Verde National Park.

LOWER: Mount of the Holy Cross in the New Holy Cross Nat'l Mon'm't.

The HIGHEST State of Enjoyment Invites You to Learn What the JOY OF LIVING Really Is

IT doesn't take riches to "live high" in Colorado. All that's needed is a zest for life. In Colorado you live abundantly, at less expense, than anywhere else in the country. And you make friends here, too, friends you like.

In Colorado you get a vertical two miles of choice as to how high you want to be. Altitudes vary from 3,400 feet in the lower Arkansas Valley to the 14,400 feet of Mt. Elbert, Mt. Massive and other peaks of the upper Arkansas Valley—11,000 feet on a single watershed. Forty-eight of the country's 62 named peaks above 14,000 feet are in Colorado.

That altitude is the key to the joy of life out here. It means cool summers; it means cool, dry, sparkling air. The protective wall of Rockies gives shelter that, coupled with brilliant sunshine, means warm Falls and balmy Winters in most of the state. It is the high-altitude growing conditions in mineral soil that make Colorado fruits and vegetables so delicious that they are demanded everywhere. It is the Rockies that give Colorado such vast natural wealth in precious and specialized metals and minerals: 250 minerals and compounds have been found.

It is in the air, the sunshine, the forests, the mountain formations and the mineral deposits that give Colorado its endlessly varied display of colors—its dazzling display of the most enthralling scenery—its unlimited facilities for every form of outdoor recreation—its charm of a permanent home in a land of real business and professional opportunity.

When you know and understand Colorado you'll probably want to live here, and you'll find it's a matter that can be easily arranged. Meanwhile, however, you'll want to see it—and begin to know it. And that's very easy, too. Overnight from half the nation, two nights from almost anywhere, Colorado is naturally "The Playground of the Republic." So start seeing Colorado on your next vacation. It doesn't matter what special kind of vacation you want—Colorado can provide it—with perfect relaxation.

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INVESTMENT TRENDS

Along the Road Back *to* Prosperity

By HOWARD FLORANCE

¶ Sign posts, weather vanes, yardsticks are abundant all along the business highway. What message do they carry?

A HALF-YEAR has passed since the dark days of October and November, when investors by the hundreds of thousands suddenly decided that it was desirable and even necessary to part with certain handsomely engraved stock certificates. The direct loss in values exceeded $30,000,000,000 on the New York Stock Exchange alone. No yardstick exists with which to measure the indirect losses. For every family whose buying power was cramped by an actual shrinkage in capital, another family was affected quite as seriously by nothing more than exposure. Psychologists who have analyzed behaviorism among mice may well turn their attention to those members of the human race who lost in the market crash, and to those others who, with pocketbooks closed tight, act as though they had lost.

The average man has his own way of measuring the extent of the depression which followed. He knows his personal business situation, whether he is the big boss himself or a mere cog in the wheels. He knows a little bit, besides, from daily contacts with others in his own walk of life. But even if he is not observing or inquiring by nature, there are agencies whose business it is to measure and analyze and report. Let us consider the cheerless items first.

A prime index of business activity is the weekly report of carloads of revenue freight — cattle, wheat, coal, iron ore, manufactured goods, and so forth. Here is the story told by those figures:

Week ending March 8, 1930...	873,548
Week ending March 1, 1930..	899,189
Week ending March 8, 1929...	947,539
Week ending March 8, 1928...	951,556

The whole country over, therefore, there are 8 per cent. fewer freight cars now moving on the railroads than there were at this time last year.

This change naturally is reflected in the earnings of railroads, which in turn govern the income to be derived from billions of dollars worth of bonds and stocks held by American investors. For the month of January the combined net earnings of all railroads declined $23,000,000 in comparison with the same month in 1929. The figures are: 1930, $94,000,000; 1929, $117,000,000.

Another index of the nation's business is the amount of goods sold to other countries. In February, 1930, our exports amounted to $351,000,000, the lowest monthly figure since August, 1924. For the two months of January and February, our exports totaled $762,000,000; last year, for the same months, they were $929,000,000. The principal item of difference lies in the fact that we are sending less cotton abroad and getting a much smaller price per bale for what we do send. Imports of all kinds declined from $737,000,000 in January and February of last year to $591,000,000 in the same months of this year.

A THIRD INDEX of general business conditions is found in the weekly report of bank clearings — that is, the total amount of checks drawn and deposited. For the week ending March 9 the total throughout the country was $11,420,000,000. For comparison let us put it down as 11.4 billions. In the corresponding week of 1929 the sum was 13.9 billions. It is proper to note, however, that bank clearings reflect speculative activity as well as business, and the decrease here is not all a dead loss. There is even comfort in this same index if we go further back than last year for comparison. The figure of 11.4 billions in bank clearings for the week ending March 9, 1930, compares favorably with 10.6 for the same week in 1928 and with 9.8 in 1927.

The thing which marks this present period of depression as differing from others is the cheapness of money. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York has lowered and lowered and lowered its rediscount rate, from 6 per cent. on August 9 to 3½ per cent. on March 13. Call money renewed at 2 per cent. on March 20. In the same month a year earlier the rate had touched 20 per cent., and the president of the National City Bank had stepped into the breach with an offer of millions of dollars at 15 per cent. and upward. In what are known as bankers' acceptances there were ten successive reductions in rate during the first three weeks of March, each of one-eighth of 1 per cent.

First to derive benefit from this cheap money was the bond market. During January, February and March the sales of bonds on the New York Stock Exchange totaled 751 million dollars, compared with only 651 millions in the first quarter of 1929. Thus in our comparisons we have for the first time found a current figure which exceeds that of the year previous.

Sales of bonds on the Stock Exchange, however, represent but a fraction of the total which change hands. Another index of bond activity is the amount of new capital flotations. From figures gathered regularly by the *Financial Chronicle* we find that more corporate, long-term bonds were marketed during the first two months of 1930 than in any similar period for five years or more. The most significant comparison is: 748 million

Investment Suggestions

Below you will see summaries of booklets issued by reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers and other financial institutions. Strict rules of eligibility are made concerning companies advertising in this magazine. In writing to them please mention the Golden Book.

The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

5. SERVING A NATION, an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service Organization and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a $40.000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

10. THE HUDSON RIVER BRIDGE OF TOMORROW. An economic study of the new Hudson River Bridge in its relation to the communities served. Offered by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York.

16. STOCK AND BOND REGISTER. A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior Street, N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

14. "INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE" is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities which are offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

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May, 1930

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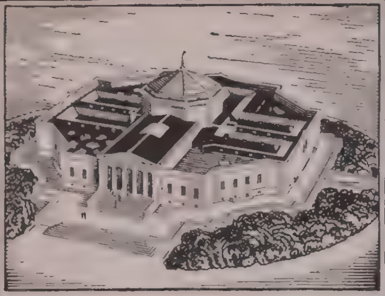

Chicago

opens in June the new Shedd Aquarium, containing probably the most comprehensive collection of aquatic life ever exhibited. Visitors to Chicago should see this world's largest aquarium; the $3,000,000 gift of the late John G. Shedd, eminent Chicagoan, to the city. Commonwealth Edison Company provides full electric service.

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New WRITER'S MAGAZINE,
Upland, Ind. Drawer 103.

dollars this year and 468 millions last year. The second half of the same picture is shown in the figures of corporate *stock* issues during the same two months period: this year, 282 million; a year ago, 1,182 million. Surely the investing public prefers bonds in this year 1930 rather than stocks.

FROM THE FIRST it was said that department stores would feel the pinch of curtailed buying power, the real as well as the psychological poverty that followed upon the market crash; and there are many who still pass rumors that the stores are discharging clerks by wholesale. Reports made to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, from stores in the metropolis and elsewhere in the state, show January sales that were 2 per cent. larger than a year ago. Preliminary figures for February, for the whole country, show two-fifths of all stores enjoying a greater volume of business than in February, 1929. The biggest losses were in the Chicago district, which might partly be accounted for by the diminished purchasing power of tens of thousands of city employees whose pay had been held up.

It had been commonly predicted that people would stop buying pianos, radios and furniture. As a matter of fact, those items show the greatest increase in volume of sales. As regards radio sets in particular, the situation reflects extraordinary price reductions which encouraged buying. Men who like to be cynical may get some satisfaction from the fact that sales of women's and misses' clothing not only failed to recognize any depression but registered a 15 per cent. increase during January over the same month in 1929. Sales of men's and boys' wear, in the same stores, declined 11 per cent.

The great Macy department store in New York advertised that on a single Saturday in March 303,000 shoppers entered their doors, buying $409,000 of merchandise. At about the same time the real-estate sections of the newspapers contained an inconspicuous news item announcing that Macy had filed plans for the construction of a second addition, of sixteen stories, to its vast shopping center. The public has hardly yet become accustomed to its nineteen-story annex.

Chain stores set a new sales record in February. For the first two months of the year, forty-eight of the leading chains reported sales of 328 million dollars, compared with 299 million in the same months of 1929. Presumably there are more units this year, so that part of the increase might have resulted from expansion in stores rather than in average sales.

The most expensive thing man buys—next to his home—is his automobile. There can be no denying the fact that the production of passenger cars has suffered from the real or fancied poverty of the American public. As many cars were purchased in January a year ago as in the two months of December, 1929, and Jan-

"You'll be ALL RIGHT at a Statler"

In these hotels you can be sure, in advance, of the up-to-date attractiveness of your room — and of such comforts as radio which awaits the turn of a switch, running ice water, bed-head reading lamp, your own private bath, a morning paper under the door when you wake; and excellent restaurants, in a variety which ranges from formal service to a lunch-room or cafeteria.

You can be sure of "Statler service," and that every Statler guest's satisfaction is guaranteed.

Depend upon the experience of thousands of travelers who'll tell you, if you inquire in a Pullman, or a ship's lounge, or wherever travelers congregate, that "you'll be *all right* at a Statler."

HOTELS STATLER

BOSTON DETROIT
BUFFALO ST. LOUIS
CLEVELAND NEW YORK
[Hotel Pennsylvania]

uary, 1930. It is violating no secret to add that the sales of high-priced cars have been affected to a greater extent than those of Fords and Chevrolets.

THERE REMAINS but one phase of business activity to discuss in this swift resume, and that is the vital one of building construction. Here the situation cannot be blamed wholly upon the stock market, for marked recession had set in earlier and was the direct result of overproduction. Using the figures of the Department of Commerce, as expressed in the last annual report of the Secretary, and confining ourselves to the value of construction contracts awarded, including public works and public utilities, we note that such construction increased an average 30 per cent. throughout the three-year period ending June 30, 1928, and then begin to fall off materially. Obviously the general business situation created by the stock market quickened and extended the decline.

There are two leading sources of statistics in the building industry: the F. W. Dodge Corporation and S. W. Straus & Co. The survey of Dodge, covering thirty-seven states east of the Rocky Mountains, shows building and engineering *contracts* aggregating $641,000,000 for the first two months of the year. This was 17 per cent. under the figures of a year ago. The statistics of Straus, covering building *permits* in 572 cities, show, that the total for January and February of the present year was about equal to that for the single month of February, 1929.

Heroic efforts by federal, state and city governments to forestall further depression and relieve unemployment will take the form of increased expenditures for public improvements. This will largely fall within the zone of construction. The drastic extent of the decline in building is in itself a factor of fundamental strength.

There has been no attempt in this present article to forecast. Such a venture is dangerous always, and doubly dangerous now. There has rather been an aim to arrange essential facts, with a modicum of interpretation, so that the reader may be helped to form his own opinions regarding the progress we are making on the road back to prosperity.

A sidelight upon the construction industry is furnished in the annual report of the American Radiator Company. Clarence M. Woolley, chairman of its board of directors, is a philosopher as well as a business man. He makes radiators, evidently, not to fill spaces on architects' plans and builders' blueprints, but rather to occupy their modest place in hundreds of thousands of homes for newly married couples and growing families. Recent curtailment represents, to him, merely a postponement of demand.

Quit Work at 55

THIS page tells how you can provide a life of leisure for yourself by following a simple financial program called the Retirement Income Plan.

You don't have to be wealthy to follow this plan. All you have to do is to make a deposit of a few dollars a month—the exact amount depending on your age.

Your retirement income begins at any age you say—55, 60, or 65. It can be any amount you wish—$100 a month, $200, $300, or more.

This life income is as sure and as safe as a government pension. It is unconditionally guaranteed to you by the Phoenix Mutual Company, a 79-year-old company with assets of over 135 million dollars.

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Send for the facts

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the plan is this: The minute you pay your first deposit, your biggest money worries begin to disappear. Even if you were totally and permanently disabled the next day, you would not need to worry about finances. Shortly thereafter, you would be paid a regular monthly income to live on. Your deposits would be paid by us out of a special reserve fund provided for that purpose.

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Retirement Income Plan

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It guarantees when you are 55

A Monthly Income for life of $200, which assures a return of $20,000 and perhaps more, depending on how long you live. Or if you prefer, a Cash Settlement of $30,200.

It guarantees upon death from any cause before age 55

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or a Monthly Income for life.

It guarantees upon death from any accidental means before age 55

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $40,000. Or a Monthly Income for life.

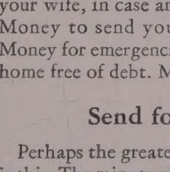
It guarantees in event of permanent total disability before age 55

A Monthly Income of $200. Plans for women or for retirement at age 60 or 65 are also available.

Think of it—the thrill of it! The rock-bound security of it! A guaranteed income you cannot outlive. What a load off your mind. What a weight off your shoulders. The sudden lifting of your biggest financial worries gives you a new lease on life—a new outlook—a new freedom you never experienced before.

An interesting 28-page booklet called "How to Get the Things You Want," explains how this plan works. Send for your copy today. No cost. No obligation.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy issued 1851


HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 516 Elm St. Hartford, Conn.
Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book,
"HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

Name__________ Date of Birth__________

Business Address__________

Home Address__________

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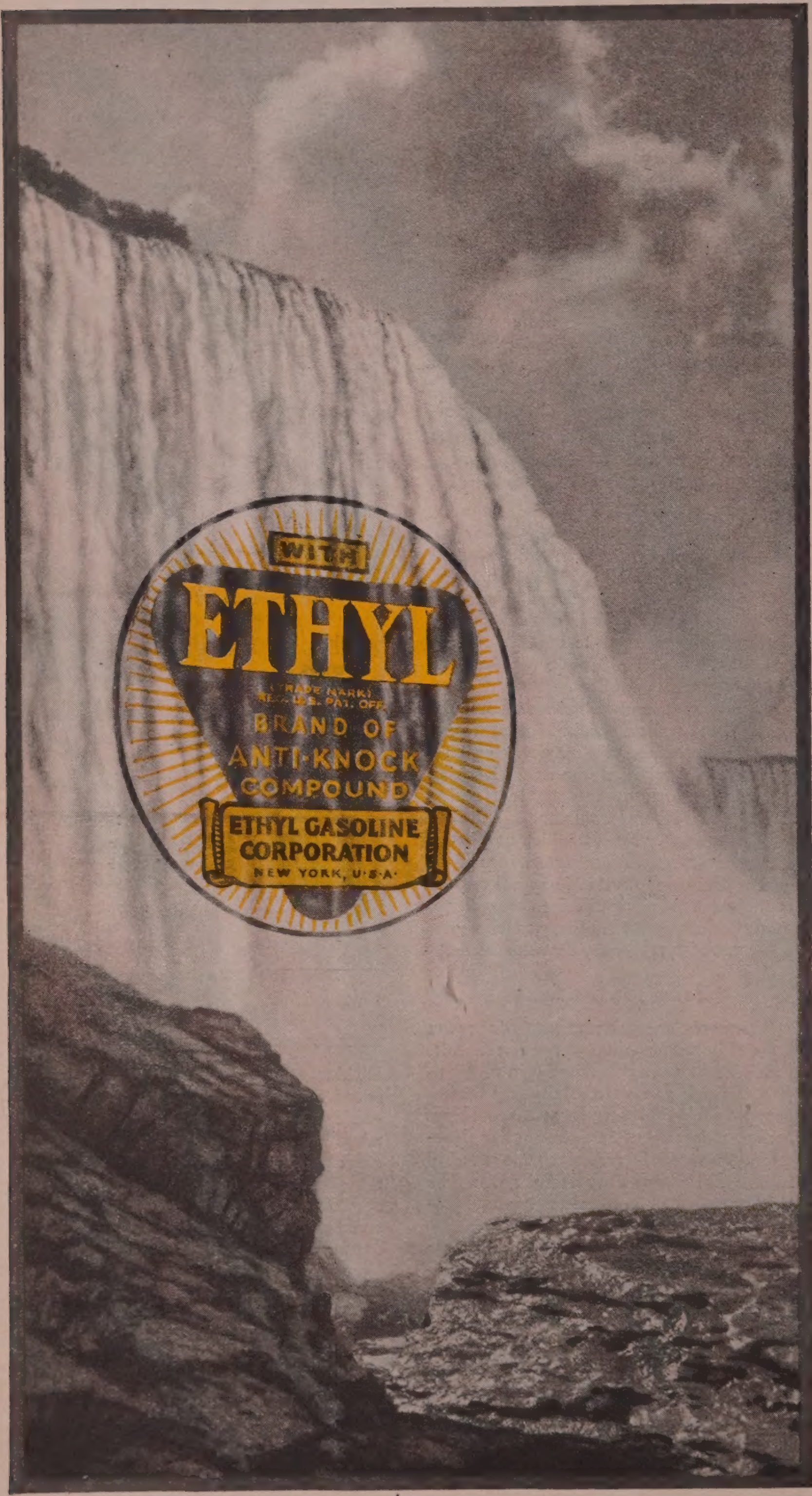
Over *one billion* gallons of Ethyl a year


WITH
ETHYL
(TRADE MARK)
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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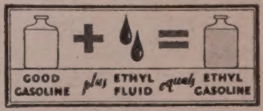
A NIAGARA of Ethyl Gasoline — over *one billion* gallons a year—now flows through the pumps bearing the Ethyl emblem.

That emblem means two things: 1. Each gallon contains enough Ethyl anti-knock fluid to "knock out that knock' " in cars of average compression and develop the additional power of the new high-compression cars. 2. Each gallon must conform to the specifications of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation as to the quality of the base gasoline used—in volatility (quick starting) and minimum gum and sulphur content.

So remember that wherever you see the Ethyl emblem on a pump—no matter what oil company's name or brand is associated with it—it means "good gasoline of high anti-knock quality."

Remember too that while Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification, not all red gasolines are Ethyl. Always look for the Ethyl trademark.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.


GOOD GASOLINE
plus
ETHYL FLUID
equals
ETHYL GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

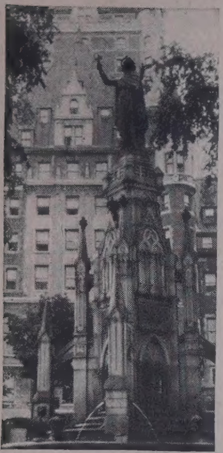
ETHYL IS GOOD FOR ANY CAR

Don't make the mistake of thinking that Ethyl is meant only for big, new, high-compression cars. Thousands of owners of small cars, old cars — cars of every sort — have found that Ethyl does just as much for them. Have you tried it?

The active ingredient now used in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead.

ETHYL GASOLINE

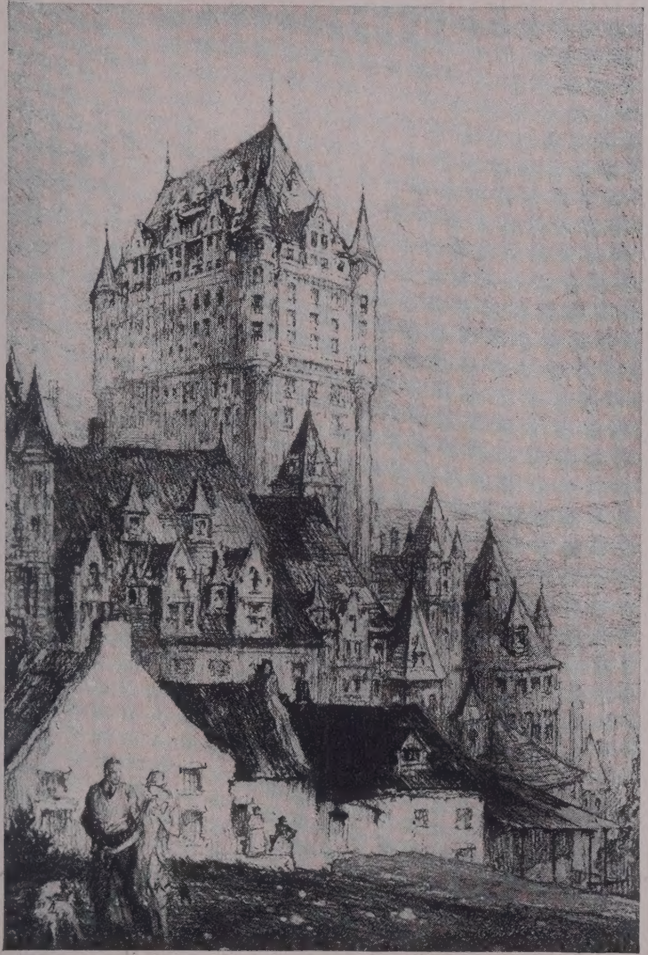
Walls...gates...citadels in Historic Québec



Gunbutt has rung on paving stone in the Place d'Armes these 300 years.

Montcalm's headquarters, oldest house in Québec, they say.

Hooked rugs and homespuns can be bought from craftsmen in old Québec.



The King's Bastion and citadel, just back of Chateau Frontenac.

King's Wharf, where representatives of kings leave big liners.

Cannon on ramparts which still encircle the old town.

HERE, the New World began . . . here, in the 17th Century Champlain held levees in the name of the Kings of France . . . here the grim citadel, the cannoned ramparts, the medieval gates were built to defy the power of England. Here, gallant Wolfe fought on the Plains of Abraham, and dying Montcalm was borne by his soldiers to the tender hands of the Ursuline nuns . . . so long, so long ago.

Today, you see the past alive in Old Québec. The garrison still lives in the citadel. Montcalm's house is still occupied. Norman peasants still cry *Hue! Hue!* to their laden teams at the *Porte St. Louis* and *Porte St. Jean*. The very gateway of Chateau Frontenac bears the arms of the Knights of Malta, dated 1644.

GOLF

Come to Québec this spring. See this Norman countryside in May and June, its loveliest months. Play golf where Montmorency tumbles 250 feet into the St. Lawrence. Live like a baron at the Chateau . . . in another age . . . among those speaking another language...only 600 miles from New York.

Full information and reservations at any Canadian Pacific Office, or write to Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada. New York, 344 Madison Ave. . . . Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd. . . . Boston, 405 Boylston St. . . . also Atlanta, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Montreal, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Toronto, Washington, Winnipeg, and 20 other cities in the U. S. and Canada.

* * *

May 21-24—Third Québec Folkdance, Folksong and Handicraft Festival.

Chateau Frontenac

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Camels are odds-on favorites in every field. . . . There isn't a cigarette . . . anywhere . . . that can touch them for fragrance, for mildness, for downright smoking *pleasure!*

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